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Woods and Dales of Derbyshire,

BY THE

Rev. James S. Stone D.D

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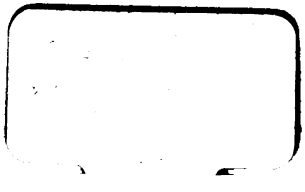

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Yours very sincerely,
James S. Stone.

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BY THE

REV. JAMES S. STONE, D.D.

"O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!"

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GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
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DISCARDED

Preface.

ONCE in May, and again in August, in the year 1892, it fell to my lot to wander through some of the woods, valleys and towns of Derbyshire. The pleasure I felt and the knowledge I gained on these occasions I have sought to suggest in the following pages; and, as with former books written by me upon similar subjects, this book is given to my reader, not so much as a history, or a survey, or even as a guide, but chiefly to help him pleasantly to while away a few minutes now and again, in exciting memory to recall, or imagination to picture, the people, places, manners and traditions of an old-world region. I am well aware of difficulties and defects in my work. I have wandered, as some of the brooks in Derbyshire wander, here, there and almost everywhere. Perhaps not a few will think me as dry, desultory and wearisome as are the highlands of that same county; if so, I hope such readers will look again into other passages of my book which I have striven to make pleasant and merry as are green and well-watered glens cleft in the wide, waste moorland. No author knows into whose hands his work may come: my hope is that this volume may be read only by generous and genial folk,—good-natured, happy-hearted friends, who love gossip at least as much as they care for precision of style, clarity of thought or conciseness of argument. I could tell them what creature-comforts would help them both to enjoy my book, and also to take from them the inclination to use rules of criticism—the justice of which rules I should be the first to admit, but the application of which I should be the last to like; only, if they do not know such for themselves, there is no hope that they will take kindly to anything I may write. By far the greater part of the book was written in Europe, much of it at the time and at the places mentioned. It is still in its rough freshness,—without study, without elaboration, without polish,—almost exactly as first composed. When I read again the pencil-

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written sheets, before sending them to the printer, I came to the conclusion that if I began to revise I should probably take out the very spirit I wished to retain,—perhaps the truth as well as the rudeness, and the humor as well as the inequalities. So like "Over the Hills to Broadway" and "From Frankfort to Munich," the reader has the book, if not finely finished, yet, I fondly hope, warm and living as from my very heart.

Further than this, it is well for me to say that I used the most scrupulous care to make the book true both to life and to fact. All diligence was taken not to give even a coloring or an idea that was not both fair and faithful, as much for my own satisfaction as for my reader's comfort. It is not of course implied that my taste or my judgment is always correct. I may have erred, even in allowing first impressions to remain untouched; but of this others, and not I, must decide.

Many are the books which have been written on Derbyshire and its towns since Domesday, Rotuli Hundredorum, and Camden's Britannia were set forth. Hutton, Simpson, Davies, Glover and Noble wrote long ago of the history and antiquities of the county; and also, though more briefly, did Daniel and Samuel Lysons in their *Magna Britannia*, and Grose in his *Antiquities*. "The History and Topography of Ashbourn" was published at Ashbourne in 1839, and is a careful and exhaustive octavo of 380 pages, containing many original wood-cuts and drawings on stone. E. Rhodes's "Peak Scenery," published in 1824, abounds in pleasant descriptions of journeys taken at various times through different parts of the shire. Of modern books there are none better than Mr. John Leyland's "Peak of Derbyshire," and Mr. Edward Bradbury's "All About Derbyshire." The last-named volume, with Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley's "Peak District," I found most helpful and thoroughly accurate. Nor is there a better written book on the county than Mr. John Pendleton's Popular History of Derbyshire. Among less pretentious works may be mentioned, Mr. William Smith's "Derbyshire: its Ballads, Poesy, Humourists and Scenery"—a bright and spicy pamphlet, originally read before the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society; the Rev. Francis Jourdain's "Guide to Ashbourne Parish Church"—admirably gotten up and illustrated; Mr. T. Thornley's edition of the Rev. John Hamilton Gray's "Bolsover Castle"—without which I should have been unable to say much of that famous stronghold; Mr. A. E. Cokayne's "Day in the Peak," and "Bakewell and its Vicinity"—two books which are deservedly

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read by most visitors to Derbyshire; "The Complete Guide to Dovedale," published by Mr. Edward Bamford, of Ashbourne, and Mr. George Moores' "Guide to the North Staffordshire Railway"—both of which are of highest worth. Every one of the books named, besides several upon Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, I looked into more or less carefully, either when in Derbyshire, or while preparing the following pages, or as the book was going through the press. In the *Derbyshire Advertiser*—one of the oldest and most trustworthy of provincial journals—I have found, from time to time, many interesting sketches of Derbyshire places and customs. From these authorities I gathered some facts, but I used them more as checks upon my own work than as sources of suggestion: my purpose being to convey to my reader, not so much the information they give, as my own impressions and the results of my own observation.

But of much greater help to me than these, were my old and good friends, Mr. John Lucas, Mr. William H. Lucas and Mr. William Waterall, three natives of Derbyshire, now and for long resident in Philadelphia. Loving and remembering the land and the scenes of their youth, and continuing through many years in close touch with their former acquaintances and surroundings, they were able both to stir up my own sympathies, and also to give me much counsel and not a little knowledge. Some of my stories came from them; and were I to acknowledge my indebtedness to them particularly, I should say that Mr. John Lucas helped me with some recollections of Ashbourne; Mr. William H. Lucas, by lending me two or three of the books above mentioned, and Mr. William Waterall, with much of the local coloring of Bolsover, and especially by allowing me to have copied from a water-color in his possession, the picture of the "Swan" in that village.

My thanks are also due to my dear friend, Mrs. S. M. Elliot, of Philadelphia, by whose generosity this volume was made possible, and who, with Mr. and Mrs. George L. Knowles, of the same city, went with me through much of the Derbyshire country. They drew my attention to many things which otherwise would have escaped me, and for the interest they took in the gathering of my notes, and the shaping of the same into their present form, I am very grateful. It is only fair that I should add that my wife, who accompanied me throughout the whole journey, read my pages and made many helpful suggestions.

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All the illustrations were prepared for this work by the Electro-Tint Engraving Company of Philadelphia, and I have no doubt that my reader will agree with me in recognizing the great merits of the workmanship. The subjects were, with a few exceptions, brought by me from Derbyshire. Among these exceptions were some photographs which I secured of Mr. William H. Rau, of Philadelphia, and the photograph of a painting of the Resurrection, which Mrs. Elliot kindly brought me from Norway.

In the Appendix I have given some of the Songs and Ballads popular in Derbyshire, and these, I hope, will be appreciated by my reader, if not for their own merits, yet because illustrating the life and habits of the people.

I ought not, perhaps, to try the patience of my reader, or to break the rule that a preface should be as brief as possible, but there is a feature of this book, and of other books of mine, of which I should like to say something. It is not unlikely that they who follow me through these next paragraphs may be all the better able to enjoy my book: such readers will consider these same passages rather as a prelude to the book than as part of the preface thereof.

I have never doubted but that they who took the trouble to read these pages would love the subjects of which they treat. Nobody else would be likely to buy the book. There is nothing inconsistent in an American loving well his own country, and also loving well the lands from which he or his fathers came. The more he knows of history and of literature the fonder will his heart go out, not only to the regions beyond the Alps, or beside the Rhine, but especially to the countries where his own mother-tongue is spoken, and the books and the men he admires are known and cherished. Both he and they who in good faith and with true affection have crossed the seas to make America their home, will know the power of reminiscence and the charm of suggestion. The thought of Britain will not make them less loyal to their own country, but the name will bring to them scenes and ideals which will help to make their life brighter and nobler, and which will enable them to add to the strength and beauty of the Republic. . Holding this opinion, I do not hesitate to remind my reader of the associations which abound within the realm which stretches from Dover to St. Kilda, and from Dingle Bay to Unst.

There history lives. Castles and cathedrals rear their walls and towers, and speak both of days of proud renown and of lords whose names are luminous in earth's annals. Each place has its story. Winchester and Westminster

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are crowded with royal memories. There kings hold their court and to them bend the knee great earls and princely prelates and noble maidens; but sovereigns proud as they reign in Dumferline. Resplendant are the scenes of the vast drama—now a purple tragedy and now a dazzling triumph. Woodstock is the hiding place of Fair Rosamond and the prison of Elizabeth Tudor; later, at Kenilworth, Leicester seeks to win the love of the virgin queen. The Peverils rule the Derby Peak; on Alnwick's turrets waves the banner of the Percy; to the mighty house of Neville belongs the once water-circled Raby; Holyrood and Lochleven have their legends of the lovely Scottish queen; amid the lochs and hills beyond the Tay dwell the Macdonalds, the Camerons and many another famous clan; while across the sea Tyrconnell abides behind the rocks of Donegal, and the Desmonds hold the Kerry wilds. And the ballads with their fresh, eternal life spring from places such as these; and they touch soul-depths, and give renown and sweetness to hill and stream and wood. Untold are their delights—among them the romance of the "Nut-brown Maid," the pathos of the "Sands o' Dee," and of "Waly, Waly," and the witchery of the "Friar of Orders Grey;" while tremulous, absorbing joy comes from the Reliques of Bishop Percy and Father Prout, akin to that which springs from the "Border Minstrelsy," and the Sherwood songs. So poets sing the glories of Tara and of Scone, and tell the praises of Bruce, Owain Glyndwr and Rory O'Connor. Nor while the warrior-spirit lives will be forgotten the fields where valor struggled with valor, and swords flashed fire, and wreaths of victory were dipped in blood. Through the ages live the stories, say, of Senlac where the conqueror of Tostig and the anointed of England falls before the Norman Duke; of Evesham when De Montfort dies; of North Inch where, five hundred years agone, the Chattan and the Quhele fought the combat famed in the "Fair Maid of Perth;" and of Chevy Chase, where "England's deadly arrow hail" wrought much misery. And there are Marston Moor, Dunbar and Worcester; Killiecrankie, in which Claverhouse of Dundee fell pierced, so legend says, with a silver bullet; Bannockburn, Flodden, Preston Pans and Culloden; and Sedgemoor and the Boyne. These make men tremble with inexpressible feeling, and cause warm-souled lads to wish that they could handle the bow of a Sherwood archer or wield the mace of a Norman knight. The enthusiasm swells at the thought of Spithead and Plymouth—

> Where those great navies lie
> From floating cannon's thundering throates that all the world defye.

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They who love the less strifeful past will linger amongst the ruins of a Fountains, a Dunkeld and a Melrose; they will thank God for a Bangor, an Iona and a Lindisfarne, and kneel before the altar of Canterbury, Armagh or Llandaff. Visions rise of St. Patrick and St. Columba—prelates of imperishable fame; at Wearmouth Venerable Bede, and at Lichfield Bishop Chad, kindle beacon-fires of truth which spread throughout the land and live throughout the years. The three capitals, too, have supreme charms; some would rather than a Peruvian mine have had it for their portion to listen to the stern wisdom of Samuel Johnson, the flowing rhetoric of Curran, the hilarity and wit of Sydney Smith or the genial criticisms of "Christopher North." The "Essays of Elia" reveal the rich soul of Charles Lamb, and many lines display the mirthful genius of Thomas Hood. An almanac of 1671, published in France, has the figure of the French king riding in a triumphant chariot like the sun; whereupon the Dutch published an almanac with the sun eclipsed by a man holding a Holland cheese. Fancy Rochester laughing at the humor and Charles wondering at the audacity. Along the Kentish road journey the pilgrims to the Martyr's shrine at Canterbury, as over Suffolk plains others wend to the altar of Our Lady at Walsingham. Dan Chaucer tells a gladder tale than did he who in the May morning slept beside a Malvern brook. Around Selborne wanders Gilbert White, in his perennial love of nature akin to the pure soul who made the angler's art the key to sweetest thoughts. They who love the riverside will not forget the antique-lettered pages of Juliana Berners, gentle abbess, pious and quaint, but only a prelude to the delight of wandering with Richard Jefferies by field and hedgerow, and of hearing him tell of the gamekeeper's home, and the poacher's tricks. Strolling over the Quantock Hills, Coleridge began the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner;" Chatterton under the shadow of St. Mary Redcliffe devised his Rowley Poems; in dull, damp Olney the story of "John Gilpin" was shaped by Cowper; Ludlow Castle and Milton's "Masque of Comus" are forever united in association; at Shottery Shakespeare told his love to sweet Mistress Anne, and in the church beside the Avon with her rests in immortal glory; Wordsworth dreamed in lake-strewn Westmoreland; while in the northern realm the "heaven-taught ploughman" penned his passionate lyrics, and from the western kingdom came the living melodies of Thomas Moore. Alcuin adds to the fame of York, though his idea of astronomy was, first, to display the

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power of God, and, secondly, to fix the church calendar; principally the latter. With his garrulity and gossip Samuel Pepys untiringly entertains. John Evelyn plants oak saplings from which later generations shall build the wooden walls of England. At Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, dwells the daintiest of maidens, Dorothy Osborne; and verily, for grace of person and loveliness of character, Sir William Temple's mistress is a princess among the daughters of her people. So gratifying was the accession of the first Hanoverian sovereign, that on his landing at Greenwich the parishioners there hastened to elect him churchwarden; then for two months the question was debated in the Privy Council whether a king could be a churchwarden, the archbishop of Canterbury finally declaring that he could not be both, but that he could take his choice and his crown again after he had served. Such reminiscences are endless. To those who linger amidst the flowing memories will come the convivial shadow of Mr. Pickwick, the echo of Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious," the innocent impishness of Handy Andy, and the boisterous mirth of Simon Eyre. They will weep with Clarissa Harlowe, and laugh over the pages of Humphrey Clinker. And though May Day and Gunpowder Plot are among the things of the past, yet they will not forget the loyal souls who by squeezing into pulp an orange, symbolized their wishes regarding the successor of James the Second, and, latter, by passing their wine over a bowl of water, indicated that he whose health they drank was the king beyond the sea.

These are among the associations which gladden the heart both of the people of the old land and of the folk of the new country. No American will allow that the rich heritage these memories suggest belongs only to that part of the Anglo-Saxon race which has not crossed the sea. Our people claim a share in much more than the glory and the achievements of the past. They think of sea-kings, such as Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Cook and Nelson; and of sovereigns, such as Edward the First, Elizabeth and Victoria. They picture again the charms of Bettws-y-Coed, the lights and shadows of the Tay, the inexpressible loveliness of the Valley of the Dargle or of Glengariff, and the beauties of Sussex downs and Devon valleys; they recall the days of yore, the pageants of cities, the legends and proverbs of the country side, snatches of songs and fragments of stories; and in the bewildering wealth of recollections and the swift, flushing joy, they know that to them full of interest is the island lying proudly amid Atlantic waves, honored by nations and peopled by world-masters.

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One might go on gathering such reminiscences till one became like the Ritter Tils of Saxon legend—who, at the bottom of a lake, everlasting sits at a marble table, old and hoary, with his white beard grown through the slab. There is to them no end. Perhaps, in my enthusiasm, I am apt to forget that their fascination is not universal. Britons have been known who cared not for such; indeed, I verily believe that it takes an American, or, at least, a European who has been long out of Europe, to appreciate and to understand, say, either England or Germany. We are variously constituted. Graphite is own brother to the diamond, but, strange fantasy of nature, the one is, in almost all respects, the exact converse of the other—the one opaque and black, the other translucent and colorless—the one among the softest, the other the hardest of minerals. That which pleases one man may displease another. I am certain, however, that no Englishman ever saw as much in his own land as did our own Washington Irving or Henry Longfellow.

Only to a small district in the old world does this book take my reader; and now, I would have him read the book itself, in which, if he find some things deserving of censure, I trust he will discover many more things worthy of praise.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1893.

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Woods and Dales of Derbyshire.

THE worm came up to drink the welcome shower,
The red-breast quaff'd the rain-drop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam,
The bright roach took the fly below the dam.
Ramp'd the glad colt, and cropp'd the pensile spray,
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud, the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush.

ALTHOUGH Derby is one of the oldest and most flourishing towns in the kingdom and has about it much that is historically interesting, yet Derby does not win the attention or excite the emotions of the traveller. Seen from a distance, one is indeed led to hope for much. Amidst the clouds of smoke which float over the town and darken the valley in which it is situate, rise towers and spires graceful and lofty enough to gladden the artist and the ecclesiologist, but closer acquaintance only too readily reveals the tastelessness and commonplace character of the buildings themselves. The heart is not brightened even by the fact that in All Saints' Church lies buried Bess of Hardwick, or that both All Saints' and St. Alkmund date from near the Danish invasion of Mercia. And though there are several structures of justifiable pretensions, and though they who care for manufactures may find much satisfaction in the numerous porcelain, silk and iron works, yet such things scarcely move one who has seen the chimneys of southern Yorkshire or wandered through the towns of the Black Country. The streets are dingy and dusty. The houses for the greater part are dull, heavy and uninviting, some of them disfigured with signs and most of them, even when evidently the homes of a comfortable and well-to-do, if not an opulent people, not such as to occasion a second look.

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By those who know the place well we are told that the impression made upon the stranger is as unfair as it is unfortunate, and that in this ancient Deoraby or home of the deer, as the Danes called it, are many objects worthy of study and admiration. There is the Chapel of St. Mary on the bridge over the Derwent, founded in days when men paid toll in crossing rivers, and also thought it worth their while to stop by the wayside and pray for a blessing on themselves and their goods or pursuits. Much older is the Church of St. Peter, with its towers and walls gray with time or covered with ivy, having in its chancel a remarkable Flemish chest and in its yard a Free School, established over seven hundred years ago by Walter Durdant, Bishop of Coventry. And there are the Devonshire Almshouses, founded by Bess of Hardwick; and once there were the Black Almshouses endowed by Robert Wilmot, of Chaddesdon—proof sufficient that the Derbyshire folk praiseworthily united in good works the purposes of saving their own souls and of helping their poor neighbors. And if sympathy with modern progress be thought more of than these relics of the olden time, it is plain to see that no longer is Derby what Defoe declared it, "a town of gentry rather than trade." Commerce has given to the place a life and an energy greater than it possessed in the far-off ages when in it men coined money and dyed cloth—perhaps, some will say, more to be desired than the spirit which here possessed the folk when they stole and sang hymns with the Cromwellians, or shouldered muskets for William of Orange, or cheered Bonnie Prince Charlie ere Culloden forever destroyed the hope of the Stuarts. Notwithstanding all this, and much more that might be said, the town fails to delight.

This may be, after all, not so much from any fault of its own, but because behind and north of Derby lies a country whose hills and dales, and wooded slopes and wandering streams not only make up a landscape both grand and lovely, but also speak of legend, history and romance. Derby is the gateway of the Peak; and with the imagination stirred at the prospect of glories rivalling those of Switzerland, no wonder the busy, noisy town is neglected and soon forgotten. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1776, is an extract from a manuscript sermon probably delivered about the time of the Restoration, in which the preacher—supposed to be Dr. Gardiner, of Eckington—indulges in the praise of his beloved county, taking for his text the words of Moses in Deuteronomy 8: 7–9: "It is a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of the hills." "What's this," says he, of the inspired passage, "What's this but a description, as in a type, of our own county Derby-

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shire? What pen could have drawn it forth more graphically and exactly?" And after many lines in which beats and glows the enthusiasm of the good divine, he adds—getting dangerously near an anti-climax: "What shall I say more? for time would fail me sooner than matter. A land of wheate and barley, oates and pease, that affords seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, who takes paines to get a good stomache." Yet he stops not here, but continues: "It enjoys good aire, fertile ground, pleasant waters; fire and fuel of the best; neighbouring counties fetch her coles from farr, who, being warmed by her fires, cannot but wish and call her blessed." The men who heard these and like words afterwards dined together, and I have no doubt drank heartily to the welfare of the region which had won their affections. Probably they got as warm and happy as Englishmen abroad are apt to do on St. George's Day when, roast beef and plum pudding done, the ale flows freely and songs are sung and speeches made in honor of the land beyond the seas. In truth, Derbyshire is worthy of praise; as worthy to-day as it was by those convivial souls two hundred and fifty years ago. There through valleys, sometimes wild as Scottish glens, and sometimes picturesque and quiet as Berkshire itself, flow the Derwent and the Wye, the Dove, the Trent and the Rother. There are lofty heights that pierce the white mists and send long shadows far towards the Merrie Sherwood, and back across the plain edged by the glittering Dee—heights such as Kinder Scout, the Peak and Axe Edge, which suggest to the dweller in the lowlands the mountain-mystery known only to him whose days are spent in Pyrenean solitudes or amidst the grandeur of the storm-bleached Alps. There are castles and mansions, a few fresh as from the builders of to-day, but many more gray with the moss of time and weird with ghostly story or curious tale. Fuller well put it when he said, "God hath more manifested His might in this than in any other county of England;" or, to use the words of the sermon just referred to, we may say, Derbyshire is "a country wherein Nature sports itselfe, leaping up and down, as it were, in the pleasant variety of hills and valleys, until being weary it recreate itselfe at Chatsworth, Boulsover, or Hardicke."

Earlier we found ourselves in this winsome land, and now again ere our days beyond the sea come to an end, in a morning when the August sun makes golden the mists and clouds which hang along the hills, we start from Derby on a journey that shall take us to sweet Ashbourne, and to Youlgrave and Bakewell, through the country hallowed by the memories of Izaak Walton. Now comes to us a tender joy, for, as I shall pres-

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ently show, we shall see many things that not only are in themselves beautiful, but also are associated with friends and events dear to us.

The distance by the highway from Derby to Ashbourne is about thirteen miles, but, with the exception at Mackworth of a gate-house of a fifteenth century castle, and a fine view of Ashbourne from the steep hill near the town, the road has little to commend it. A better route is by railway, for though the train moves over the thirty miles leisurely enough to enable one to count the sparrows that settle on the telegraph wires, yet in pretty scenes and quaint villages the interest never flags. Perhaps, to save time, had the weather been more certain and the roads less heavy, we should have gone by the former way, but rain had fallen constantly the day before, and this morning gave none too sure a promise of clearing up; so, in spite of gleaming sunshine, and the temptation to stay longer in Derby, we committed ourselves with patience and resignation to a second-class. We made no mistake. Before Tutbury was reached we had our first glimpse of the romantic and erratic Dove—sweetest stream to all lovers of the rod and line; none less dear to all who know quaint Izaak, and his pupil of the hook and fly. The pretty brook, princess of rivers, as Cotton calls it, like a playful and capricious maiden wanders hither and thither across the low, green fields, its clear waters scarcely less rapid and eddying now than when coursing through the glens shadowed by the high-crested cliffs. Under the willows and the flags lurks the swift and ghostly grayling—the flower of fishes, according to St. Ambrose—which some say feeds on gold, and others on water-thyme. It was beside such a stream that Dean Nowell, of famous memory and of thorough Elizabethan scholarship, made a discovery for which others besides anglers have been grateful. Fuller tells the story, and far stranger than that I should repeat it, is the fact that Mr. Augustus Toplady gives it in his grave and ponderous "Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England." No one marvels at Fuller, but one would as soon expect to find a rose growing on an iceberg as to come across a ripple of humor in a dry theological treatise. Nowell was a sad divine, that is to say, grave and sober, as men in his day used the word "sad"; but like St. Peter he was fond of fishing. After one of his fishing expeditions, he happened to leave a bottle of ale in the grass. "He found it some days after," says Fuller—Mr. Toplady quoting him—"no bottle, but a gun, so loud was the sound at the opening thereof; and this is believed to have been the original of bottled ale in this kingdom." So that we are indebted to Dean Nowell for more than his catechism. Perhaps this may be the scene of the adventure.

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I forget. Before we can straighten out our recollections of the Dove, we behold the hill on which stand the ruins of Tutbury Castle rising abruptly and commandingly from the plain.

Some ingenuity has been expended upon the etymology of the name of this place; and possibly they may be right who contend that the name comes from the god Tiw, whose immortality is more ensured in the nomenclature of the week than in memories of his celestial and military glory. Indeed, except by scholars, forgotten is the wolf-bitten deity who went to the battle sure of victory, and by the ravens and wolves was followed to the fields of the slain. He sent pale fear to the hearts of the foe and out of forest shades burst upon the unwary, and from their throats forced the death-cry. Worthy of his all-golden mother and of Odin was Tiw thought to be, but whether Tutbury was one of his shrines or was even named after him, I am not careful to inquire. Nor need evidence of the age of the town be sought in this etymology; its termination and its known history show it to be of Early English origin. It is not only mentioned in Domesday, but three hundred years earlier it was a home of the lords of Mercia. Overlooking, as it does, a considerable expanse of country, and commanding the valley of the Dove, its lofty red sandstone rock would be quickly seized upon for military purposes. It is doubtful if any fragment remains of the castle which William the Conqueror gave to Henry de Ferrars. Possibly when the place came into the hands of John of Gaunt the earlier structure was torn down and the outworks, walls, towers and halls built afresh on a more magnificent scale. At all events, several parts of the ruins are pointed out as his work, and tradition affirms this to have been one of his favorite residences. The Parliamentarians, after an obstinate siege, about 1646, dismantled the castle, and from that day to this armed men have no more exercised in the Tilt Yard, and gone is the mirth that once gladdened the great hall. I cannot climb the mound where once stood the Julius Tower, and which is now the highest part of Tutbury, and, as others have done, look upon the Dove meandering through the woodlands and the fields, and admire a landscape edged by the hills of Matlock and bestrewn with parks and hamlets. The reverse view only is mine. It is enough. Few places are more picturesque. The broken walls are partly hidden among the heavily-foliaged trees, and, seen from the valley, suggest the romance of the days that can never come again. A little lower, is the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, built in Norman days and until, in the thirtieth year of Henry VIII, dissolution came, belonging to a neighboring Cluniac priory. Archbishop Cranmer

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lets his "very singular good lord," Thomas Cromwell, know that "I did put your lordship in remembrance for the suppression of the abbey of Tudberye." Then come the cottages, standing where once stood the homes of the castle hinds and servitors. Time has wrought mighty changes, but nature has given a glory that enhances and makes more than ever delightful this fortressed height. The ivy winds along the crumbled battlements; the elms bend their green boughs as though to hinder the gaze of the over-curious. As I look up to the towers, again the sunlight breaks upon them—the same dear, merry sun that Mary, Queen of Scots, and Charles the First beheld, when so long ago they for a brief while dwelt there.

While the train moves slowly on, I can tell you that in bygone days this Tutbury was a gamesome place. Legend says that Robin Hood played some of his pranks in the neighborhood, and they who indulge in speculations concerning the Sherwood hero claim that his father, who is fondly supposed to have been an earl, lost his title and his property because of the part he took with Robert de Ferrers, lord of Tutbury, in the rebellions of Henry II. It may be that the Tutburians thought that their character for lightheartedness was furthered by connection with the merrie archer; and that they had a good right to the character, if not to the connection, is shown by a charter granted them in 1381 by the famous Duke of Lancaster. At that time, when great hospitality was exercised and much power displayed at the castle, many minstrels, jugglers, wits, and brethren of that ilk gathered there, both for their own benefit and for the amusement of the lord and his numerous guests. The gleemen were apt to dispute and even to quarrel among themselves, to prevent which John of Gaunt ordained that one of their number should be appointed governor and arbitrator over the rest, and styled "King of the Fiddlers." By the middle of the eighteenth century the "honorable and ancient court of the minstrels" had reached its decadence, but between that time and its institution it had acquired some power and not a little property. Certainly as late as 1772 the court lay claim to a parcel of ground at Tutbury known as the Pipers' Meadow; and because, for some reason or other, the rent of this land had been withheld from the minstrels, the king and his jurors and stewards inform the then Duke of Devonshire that the court cannot keep up its members. Unless redress be afforded there soon will be no king and no officers, and worse than all else there will be no bull-running. I fancy help came not; and now all is gone—even the native love of bull-baiting, which had lasted from the days when, service

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in the church and dinner in the hall over, the good fathers of Tutbury Abbey gave the minstrels a chance of catching a bull. After the Reformation the Duke of Devonshire continued the monks' gift.

Nobody living has seen such fun as was provided for the singing men. On the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—the August Lady Day, as it was sometimes called—a bull was turned out of a barn by the town-side with his horns cut off, his ears and tail reduced to the utmost, his body besmeared with soap, and his nostrils stuffed with beaten pepper. The minstrels were allowed to sunset for the pursuit and capture of the slippery and infuriated animal. No one was permitted to help or to hinder them in their efforts. If the time passed or the bull crossed the county line, the minstrels lost their game; on the other hand, if they succeeded in holding him long enough to cut off a piece of his hair, he was collared and roped and brought to the market cross or bull-ring, there to be badgered and baited in true brutal and barbarous style. Some ancient authorities contend that baited beef is of all meats the tenderest and sweetest. The uproar occasioned by this sport—which, by the way, was practised as late as the last century in almost every town and village throughout the kingdom—is described in a ballad which may be found in the first volume of a collection published in 1723, and attributed to Ambrose Phillips; the said ballad being entitled, "The Pedigree, Education and Marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Titbury Feast." I do not know that the editor of the book referred to is right in describing this song as "the most beautiful and one of the oldest extant, written on the subject;" but from it we learn of the strange shoutings, the mad looks, the fighting and the fiddling while the "bagpipes baited the bull." Rather a rough time and place for a wedding; nevertheless, the gentle maiden, who the day before had sent an arrow through a fat buck bounding under the greenwood tree, was by "Sir Roger, the Parson of Dubbridge," wedded to bold Robin. Not always, however, did the bull-baiting at Tutbury have so happy an ending—for that it had such, after we are told that "the birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood," the king of the fiddlers himself declares, "the music struck up and we all fell to dance." At other times, in spite of the king, ere the pools of blood in the High Street were dried up, ensued a free fight in which heads and arms were broken, outrages committed, and not unfrequently death happened. Our forefathers liked this sort of thing; they delighted in the raging of the chafèd bull, and for centuries Tutbury retained its reputation and partiality for the like. Now, as the Duke of Devonshire did not adjust the minstrel's claim to the

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Pipers' Meadow, no bulls are provided and the king of the fiddlers has ceased to reign.

There were tenures, too, jocular tenures they have been called—I suppose by way of suggestion—which go to show how merrily the air of Tutbury affected its people. For instance, the knight who held a certain manor of the lord of this castle was bound on Christmas Day to carve for his lord and to serve him at table, and two days later to bid him farewell with a kiss. Other manors were held upon condition that the holder hunted in the woods so many days for wild swine. When the time expired he was to dine with the steward at the castle, kiss the porter and depart.

Many a curious bit of history could be told of this abode of Mercian and Norman barons, but none perhaps more sad than of the days when under the guardianship of Bess of Hardwick, Mary Queen of Scots here languished. From the lofty battlements that unfortunate sovereign could see, beyond the broad, deep moat and flanking ramparts and towers which surrounded her, the winding Dove and the wilds of Needwood. Perchance upon her ears fell the roisterous cries of the folk who kept "Titbury Day," and some gossip may have brought her word of the winner of the archery prize, of the mightiest wrestler or quoit-thrower, or of the madcap pranks of the king of the minstrels. But the halberdmen outside her doors and the vigilance of her custodians reminded her ever of darker and more serious things than these. Of this, however, everybody knows, and it needs not that I should again go over her pathetic and romantic story. Nor will time suffer me to say more than a word concerning that Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who, more than five hundred years ago was Lord of Tutbury, and whose work for the betterment of England has not been altogether fruitless or forgotten. Highborn, indeed of royal blood, and the possessor of five earldoms and of several offices of state, was he. His personal character, to be sure, was not of the best. Unscrupulous, coarse and violent, he was unfaithful to his wife and rude to his friends. Like others of his kind in those rough days, he killed and he robbed. But for all this he stood out bravely and consistently against the folly and tyranny of his weak-minded cousin, Edward II. The people looked to him as the defender and champion of their rights; the clergy regarded him with high favor. Daringly rebuked he the king for his partiality towards Piers Gaveston; not purely from unselfish motives, perhaps, and yet thereby rendering the best of service both to prince and country. His presence in the June of 1312, at the murder of the royal favorite, was remembered by

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his enemies when he came to his own unhappy ending. Again and again he lifted up his voice and hand for the freedom of England, till at last he headed a rebellion against the king. In the late winter of 1321 he fled at the approach of the king's army, and soon Tutbury surrendered at the royal bidding. A month later he was taken at the battle of Boroughbridge, and within a week, at his own castle of Pomfret, he was condemned and beheaded. Then in a little while men forgot his vices and his mistakes, and looked upon him as a patriot and a martyr. They remembered his liberality to the poor, and found their reward in the rising of the Lancastrian tide. Soon miracles were wrought at his tomb and petitions were made for his canonization. Walsingham says he was declared a saint in 1390, and seventy years later people saw blood drop from his relics, and found a visit to his shrine helpful in many bodily infirmities. Saints are fashioned out of odd stuff sometimes, but they who know the character of Thomas of Lancaster, even though they sympathize, if not with his motives, at least with the trend of his political life, must smile under their eyelids at his beatification. In the happy days of the Tudors, Bishop Bale thought it worth his while to call him a "false martyr;" but then Bishop Bale's heart was hard and cold as the alabaster which, after leaving Tutbury, we saw quarried by the roadside.

It is not altogether the mingled light and shade which make the country look more beautiful the farther we go. Yet broken clouds are helpful, and the sunshine which falls through the rents and rifts gives a peculiar and winning charm to field and hillside, blending colors and softening lines, deep and rich as in a vignette of finest workmanship. For these bits of loveliness we may well be thankful; also for the leisurely progress of the train which enables us to mark the sinuosities of the river and the approaches of the forest. Sudbury is on the edge of the great tract of woodland known as Needham, and through the trees one catches a glimpse of the fine red mansion built in the seventeenth century, and set in a park of more than half a thousand acres. Other halls come into sight further on; also church spires, and before we reach Uttoxeter we distinguish the Weaver Hills, a bleak and dreary range which here marks the beginning of the Peak country.

At Uttoxeter we change trains for Ashbourne. There is no need of hurry: this is another of those happy places where people take time to live. Therefore we can possess our soul in patience, and while the shower which now has broken upon us lasts, wait under shelter. Moreover, the guard is not ready. Judging from the high words that are passing between

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him and that rustic-clad old man by the booking office, he has trouble on his hands. Ducks, I hear him say. The old man sold him a pair and did not remember how long a time had elapsed since they were killed. Poulterers are often forgetful of such matters. No, I cannot say whether that extraordinary-looking lady, with the curls and the sharp nose, is the wife of the clergyman who is holding over her two-thirds of his gingham. He is gray: she has reached that age in which a woman stays the number of her years, not being willing to say one thing one day and another thing a twelvemonth later. Her packages are numerous and heavy: the good man carries them for her and listens as she talks to him, now about her little nephew's whooping cough, and now about somebody's girls she saw at Cheadle fair. Was ever face so funny as hers? She is not his wife. Perpetual virginity is marked in every expression of her countenance and voice. She has no more chance of getting a husband than an English curate after five and thirty years of service has of getting a benefice; and, by the way, if a priest holds a curacy that long, the Church is apt to leave all further care of him to God. And she, the maid I mean, is happy—smiling, as the country people say, like a basket of chips—though for the life of me I do not know how chips can be supposed to smile. Now he is telling her a story, the dear soul; but he will spoil it, unless he looks graver and gets along a little faster. As he laughs, she laughs. I suspect she already sees the point of the story, for these maidens of uncertain years are very knowing. And the rain pours down as though Staffordshire had fallen into the region of the Doldrums. But there is a story about Uttoxeter which the whole world knows, and because the whole world knows it I must tell it, or else receive the greater blame.

It is a neat-looking town, this Uttoxeter; healthful and ancient. It was a British settlement before the Romans entered the land. But to the stranger nothing in its history is of greater interest than its connection with Dr. Johnson. Michael, the father of Samuel, was a bookseller living at Lichfield and coming on market days to Uttoxeter, where he had a stall, at which people might buy any publication from a tractate on the Apocalypse up to that most condite work upon the Latin tongue, the Grammatica-Anglo-Romana, or "The Præternatural State of Animal Humours," a book of which I know only the title. Samuel sometimes accompanied his father on these business journeys to Uttoxeter and, like a newly-aproned stationer, helped him with more or less efficiency at his "station," as bookstalls once were called. But on one occasion Samuel refused to go. He has himself told the circumstance and its result. Said he: "Once,

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Lichfield Cathedral.

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indeed, I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

There have been those who have taken this as a proof—a painful proof, I think they call it—of the misconception Dr. Johnson had of the nature of the Atonement. I confess I should like to see such folk go where the locusts went after God sent the strong west wind over the land of Egypt, and where till recent years unquiet and unhappy ghosts were also dispatched. Better would the world be had it more men of the conscientiousness and integrity of Dr. Johnson. He may have been uncouth and discourteous—at least so Boswell has represented him, though it would have been more than human always to treat tenderly the buzzing, inquisitive writer of the signet, especially when the latter put to the irritable lexicographer such questions as "What would you do, sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?"—but when he knew wrong had been done, he sought diligently to make amends for it; which is not unseldom an example left alone by many who regard themselves as theologically correct. In the market place there is a replica of a bas-relief on the pedestal of Dr. Johnson's statue at Lichfield representing this event. The story has been embellished in the course of time, so that we are told that the father was sick and unable to go to Uttoxeter on the occasion of Samuel's disobedience, and that while the penance was being performed, the boys hooted the good man as he stood exposed to the inclement weather. There is no evidence for either particular; nor are they necessary to the presentation of the scene. No one will ever forget the gray hairs dishevelled by the wind and rain.

Again we move. The rain has ceased, and we lose sight of Uttoxeter spire as we wind along the strath of the Dove. Now the sun comes out. Rocester reminds me that we are not far from Alton Towers, "one of the most exquisitely beautiful demesnes in England." They who have seen that stately and interesting mansion, its towers and walls, quaintly irregular and delightfully picturesque, rising from amidst the great trees near the lake, declare it to be "a painter's dream realized in antique stone, a poet's vision rendered permanent forever." Such praise is not exaggerated. The house is not indeed that in which the ancient earls of Shrewsbury dwelt; but it is all that the architectural skill of the nineteenth

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century, inspired by a just appreciation of masterwork, guided by the finest taste and furthered by almost boundless wealth, could accomplish. It suggests the glory of that past which rests upon the whole neighborhood and upon the name of Talbot. Inside are halls and galleries and chambers where are gathered objects of marvellous interest—pictures, armor, sculpture, portraits and heraldic devices: memories of Talbot, DeValence, Nevile, Bohun and Strongbow, and many another family noble in England and renowned in the annals of chivalry. Nor are evidences wanting of the piety of the founders and maintainers of the place. Not only in the library are well-chosen texts illustrating the worth of wisdom, but around the cornice of the cathedral-like conservatory run the words: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." In the vestibule of this abode of flowers is the motto, "The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech." The gardens, too, and terraces, lawns, arcades and ponds, with their unfailing charm, dream-like, lying in a deep valley bordered with woodland of densest foliage, entrance and delight. One never tires of wandering along the labyrinthine and tree-shaded paths, now to come unexpectedly upon some device of cave or waterfall or trellis-work, in which Nature has been outdone by Art, and now to listen in most grateful solitude to the play of fountains, the twittering of birds, or the æolian strains among the cedars and the pines. From these extensive grounds fine views of the house are to be had, of which none is more romantic than that from the Lower Terrace. He who has seen the pinnacles and turrets of Alton rising above the tall elms, in the light of the full moon, and remembers the efforts which were needed to reduce the wilderness to order and to display therein the triumph of ingenious and satisfying art, will readily assent to the truth of the line on the cenotaph of Charles, Earl of Shrewsbury, the noble builder, "He made the desert smile."

The village of Ellastone lies a little this side of Alton Towers, and not far to our left. This is the place called Hayslope in "Adam Bede," and here was the carpenter's shop, not of the fictitious Mr. Jonathan Burge, but of George Eliot's own relatives. Indeed, in Adam Bede—who somehow or other always reminds me of John Ridd—may be seen a picture of her father, and in Mrs. Poyser a suggestion of her step-mother. In the Donnithorne Arms you have the Bromley Arms, where for the traveller and his horse good cheer never fails, and where the floor-quarries ring with the steel tips and heels of ale-loving villagers. George Eliot has

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well depicted village life, and in her earlier novels has given many faithful sketches of rural Derbyshire. If we had opportunity to walk from the stooping willows by the brookside and along the bushy hedgerows into this Ellastone, we should surely meet with the prototype of Sandy Jim and Wiry Ben, of grief-worn Lisbeth and light-hearted Hetty; perhaps, of the old schoolmaster whose wisdom was manifested in sententious utterances such as, "College mostly makes people like bladders—just good for nothing but t'hold the stuff as is poured into 'em." I am afraid we should see no Mr. Irwine, and I am heartily sorry. That type of parson has gone, and I am not sure that the new kind will in the long run prove the equal of the old; nor do I know that the nineteenth century understands the nature of religion better than did the ancients. After all, the man who can come, say, out of horse-dealing with a clean record, and thereby shows that he has done his duty to his neighbor, and would not suffer quitch to grow in his garden, is probably a better Christian than he who lets the Five Points of Arminius prick his conscience or attempts to discuss the application of the Athanasian Symbol to the Darwinian theory. Changes have come since that evening when Dinah Morris lifted up her sweet and soulful voice on the village green: much for the better, I suppose, though the hollyhocks and the southernwood are as they ever were, and the old crab-tree drops year in and year out but a few less sourings.

No, fond as the people hereabouts are of flowers, it is next to certain they never heard the legend of the snowdrop. I do not know that it grows in this neighborhood, and the young lady standing on the platform at Norbury was a little out of season with a cluster of them in her hat. Daisies, were they? Well, there is a difference; but the story is, that an angel was sent to comfort Eve as she wept over her expulsion from Eden and the barrenness of the earth outside. The wilderness was not as the garden, though it is said that even in the garden no flowers grew; probably the thistles, of which Adam must have known something, had not then the rich purple bloom of the Scottish kind. But nature was merciful, and sent the fast-falling snow to hide the dreary earth. And as the angel talked to Eve he caught a flake of the snow, and breathing upon it, bade it take a form and bud and blow. Before it reached the ground it had become a beautiful flower, and when the angel went away, where he had stood appeared a beautiful circlet of snowdrops. Then Eve rejoiced, for she knew that the sun and the summer would come.

Here is the last station next to our journey's end. Now is the parson leaving the train; also his female friend. A trap is waiting for him and

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his hamper of hens and guinea fowl. He must farm his glebe or, at all events, grow his own poultry. That stalwart lad in knickerbockers will surely wring the old man's hand off: he has a heartier and more natural grip than the London tip-over. Even the wrinkled and happy maid likes his grasp, though she winces slightly as her hand writhes in the vice. "Tickets," says the collector at the door. "Any chance of getting to Ashbourne before night?" "There directly, sir." Bang goes the door. "Get in," cries the guard; "going." Blessed prospect! We have been going for the last two hours, and yet number only twenty-seven miles from Derby.

Down pours the rain again: surely the gods have tipped over the bowls of water. The woodpeckers will now have enough to drink. Perhaps it is the snipe rather than the woodpecker that, because of his refusal at the creation to help dig a pond, can only slake his thirst by picking the raindrops off the leaves or sipping the water out of the cart-ruts. Be that as it may, as he cannot drink out of a brook or a well, when there is drought and the bird is sore athirst, his pain-stricken cry creates pity in heaven, and the rain is given. At this moment there seems to be more pity than is necessary: the showers fall in sheets. And there is Ashbourne, nestling between the green hills, with its beautiful church, the Pride of the Peak!

The railway ends here, and the man who would venture to carry it further should be sent to Terra del Fuego without delay or pity. There is one omnibus at the station capable of carrying four persons, provided they are not children of Anak. Should another Dr. Johnson come, though Ashbourne can scarcely boast of such splendor now, there would be an effort, I imagine, to have for him a conveyance like unto that "large, roomy post-chaise" of which Boswell speaks, "drawn by four stout horses, and driven by two steady, jolly postillions"—"an equipage properly suited for a wealthy beneficed clergyman." I suppose this plain, little, mudsplashed vehicle goes to the "Green Man," but nobody seems either to care or to know. However, we get in and patiently abide the will of the gaunt chap who has charge of the Rozinante between the shafts. After attending to his business he prepares to start. To us he is indifferent: slams the door to, pitches a flat and two or three bundles on the roof, passes a joke with one of the porters, and finally mounts the box, jerks the reins and cracks his whip. In two minutes we cross the stone bridge over the Schoo or Henmore, a tiny tributary of the Dove, and from which the town derives its name. Bourne, as most people know, is Early

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English for water; ash, too, is a corruption of the British and Roman words Uisce and Isca, meaning the same thing, as appears in the Yorkshire Eske and the Netherlandish Esch. The expression, therefore, is pleonastic, like "River Avon;" though it is not unreasonable to remember that "bourne" also means boundary or frontier, as is shown in the well-known words of Hamlet, and thus this place-name may signify the "brook boundary." This poor little stream, flowing the length of the town through the low, marshy ground, divides Ashbourne proper from that part of it strictly called Compton, anciently Campdene. Together the town and suburb contain less than four thousand inhabitants; and as is fitting, the railway station is in the smaller portion. In olden time the brook had in it both trout and grayling; but it passes out of sight and mind as by the churchyard the road turns into Church Street, the principal thoroughfare of Ashbourne. Of this picturesque and ancient street I shall say more anon. We drive on through the rain till we reach the sign of the Green Man and the Black's Head Hotel swinging on a beam stretched across the street. Here is our inn. From overhead in the low archway leading into the yard hang a brace of birds, a roast of beef and a leg of mutton. On either side of this passage are stone doorsteps, white and clean. Here a door leads to that part of the house in which are the tap and the large dining-room; there a door opens into the more private quarters, where are to be found, as later we learned, a snug sitting-room and a parlor. At first sight we are satisfied that here is one of those pleasant and comfortable hostelries associated with the stage-coach days of England.

The driver lets us out, and at the door we are met by a bright and sprightly maid, who, in reply to our request for hospitality, proceeds to find the hostess. This maid, we afterwards found out, was one of half a dozen equally bright and sprightly damsels—a comforting fact, for even a Dove trout tastes better served by a nice-looking, clean waitress. And, indeed, some of these inn-girls are perfect Niobes, with lips as dainty and fingers as pink as any the novelists used to give to their heroines. The landlady herself appears: even such as Boswell described one of her predecessors, "a mighty civil gentlewoman." She is polite and genial, able, with a becoming courtesy, to dispense the hospitality of this "very good inn," and at once making the stranger feel entirely at home. Such, I understand, has been the character of those who have kept this house since Mistress Killingley's time—the good soul, who one September morning, in the year of grace 1777, presented to our friend James Boswell a card, in which, after ask-

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ing him to speak a kind word for the house, she assured him that for him to do so "would be a singular favor conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks, and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity." Mrs. Fanny Wallis is just as good, and wins our respect as soon as we see her. Yes, she can let us have room number five, and to room number five we go.

It is a neat, low-ceiling chamber at the end of a narrow passage. On the mantelpiece are some ornaments, especially one of a lover and his lass, which in their day cost next to nothing, but which now would stir up the cupidity of even an amateur collector. We are assured that the beds are as comfortable and as well-aired as any beds in Derbyshire, which is saying much, for this county is famous among the forty counties of England for the quality of its beds—I had almost said "for the quantity," for as I looked upon the height and breadth of the two in this room I wondered how many flocks of geese it took to fill them. On the walls were two or three pictures, but my attention was drawn to an elaborate piece of penmanship wrought, so an inscription said, by Edwin Hargreaves, in the year 1847, he being then a pupil at W. Hawksworth's Seminary. As it hung there in its neat frame, it did both scholar and master credit. The good boy set forth in curious devices the Lord's Prayer, and illustrated it with pictures of angels harping, of flying cherubs, of Christ in Prayer and of the Lamb and the Cross. Such things are worthy of notice, for they tell a story of perseverance, hope and satisfaction: busy brains devised and busy fingers executed them. And how proud the boy was when he showed his work of art to wondering father and admiring mother! Both agree that never was such a lad. I trust that young Master Hargreaves' display of skill will always adorn those walls, if for no other purpose, yet, at least, to recall to the traveller some of the most precious experiences of life and to remind him of duties and devotions too often forgotten. We like the room all the better for that boy's industry, and though I have never elsewhere heard of him, and have no knowledge whether he be alive or dead, or whether his days on earth have been happy and useful or the reverse, much should I wish him to know how carefully we examined his workmanship, and how freely we allowed imagination to run whithersoever it would.

The rain has stopped, and we set out for the church. On the way we find the sexton, Mr. John Goodman, a kindly-natured and an intelligent guide. His enthusiasm delighted, and his thorough acquaintance with the church and neighborhood proved most helpful. With him we entered

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Parish Church of Ashbourne.

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the churchyard through the eastern gates—which gates are curiously adorned with flames and death's heads—and turning from the vicar's walk, a beautiful lime-tree avenue running the whole length of the northern side of the churchyard, twelve hundred feet, proceeded to the south transept door. On the way I read the following lines, descriptive of a matron who died more than sixty years ago:

> In brief to speak, let this suffice,
> She was a wife both frugal, good and wise;
> Of children careful, to her husband kind:
> All certain symptoms of a virtuous mind.

The history of this church, which George Eliot declared to be the finest parish church in the kingdom, may be soon told. At the time of the Domesday Survey, about 1086, there was here a house of God. How long it had existed cannot now be certainly known, but that it had obtained some endowment is probable from the fact that, early in his reign, William Rufus sequestered the church and its estate for his own purposes. Once in a while, however, the Red King repented of the evil he had done. In 1093 he allowed the see of Canterbury, after three years' vacancy, to be filled, and on December 4th, Anselm, the pure and the true, was consecrated Archbishop. His influence over the king was not always inefficacious. The day after the consecration, Rufus, for the good of the soul of William, his father, and of Matilda, his mother, and for his own soul, presented the advowson of Ashbourne with some other churches to the Cathedral and Bishop of Lincoln. This praiseworthy motive may have been furthered by other considerations. Lincoln was a new see. The Cathedral built by the sainted Remigius was finished and men gathered there for its consecration, but three days before the time appointed for that ceremony, May 6, 1092, Remigius died. Now was appointed to the bishopric the king's friend and servant, Robert Bloet, and, perhaps both as a token of personal favor and also towards the endowment of the see, still in process, the king gave Ashbourne to Lincoln, thus blending cleverly, if not harmoniously, the spiritual with the friendly and the practical. Bloet held Lincoln for thirty years, besides being chancellor to William Rufus and justiciar under Henry I. Without ranking among the best of prelates, he was yet bountiful both to his church and to his poor, liberal in his manner of life and a friend of scholars. Both he and his successors for the next two hundred and fifty years seem to have got as much as was possible out of Ashbourne. That they needed much to enable them to maintain their state may have

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been to them some excuse, but it did not help this village. The duties were done by a vicar, poorly paid we do not doubt.

It was during the incumbency of one of these vicars, Nicholas de Esseburne, about 1220, that, of the present building, the chancel and transepts were erected. Not, however, till 1241 were they consecrated. Then it was that Hugh de Patteshull, a Staffordshireman, lately appointed bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, determined that the heavy drain should no longer be made upon Ashbourne. He bound the Dean of Lincoln to content himself with a small pension, and he directed that the vicar should have four curates and such other clergy as would ensure proper ministrations, and enable the parish to exercise becoming hospitality. Afterwards, May 25th, 1241, he consecrated the church in honor of St. Oswald, king and martyr, as is testified by a Latin inscription on a brass tablet now kept in the vestry.

Nine years after this, both church and town suffered severely from fire. Presumably, the older portion of the former, to which had been added the work of Nicholas de Esseburne, was damaged beyond repair. At this time John de Brecham, appointed in 1241, the year of Bishop Patteshull's reforms, held the vicarage, and if it be true, as is said, that he spent two hundred marks yearly on the parish, his generosity is apparent. Under his care and his immediate successors, within forty years of the consecration, were built parts of the nave, the south aisle and the tower, and about 1330 the spire was finished. Two hundred years later, about 1520, the clerestories were added to the nave and transepts. Since then little has been done beyond repairing the ravages of time and storm. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the nave received its present roof, the south transept was partly rebuilt and strengthened, and the upper part of the spire, previously damaged in a gale of wind, was restored. The wind, indeed, has played havoc with the spire. Three times within the last hundred and fifty years it has had to be taken down and repaired. Lately, the entire building has been restored; but the work was done so carefully and conservatively under the supervision of the present excellent incumbent, the Reverend Francis Jourdain, that the archæologist can find no fault, and the lover of the churches of the past is more than satisfied.

The advowson of Ashbourne has not been held by Lincoln uninterruptedly from the time of William Rufus to the present. In October, 1270, Prince Edward, son of Henry III, and afterwards himself king of England, was in a terrible storm off the Sicilian coast. He had purposed to wrest from the infidel the Land which Christendom has ever regarded as holy,

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but the violence of the tempest threatened destruction both to his fleet and to his hopes. So he vowed to found an abbey for the glory of God and the good of men's souls, were he saved. The storm passed away, and he had opportunity both to lift up the cross in Palestine, and to establish his monastery wherever he thought fit. He did both. In Cheshire he built on the banks of the Weaver the house known as Vale Royal, the spot having been selected because over it the shepherds had heard celestial music in the air. To maintain this house, and the sixteen gentlemen who should dwell therein, endowment was necessary, and, as princes did not always out of their own means satisfy the requirements of an expensive vow, some readjustment of church revenues was effected, and Ashbourne was taken from Lincoln and given to Vale Royal. Whether the dean and chapter of Lincoln approved of this transfer of their property, I do not know; and, after all, reparation was not long delayed. In 1289, the year that Queen Eleanor, the beloved of king and people, died, Edward I restored to Lincoln the benefice of which it had been deprived.

It is worth while to notice the way in which the rights of parishes to their own endowments were set aside. The estates which were given by the faithful for the maintenance of divine services within a certain district, or at a certain church, came to be considered by those in authority as at their disposal, and they granted them to whomsoever they would. Ashbourne was not in the diocese of Lincoln, nor had it aught to do with Vale Royal: in fact, it was a parochial foundation, and its revenues were intended for the people, and not for either monks or canons; but that made no difference. Something, of course, may be said for the solidarity of the Church, but the only reason that I can see for this appropriation to outside purposes of parish incomes, or, to put it more exactly, of the the greater tithes of a parish, is because such incomes or tithes exceeded the necessities of the parish. The tithes of Ashbourne came to be large—larger, I presume, than the place needed. And, as money never should be wasted, this is the reason why to-day, instead of being thrown away upon the Church or its clergy, they go to a lay impropriator who does not even live in the parish.

An edifice, in some parts, well-nigh seven hundred years old—perhaps fragments of it are even older—and added to or altered at considerable intervals of time, necessarily displays several styles of architecture. Indeed, here are illustrated the three great Gothic styles, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular. The building is cruciform, the length of the nave and chancel together, from east to west, being 175 feet, and of

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the transepts, from north to south, 100 feet. The chancel is five feet longer and two feet broader than the nave, and, like several other churches we have visited this summer, has a decided deflection towards the north. Someone told me that the deflection is not symbolical, that it does not represent the drooping head of our Saviour upon the cross, but that it was the result of haphazard work and had no significance. This opinion I cannot agree with; nor have I ever seen a chancel deflect towards the south. The transepts are forty-four feet wide, and each is divided in the middle by arches and pillar. Double transepts of this kind are rare. The nave has an aisle on the south side only, thus destroying the symmetry of the structure, and yet not injuring its beauty or its verity. Between this aisle and the nave is an arcade of four arches, above the capitals of the pillars of which appear the heads of some of the nobles and prelates who have been interested in Ashbourne. On the easternmost is the head of Edward I and the head of his contemporary, Roger Longspee, bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, to whose memory history has not been over gentle. Formerly between the spandrels of the nave arches and on the opposite wall were the names and emblems of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, and on the west wall was a figure of St. Christopher. In the south wall of the aisle are the remains of a passageway leading up through the wall to a chamber over a porch now destroyed; but by far the most interesting object in this part of the church is the font, which is coeval with the consecration of the church itself. The west door, instead of being exactly under the great western window of the nave, is, owing to the south aisle and to the desire to have the altar from the entrance full in sight, placed so far to the south that the point of its arch almost coincides with the corner of the window. The view from this door up the church is very impressive: the only drawback being the chancel roof, which in restoration has been set so low that it cuts off the point of the east window. As this part of the restoration was done by Sir Gilbert Scott, one hesitates to say that the beauty of the window is thereby marred.

And it is a beautiful window, of fine perpendicular style. Passing up the nave and through the space under the tower, of which more by-and-by, we enter the chancel there to find that in this window are the arms of Normandy and England, of John of Gaunt and the Duchy of Lancaster, and of many of the families who held lands within the honor of Tutbury. There are twenty of these coats, most of them, if not all, being as old as the stonework itself. The chancel screen, the choir-stalls and the altar, like the pulpit in the nave, are modern, but unlike most things modern

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deserving of attention and praise. The piscina and the sedilla have a respectable antiquity, and much interest attaches itself to some of the monuments. The irregularity of the outline of the building appears plainly and not unpleasingly from the sanctuary rails. The arches and windows, varied in style though they are, delight the eye; the space, by a well-known illusion, seems greater than it really is, and soon there come to one both historical reminiscences and spiritual emotions which delight the mind and gratify the heart.

Here to worship came in days gone by men such as Charles I, Dr. Johnson and his friends Mr. Boswell and Dr. Taylor, and George Canning and Tom Moore. Here, too, have ministered priests worthy to be had in rememberance, such as Thomas Peacock, who in the times of the Great Rebellion suffered shamefully at the hands of the Puritans, and Samuel Shipley, who during an incumbency of six and forty years, held the affection and respect of his people. So through the centuries God's people have in this place received the consolations and listened to the reproofs of religion. On these steps have they knelt for the laying on of hands, perchance to take upon themselves vows of conjugal fidelity, it may be to acknowledge some sin at which the congregation was offended, and again and again in highest sacrament to enter into communion with their Lord. This is a holy place, not only the gate of heaven, but also consecrated both by the presence of God and by the most solemn and sacred associations. And yet it has not always been guarded from ill. There are the marks of bullets fired by Commonwealth men, and in the sacristy is to be seen a cannon ball once embedded in the tower.

Of the transepts we turn first to the one which is least interesting, that on the south side. In the southwest corner near the door is a mural tablet to the Rev. Samuel Shipley, vicar from 1806 to 1850; seventeen similar tablets to Ashbourne worthies are within the transepts and nave. A screen and pillars of Early English with decorated arches divide this transept, of which the eastern part is called the Chapel of St. Oswald and contains the sacristy, organ, and chambers for the registers and church plate. The parish registers date from 1538. The double piscina is of the thirteenth century, and that part of the transept known as the organ vestry was formerly the chantry founded about 1483 by John Bradbourne, a member of an ancient and knightly family, some of whom repose hereabouts. During the restoration of the church pieces of alabaster were found and here made into an altar. There is a fine stained window, modern, illustrating the Te Deum.

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It is, however, in the north transept and in the eastern part of it, once known as the Lady Chapel, that the chief interest of this church lies. There are the monuments of the Cokaynes and the Boothbys, successively lords of Ashbourne Hall. Of the former family, between 1372 and 1592, one member is absent: Thomas Cokayne, 1488, was buried at Youlgreave.

The monuments are five in number, and chronologically the series begins with an altar-tomb of freestone and effigies in marble of John Cokayne, who died in 1372, and of his son Edmund, who was slain at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403. The former is represented in the dress of a gentleman of the period—a tunic, hip belt, long hose, and mantle loosely open down to his feet; the latter appears in complete armor. Edmund was fortunate enough to marry Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Richard de Herthull, and thereby were brought into the family estates of considerable extent in several midland counties. His son John was a lawyer of some note in his day, and from what is told of him appears to have been careful of the inheritance which fell to him. John became successively Recorder of London, chief baron, a justice of the Common Pleas and sheriff of the counties of Derby and Nottingham. In 1411 he went to France with the military expedition sent to the aid of the Duke of Orleans in his struggle with the Duke of Burgundy. He was twice married; first to Joan, daughter of a Hampshire knight, and secondly to Isabel, daughter of Sir Hugh Shirley of Warwickshire. His second wife's father was killed at the same battle in which his own father died. He died in 1438, and to his memory was erected an alabaster tomb. The Dictionary of National Biography states that on this tomb he was represented in a recumbent position, wearing his judicial robes and the coif of a sergeant, and with a greyhound at his feet; and further adds that the monument no longer exists, though copies of it have been preserved. This is confusing, for the tomb to the north of that in which sleep his father and grandfather is pointed out as his, though the male figure thereon, if I remember aright, is clad rather in knightly garb than in the dress of a lawyer. The lady beside this effigy, commonly held to be the Lady Joan, his first wife, wears a horned headdress, tight bodice and full skirts. This monument, whether Sir John the judge's or not, is a good piece of work. A son of Sir John married Agnes Vernon of Haddon Hall: he died in 1505.

Next to this tomb, in the corner by the window, is an altar-tomb of Purbeck marble with an alabaster slab, on which are incised the figures of Sir Thomas Cokayne and Dame Barbara his wife. Sir Thomas was made a knight by Henry VIII at the siege of Tournay in 1513. He died in 1537. On his tomb is this inscription:

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Here lyeth Sir Thomas Cokayne,
Made knight at Turney and Turwyne,
Who builded here fayre houses twayne,
With manye profettes that remayne;
And three fayre parkes impaled he,
For his successors here to be;
And did his house and name restore,
Whiche others had decayed before;
And was a knight so worshipfull,
So vertuous, wyse, and pitifull,
His dedes deserve that his good name
Lyve here in everlasting fame.
Who had issue iii sonnes iii daughters.

His son and heir, Francis, died the next year, and to his memory and to that of Dorothy his wife was erected the tomb next to this one, under the north window. Once of great beauty and now admirably restored, it and its brasses deserve attention. The next possessor of the manor, Thomas, the son of Francis, lies outside the chapel against the north wall of the western part of the transept. At the age of nineteen, on the death of his father, in 1537, he obtained the family estates. He had been brought up in the house of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and through life maintained a close connection with the Talbots. This doubtless brought him more or less into contact with Bess of Hardwick, than whom no one seems to have a more lasting memory in Derbyshire. In 1544, on the outbreak of war, he was sent by Henry VIII to Scotland. There the intrigues and plottings of his friend and Henry's agent, Sir Ralph Sadler, against Mary of Lorraine, mother of Mary, afterwards Queen of Scots, had been frustrated: hence a cruel conflict. Thomas Cokayne distinguished himself at the taking of Leith and Edinburgh sufficiently to receive knighthood. Many years later he and this same Sir Ralph Sadler—over whom Miss Strickland waxes indignant ever and anon—accompanied the Scottish queen, then Elizabeth's prisoner, in her journey from Wingfield to Tutbury. These were, however, exceptional services for Sir Thomas. He loved rather to spend his days in the country and about his own concerns. We do not know that he frequented the court or cared for the life or business there. He had more fame and authority as a hunter than as a scholar, courtier or knight; and in his old age he summed up his field experiences in a book printed in quarto, embellished with woodcuts and entitled "A Short Treatise of Hunting, compyled for the Delight of Noblemen and Gentlemen," dating it "from my house neere Ashbourne, the last of December

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1590." It is said by one who has examined it: "This quaint little book concludes with directions for blowing huntsmen's horns. These are, Cokayne asserts, the identical measures of blowing ordered by Sir Tristram, King Arthur's knight, whose 'first principles of hunting, hawking, and blowing' are the best he knows." After his father's death his mother married Sir Humphrey Ferrers of Tamworth Castle, and a little later, about 1544, he himself married his stepfather's daughter, Dorothy. In the religious changes which took place during his life he went with the reformation. He was one of the first governors, and helped with others in the endowment, of the Free Grammar School at Ashbourne, chartered by Queen Elizabeth in 1585. In 1592 he died, and in the night of November 15, according to the custom which then and for many centuries prevailed, he was buried. His marble monument—which, by the way, was till 1840 within the chapel—represents him and his wife kneeling opposite each other, and in a compartment below are figures of their three sons and seven daughters in the same posture.

Sir Thomas had a grandson, born in 1587, of the same Christian name. He did not write a treatise on Hunting, but he is claimed to be the author of an "English-Greek Lexicon, containing the derivations and various significancies of all the words in the New Testament, with a complete index in Greek and Latin." For some cause not given he abandoned his wife and children at Ashbourne and hid himself, under the assumed name of Browne, in London. There in 1638 he died and was buried in St. Giles's Church. His wife, Ann, daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Derbyshire, and half-sister of Philip, first earl of Chesterfield, survived him and held the estate at Ashbourne until her death in 1664. The rest of his possessions in the meantime, and Ashbourne eventually, went to his eldest son, Aston, who, as the last of the lords of this manor, even though he is not interred here, should be noticed more fully.

He is not one of whom much good can be said; nevertheless he has some reputation as a poet and a dramatist. His verse is characterized by coarseness and his plays are rarely read, but from them may be gathered particulars of his friends and of his own life which give them a certain worth. He was born in 1608. Though educated at Cambridge he was created M. A. at Oxford. He entered one of the Inns of Court in London, but not so much for study as "for fashion's sake." In the summer of 1632 he began a tour through France and Italy, which he completed in twelve months' space. He became a Romanist, and during the struggle between the King and the Parliament espoused the Royalist cause. In his

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Interior of Ashbourne Parish Church.

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fidelity to his religion and to his prince he never faltered. He was fined as a "popish delinquent," heavily and frequently, but he flinched not from his position. For this steadfastness he is worthy of praise. But, though by many esteemed "an ingenious gentleman, a good poet and a great lover of learning," to quote an old biographer, he was more generally known to be a boon fellow, fond of "a fine little glass"; and in the end, largely because of this, helped no doubt by losses suffered for the sake of his principles, he found himself without estate and in considerable necessity. In 1671 he joined with his son in selling the estate at Ashbourne, and twelve years later he let go his last bit of land, only reserving for himself a small annuity for life. In the winter of 1683 he was buried beside his wife and only son. Thus Ashbourne passed out of a family in which it had continued for many ages: indeed, men know not when the Cokaynes arose. They were at Ashbourne in the twelfth century, and held the lordship for over four hundred years.

If my reader would know something of Sir Aston Cokayne's works without taking the labor of searching for a copy thereof, I can tell him, after carefully reading the "Obstinate Lady," "Trappolin," and the "Tragedy of Ovid," that Sir Aston has no originality and helps little in a study either of language or of manners. The first of the three plays named is commonplace and weak, and for whatever merit it may have the author was indebted to Massinger's "Very Woman" and to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster." The plot of the second was also borrowed, but though in wit and humor tame and in action absurd and improbable, much of the dialogue is lively and with some resolution can be read. The third play was dedicated to Charles Cotton, Walton's scholar and Cokayne's cousin. Only upon the assumption that Charles Cotton's taste was out of sorts, temporarily and charitably perhaps, can I account for the courteous and generous entertainment he afforded this piece, or for his epigram upon it beginning:

> Long live the poet and his lovely muse,
> The stage with wit and learning to infuse!

and ending with the lines:

> Naso was Rome's fam'd Ovid; you alone
> Must be the Ovid to our Albion,
> In all things equal, saving in this case,
> Our modern Ovid has the better grace.

I would be cruel to ask anybody to take this play and from it justify these last two lines. What fish did the good angler hope to catch?

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...ce "that I may consider the ... myself earnestly to the duties ... in thy fear, I may die in thy ..., told well the story of her beau-

...uts, virtue, save
...b' insatiate grave,
...ek'd a tear
...y mouldering here.
... her ardent bosom fired,
...m soul inspired:
...or an house of clay,
...r mansion to decay.
... departing breath,
...d the bed of death;
...s, tun'd to peace and love,
...me to the realms above;
...us, that celestial shore,
...lost shall meet to part no more.
... my hopes have not been vain:'"
...eek extatic smiles remain.

...ntent to Sir Brooke Boothby, the brother of Phoebe his wife, 1788. They left an only ...th, who deceased in 1805, a little over forty-...ng lines are inscribed on the end of her tomb, ... inferior to those just quoted, I give them.

...rth within thy hallow'd breast
... sad relics peaceful rest:
...tal spoils, an angel mind,
...ng to heaven, has left behind;
...osom pure as virgin snow,
...ith each mild affection glow;
...ost from human frailties free,
... boundless was her charity;
...e sense in her that brightly shone,
...em'd to her modest self unknown.
...eader, no poet's pencil drew
This portrait: it is simply true.
O All-belov'd! the general woe
Thy universal worth may show;
And O, too soon united here
With parents to thy bosom dear,

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The heart is saddened as in this church where so many of its members are buried, one thinks of the dying out of a family such as the Cokaynes, a family associated with the history of Ashbourne for several hundred years. Sir Aston was the last male descendant of his line. That he did not win glory was not so much his fault as his lack of power. He tried for position and honor—tried, I am sure, at these sorry plays of his as some of his ancestors tried on the field of battle; but the genius was not his. And were it not for these tombs the stranger would never hear of him or of his fathers. Thus the great and the mighty pass away; and families powerful and honorable decline and decay, and a few monuments, some dust, and scattered, broken memories alone remain.

It should, perhaps, be added that in these effigies of the Cokaynes the faces are depicted as severe and expressionless: a striking contrast to those of the family that succeeded them. The Cokayne arms were three cocks, and the crest was a cock or a cock's head. In the same chapel are memorials to some of the Bradburnes of Lea—a village beyond Wirksworth, and on the other side of the Derwent, about fifteen miles from Ashbourne. One of these is an altar-tomb upon which are the recumbent figures cut in alabaster of Sir Humphrey Bradburne, died 1581, and Lady Elizabeth, his wife. On the sides of the tomb are figures of their children: nine sons and six daughters.

From the Cokaynes the lordship of Ashbourne went to the Boothbys, and of them several are buried in this chapel. To this family belonged Miss Hill Boothby, one of Dr. Johnson's correspondents and friends—with whom, indeed, though she read her Bible in Hebrew, that great man had such familiarity that he addressed her as his "dearest dear," his "sweet angel," and assures her not only that his "heart is full of tenderness," but also that "he has none other on whom his heart reposes." That she was worthy of his friendship is evident from the letters which she wrote him, in which enthusiastic piety, clear common sense, scholarly refinement and commendable vivacity are happily mingled. In her Johnson discovered a similarity of tastes in learning and in religion, which could not fail to attract him: even though gossips spoke of him as antiquated and of her as sublimated. Unhappily the intimacy was of brief duration. Three years from its beginning she died, in 1756, about the age of forty-seven. Dr. Johnson carefully treasured her letters, and composed a prayer in which he thanked God for the opportunity of instruction afforded him "by the knowledge of her life and by the sense of her death." In this prayer, as a result of her example, occurs this fine sentence, noble and finished both in

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shape and in sentiment: I implore thy grace "that I may consider the uncertainty of my present state, and apply myself earnestly to the duties which thou hast set before me, that, living in thy fear, I may die in thy favour." Her nephew, Sir Brooke Boothby, told well the story of her beautiful life in lines that are worth reading:

Could beauty, learning, talents, virtue, save
From the dark confines of th' insatiate grave,
This frail memorial had not ask'd a tear
O'er Hill's cold ashes, sadly mouldering here.
Friendship's chaste flame her ardent bosom fired,
And bright religion all her soul inspired:
Her soul, too heavenly for an house of clay,
Soon wore its earth-built mansion to decay.
In the last struggles of departing breath,
She saw her Saviour gild the bed of death;
Heard His mild accents, tun'd to peace and love,
Breathe a blest welcome to the realms above;
To those bright regions, that celestial shore,
Where friends long lost shall meet to part no more.
"Blest Lord, I come! my hopes have not been vain:"
Upon her lifeless cheek extatic smiles remain.

There is an alabaster monument to Sir Brooke Boothby, the brother of this lady, who died 1789, and Phoebe his wife, 1788. They left an only daughter named Maria Elizabeth, who deceased in 1805, a little over forty-seven years old. The following lines are inscribed on the end of her tomb, and though in grace and spirit inferior to those just quoted, I give them.

Chaste earth within thy hallow'd breast
Let these sad relics peaceful rest:
The mortal spoils, an angel mind,
Mounting to heaven, has left behind;
Her bosom pure as virgin snow,
Did with each mild affection glow;
Almost from human frailties free,
Yet boundless was her charity;
The sense in her that brightly shone,
Seem'd to her modest self unknown.
Reader, no poet's pencil drew
This portrait: it is simply true.
O All-belov'd! the general woe
Thy universal worth may show;
And O, too soon united here
With parents to thy bosom dear,

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Sleep by a well-lov'd mother's side,
In life her chiefest joy and pride!
Sister, farewell; nor time nor place
Maria's memory shall efface;
Thy brothers who inscribe this stone,
With their last sigh thy loss shall mourn.

No one can read epitaphs such as these and not obtain some idea of the refinement, affection and piety which prevailed in this family. "All the inscriptions," says a local authority, "whether in English or Latin, indicate literary taste and talent, a regard for virtue, and a sensitiveness of disposition." Both the ladies spoken of in these lines appear to have been worthy of all that is said of them; and were they not, yet the lines themselves have a tenderness and a beauty, rare enough in such poetry, that speak well not only for him who wrote them, but also for those who used them.

This character was maintained by Sir Brooke Boothby, the brother of the lady to whose memory the latter lines were written, and the nephew of her who was Dr. Johnson's friend. He was, indeed, in his young days spoken of "as one of those who think themselves pretty gentlemen *du premier ordre;*" but later, better things were known of him than this judgment suggests. Not only did he move in circles to which belonged people such as Miss Seward, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, Thomas Day and the Edgeworths, but he also was the author of several books. Among other things he defended some features of the French Revolution, and sought to vindicate Rousseau's character and work from the "wanton, butcherly attack" made by Burke. During a prolonged residence in France he became intimate with Rousseau. Earlier than this—from the spring of 1766 to the May of 1767—Jean Jacques, then a refugee in England, much to Dr. Johnson's disgust, had been entertained at Wootton Hall by a Mr. Davenport, having been introduced there by the historian Hume. Wootton, about five miles from Ashbourne, is in a cheerless neighborhood, bleak and lonely, as a local epigram runs:

Wootton under Weaver, where God came neever.

But Rousseau liked it. Said he: "It has been freezing ever since I came here; it has snowed incessantly; the wind cuts the face. In spite of all this I would rather live in a hole of one of the rabbits of this warren than in the finest room in London." Here the "Apostle of Affliction" began his "Confessions," and here, being, to use Hume's expression, like

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Penelope Boothby's Tomb, Ashbourne Church.

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Richard Cumberland, the Sir Fretful Plagiary of Sheridan's *Critic*, a man born without a skin, his sensitiveness led him to quarrel with some of his best friends. I do not know whether Boothby met him here, but, like Boswell, he thought much of his society, and considered him to be a much better man than did most people. Many years afterwards there used to come to Ashbourne Hall another of the baronet's friends, the statesman and orator, George Canning. Those were the days of the stage-coach, as Canning reminds us:

> So down thy slope, romantic Ashbourne, glides
> The Derby Dilly, carrying six insides.

Boothby contributed to the "Anti-Jacobin," partly edited by Canning. He was eighty years old when, in 1823, he died—the last of his line. He was buried in Ashbourne Church, and another family holds the manor.

To Sir Brooke Boothby and Susannah his wife came a life's sorrow. It is not without purpose that I have lingered in this chapel, or that I have copied the inscriptions given a page or two back: perhaps I have created some interest in the lords of Ashbourne. Nor is it without reason that I have left to the last the most interesting, as well as the most beautiful and pathetic, of all the memorials. Of this memorial, before I came into the church I read: "The man whom this does not affect wants one of the finest sources of genuine sensibility; his heart cannot be formed to relish the beauty either of nature or of art." The cloth was not taken off the tomb in the southwest corner till I had seen all else in the chapel: after that I could no more think of warrior-chiefs or gentle squires.

There, sculptured out of the purest Carrara marble, on a couch lies the figure of a lovely female child, a poet's ideal of purity and innocence. No wonder when the queen of George III and her daughters saw this marvellous piece of art and read in it the story of suffering and of woe, they burst into tears. It is the finest work of Thomas Banks and is to the memory of Penelope, the only child of Sir Brooke and Lady Boothby. She died in 1791, not quite six years old. The artist has represented her extended on her right side, her feet, carelessly folded over each other, appearing beneath her gracefully flowing dress, the only drapery. She has fallen asleep, wearied with the restlessness and the fever, her cheek resting on the crumpled pillow and her hands, tenderly touching each other, drawn up towards her face as if to support her worn and weakened frame. Much has she suffered, poor little innocent! and in her wan, yet beautiful and gentle face, shaded by the curling golden locks, appear the lines of pain.

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Her slumber is but troubled and broken. As you look upon her closed eyes and folded arms, you fancy that in another minute she will wake up and throw herself about to find a fresh position. Never has artist told a story so naturally and so simply, and therefore so appealingly, as this. The heart throbs, the tear falls, and to the soul comes a great calm. Nor does one readily turn from the conception to observe the exquisite finish of detail, the master-workmanship which brings out, delicately and truly, the very fringe of the sash around the waist, the pleats of the dress and the dents of the mattress, to say nothing of the figure itself. The pedestal is worthy of so choice a burden.

Upon the tomb are inscriptions in English, French, Italian and Latin. Of these the two following sufficiently set forth the character of her who is thus commemorated, and the love and sorrow of those who mourned her loss. The graceful Italian runs:

Le - crespe - chiome - d'or - puro - lucente -
E'l - lampecciar - dell - angelico - riso -
Che - solean - far - in - terra - un - paradiso -
Poca - poluere - son - che - nulla - sente.

These words have been translated: "Thy curling locks of pure shining gold, the lightning of thy angelic smile, which used to make a paradise on earth, are now become only a little senseless dust."

On the opposite side of the tomb appears an epitaph in English, the first line being taken from the Book of Job:

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

To Penelope,

Only Child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby,
Born April 11th, 1785; Died March 13th, 1791.
She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate Parents ventured their all on this frail Bark,
and the wreck was total.

Sadly grieved the father and mother over the death of this comely and promising child. The former expressed his sorrow in a book of poems, which he entitled the "Sorrows of Penelope." Sir Joshua Reynolds preserved her features on canvas. She was worthy of it all. And yet one cannot but hope that the bereaved parents found that the wreck was not total. The Christian who has stood beside this tomb and taken in all its meaning—that beautiful, suffering child; the translation of the life

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evanescent to the land of the life everlasting—while he may sympathize with the sorrow, must needs realize the consciousness of better things beyond, the joy of immortality and the glory of resurrection.

In one of the windows are some bits of ancient glass: religious devices and coats-of arms. By the door are some Saxon and Norman fragments. The north wall has an aumbrie. But as we pass through the screen-door out of the place, we feel that little Penelope in her sweet innocence hallows the place more than all else. It is said that before Chantrey began his celebrated sculpture of the Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral he came to this tomb, and here in silence and in reverence sought to win inspiration from the masterpiece of his great predecessor. I am not surprised that Chantrey's work has received the world's highest laudation.

Before the restoration there were galleries in this church. There was also the old-fashioned "three-decker"—pulpit, reading-pew and clerk's stall. In the galleries used to sit the plainer folk, and not a few boys and girls. One of my friends, whose name went on the register of baptisms at Ashbourne ever so many years ago, and whose love for and acquaintance with his native town has not been intermitted—though now his home is between the Delaware and the Schuylkill,—tells me a story of these galleries which illustrates country-life. Decorous and orderly as Anglican churches are nowadays, it should be remembered they were not always so. Charles II enjoyed watching the maids of honor giggle as his chaplain read a certain second lesson; and here and there we find benevolent people subscribed or bequeathed money to pay for a beadle to walk about the church, and keep the worshippers awake and attentive. In one place this official was furnished with a wand, at one end of which was a knob, and at the other a fox's tail. With the former he sharply wrapped on the head of the men or boys who chanced to drop asleep, and with the latter he tickled under the nose such of the women and girls who might be guilty of a like indiscretion. Even then it was not always possible to enforce that respect which becomes the house of God. Frequently a churchwarden would take the wand which used to be placed at the door of his pew, thereby marking his position and dignity, and, preceded by the beadle and followed by the village constable, possibly by the parish clerk in top-boots, strut solemnly down the alley to the delinquent. As a churchwarden's powers are extensive, peace generally ensued; most likely punishment also. Women occasionally were churchwardens, and parish clerks and overseers; but I do not know that any of these offices thereby lost its authority. I should, however, dearly love to see a female church-

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warden deal with an unruly boy during service. So much was done in olden time to maintain order that one fancies the evil must have been very great. Indeed, bishops charged the clergy to observe those who "unreverently use [*i. e.*, misbehave] themselves in the time of divine service;" and acts of parliament were passed to remedy the wrong. Everybody, of course, went to church. Sir Roger de Coverley used to stand up when the rest of the people were on their knees, to count the congregation, or to see if any of his tenants were missing. People were fined if they did not attend worship—a praiseworthy, if unhappy, effort of the State to make its citizens perform their duty. When a man chanced to get excommunicated he was not able to comply with the law. Once an individual, laboring under this penalty, ventured into his parish church: to be exact, the place was Scotter, Lincolnshire; the time, January 19, 1667. "Being admonished by mee to begon," wrote the rector in the register, "he obstinately refused." Nobody seemed strong enough to put him out, and so the congregation broke up and went home. The Oxford movement has altered all this, and has brought about that order which now distinguishes Anglican places of worship and excites the emulation of people of other religious bodies. Perhaps the tendency to sleep is less, too. But this bit is delightful: "As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them." Addison adds: "I was yesterday much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion."

Now between fifty and sixty years ago there were those at Ashbourne who, like Eutychus, and perhaps from the same cause, could not keep awake. There are still clergymen after the kind spoken of by Sydney Smith, who preach "as if sin were to be taken out of man like Eve out of Adam—by putting him to sleep." On a certain Sunday an Ashbourne man of some standing and years—a plump, broadfaced, comfortable sort of individual, to whom nature and society had been very kind, as might be seen by his healthy-colored nose and mutton-chop whiskers—this man, I say, who ought to have known better, followed the example of other worthy folk around him. The back of his pew was in a line with the

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gallery front, and, when he dropped off, his head fell back, leaving his mouth wide open. A boy in the gallery, peeping over, saw the yawning depth beneath. Had it not been for that boy, this good, respectable man might have gone to his grave without a blemish upon his name. But Fate put that boy there, and Fate gave him an opportunity which he was not slow to avail himself of. In his pocket he found a good-sized bit of liquorice; also a long piece of string. To the end of the string he attached the sweetmeat. Then gently lowering the black dainty lump over the gallery, he began bobbing for that respectable man's mouth. Other boys watched the process, not unexcitedly you may be sure. The delicate drone of the sermon went on: the bobbing continued. It was not easy to strike the exact spot; but as perseverance is always crowned with success, except when a hen tries to hatch a porcelain egg, at last plump into the good man's mouth went the liquorice. Trouble began at once. Up sprang the slumberer, snorting and choking: joyously tittered the urchins who saw the fun. A youth in the pew behind caught the string as it fell: he pulled it, but the mouth in which was the other end had closed, and the merriment became exasperating. Everybody waked up to see what the matter was; even the clergyman stopped. What happened to the boy who caused this excitement, whether he got punished at the time or lived to grow up a quiet and harmless member of society, I have never learned. But he who told me the story, then a boy himself, and even now with as happy a twinkle in his eye as ever boy had, suffered. He had seen the whole proceeding; and when the startled townsman jumped up, he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction. For him it was unfortunate.

There was some excuse perhaps for the good man who thus misbehaved. The preacher was of the soporific kind—and when one considers how useful in curing insomnia such men are, one should not hastily condemn them. Some voices, too, have a drowsy monotony about them that is unfailing. Such was his who at this time officiated at Ashbourne: a good man and greatly beloved, as I have said elsewhere, one who readily and frequently from the joint on his own table sent a cut to one or another of his poor and sick parishioners, but for all that one of those preachers who, taking a manuscript sermon, address a pillar down the nave, generally the last but one, and expect the congregation to listen to what is said to the immovable stone. If some took a nap nobody was to blame. Even the clerk on one occasion lost himself. When the hum overhead ceased for an unduly long interval, he suddenly woke up, and, thinking the

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sermon had ended and he had neglected to punctuate the ascription, sprang to his feet and solemnly and sonorously sang Amen. The parson looked over the pulpit cushion at him, very much as a rook looks at a worm he has succeeded in pulling half out of the ground—especially if on the said rook were a pair of spectacles and a set of white bands.

This same clergyman was greatly inconvenienced by the aspirate. He was a master of the Latin tongue and had learned to correct his own moral faults, but the spiritus asper of the English language was beyond him. When he recognized the difficulty—which was not until it was too late to remedy it—he cast around for arguments to justify his unfortunate propensity, finally satisfying himself either that it was the old English way of emphasizing the important vowel-word in a sentence, or that it was a survival of the influence the French language had had upon the English speech. Unhappily for him Tom Moore was living at Mayfield, about a mile and a half from Ashbourne, and he attended service here. Tom, as they who love him know, was a kind-hearted fellow, but he had not a little spice of mischief about him. Do what he would, the fun would out; and this was his opportunity. He quickly detected the parson's weakness, and one day he wrote on a flyleaf of a hymn-book the following lines:

Our Vicar prays he may *inerit*
The Hinspiration of the Sperit.
Oh! grant him also 'oly Lord
The Haspiration of Thy Word.

The tower of the church springs from the intersection of the chancel and nave with the western transepts. This would almost imply that the eastern parts of the transepts, the Chapels of St. Oswald and of our Lady, were additions to the building. The appearance of the tower and the spire is exceedingly graceful. The cross surmounting the latter is 212 feet from the ground. The peal consists of eight bells, upon which are the following inscriptions:

1. Give no offence to the Church.
2. William Dobson, Founder, Downham, Norfolk. 1815.
3. William Dobson, fecit, Downham, Norfolk. 1815.
4. Peace and good neighborhood.
5. Prosperity to the Town of Ashburn. 1815.
6. The order for this peal was given in May, 1815, by Saml. Carrington and Jno. Tunnicliffe, churchwardens.
7. Cast in the year 1815, in which the great battle of Waterloo was fought.
8. These bells were completed in August, 1815—John Hobson and Thos. Hartwell, churchwardens.

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The bells which were taken down in 1815 had these dates and mottoes:

1. Amici multi numerantur. 1705.
2. Sweetly to ring men do call
   To taste on meats, that feed the soul. 1632.
3. God save our Queen. 1590.
4. Ecce Ancilla Domini.
5. God save the Church.
6. Ut tuba sic sonitu Domini convoco cohortes. 1592.

Among the curious bequests to this church was one by a pious and musical soul, Elizabeth Buxton, who desired that "a solemn peal of bells" should be rung every year on the anniversary of her death. She would not hear the tones as they floated in melancholy melody over her grave, but others would, and perchance they would remember how once she had loved to listen to them. Nor is it easy to forget such music. Even John Bunyan could not help bringing his pilgrims into the Celestial City after the fashion that great folks were on earth welcomed into towns and villages: "Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy." But Dame Elizabeth was not anxious, much as she loved the bells, that the ringers should break the Fourth Commandment. With commendable consideration she directed that if her anniversary fell on a Sunday, the desired peal should be given on the following day.

The present bells have a wondrous, soul-touching sweetness. He who has heard them will remember them forever. It was after a talk with Father Prout that there came fresh the memory of a quiet and beautiful eventide, when the Ashbourne bells were sending their rich changing tones far across the country side, and Tom Moore, tenderly sad, wrote of them the well-loved lines:

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

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Good Father Prout, the playful imp, contends in his *Reliques* that his brother-bard stole the idea from that other song of the bells which Mahony himself composed, the refrain of which can never lose its charm. "Any one can see," merrily argues the Father, "that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia." The first stanza only can I venture to give, and that purely because of its beauty:

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

On leaving for England one of the last things I was told was: "Be sure and hear the Ashbourne bells." I do not wonder my friend thought of these bells. In the *Reliques* just referred to it is said: "There is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our parish-steeple: and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign and perhaps happier countries." But while nothing can be truer than this, yet most assuredly the bells of Ashbourne are in themselves all that heart can wish.

Besides the bequest of Mistress Buxton for "a solemn peal of bells," other kind-hearted folks have sought at various times to benefit the parish. Money was left by some to buy Bibles for the poor; by some for sermons, especially sermons for the preparation of the people for Holy Communion; by some for the indigent to provide bread, coals, potatoes or gowns; and by others towards raising a stock to set poor people on work. In 1630 was founded a lectureship "for the maintenance of an able, pious and orthodox

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preacher, who should preach two sermons or divinity lectures in Ashbourne, or in some other convenient town in Derbyshire, not above five miles from Ashbourne." Care was also taken for the market cross and the common well. One charitable man shrewdly desired the vicar to preach a sermon, and set forth his and his brothers' charity, "to stir up the charity of others." And with a soul full of enthusiasm another individual left five marks to buy a copy of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, better known perhaps as the Book of Martyrs; the same to be laid safe in some convenient place in the parish church.

By the way, this last bequest, the like of which is of common occurrence, has about it some interest. Here and there in the old churches may be seen a copy of the famous work, though I fear that nowadays few people care to brush from it the mildew and the dust which the generations have accumulated. And yet an old book has a charm which a new book cannot possibly have. I can read three or four of the melancholy and bitter pages of Master John Foxe's Acts and Monuments out of my folio edition of 1684 with a patience I could not exercise over a modern reprint. There is a musty smell, a ghostly touch and a weird suggestiveness that only two hundred years at least can give to a book, and though Master John is apt to curdle the blood and arouse angry feelings, yet one must needs be grateful for the woodcuts and plates in which are depicted, as only the artists of old could depict them, those kindly instruments by which, and those thrilling scenes in which, both Protestants and Catholics three hundred years ago sought to win their respective opponents into the right way. The illustrations afforded amusement as well as instruction. The dying words of the martyrs were printed on narrow slips of paper out of their mouths, and Cartwright in the *Ordinary* (Act I, Scene III) makes one of his characters exclaim:

> Become a martyr, and be pictur'd
> With a long label out o' your mouth, like those
> In Fox's book; just like a juggler drawing
> Riband out of his throat.

In olden time not only were archbishops, bishops and archdeacons enjoined to have in their houses a copy of the Book of Martyrs, but, in common with Bishop Jewel's Defence of the Apology of the Church of England and Erasmus's Paraphrase upon the Gospels, for the benefit of the poorer clergy and the people, a copy was placed in the parish churches, sometimes "tyed with a chayne to the Egle brass." By this means was kept fresh

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the gruesome story of religious persecution, and thence came much of the material which has kept Latimer's candle burning to this hour. Archbishop Laud, before his own head was taken off, wisely ordered John's book out of the churches: why in the house of God should men's souls be vexed and embittered by stories colored and shaded, unjustly and cruelly, with horrors which are characteristic, not of a school of thought or of a religious community, but of the age itself? Nevertheless, as the Papists sent Cranmer to the stake, so did the Puritans send Laud to the scaffold. The best time now to read Foxe is by one's self toward the midnight hour. Draw close the heavy curtains, let the fire on the hearth burn slowly out, forget the changes of time, and by the light of a single taper turn over the heavy leaves. Then, the world being still and fancy somewhat free, the thoughts go back to days when men were not afraid to stand alone and suffer, and not unlikely, in spite of the strange, uncanny feeling which passes over one in shivering waves, in the dreams which follow and the scenes which flit before the mind, all will not be unsavory or sad. I greatly wonder if Paul Taylor, who left this bequest to Ashbourne Church, had ever read Lyly's Euphues or Sidney's Arcadia. A little of either author goes a long way; but one or the other should be chained to the same lectern that holds the Book of Martyrs. Lest it should be thought that we are worse than our fathers, it should be remembered that as early as 1583, exactly twenty years after the publication of Foxe's work, John Stubbes lamented the neglect by his generation of the Acts and Monuments. It is not everybody who can enjoy Foxe.

Before we go from the churchyard we traverse the Vicar's walk from one end to the other. Again the shower breaks upon us, but we tarry to read inscriptions on tombstones and to take in the beauty of the church. Beside one grave is a white rosebush; its one faded, rusty bud is scarcely less suggestive than are the marble monuments or the lichen-covered slabs. As from beneath the trees we watched it, the rain stopped, a sunbeam fell upon it, and we went on our way.

Just outside of the churchyard, and on the north side of Church Street, is the Grammar School, chartered by Queen Elizabeth, and endowed by the contributions of many worthy townsmen, including, as we have seen, Sir Thomas Cokayne. It is a pleasant-looking building, with its quaint gables and neatly-shaped windows; and much has been done in it for the education of the youth of this neighborhood. The seal of the corporation is an elaborate and noteworthy affair. In it two scenes are represented: the upper one, in which four or five of her liege subjects are petitioning

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Asbbourne Grammar School.

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Queen Elizabeth to grant the charter; the lower one, in which the school is being founded. Her Majesty's face differs much from the portraits of her generally known, and her toes are strikingly prominent; but one's fullest sympathies go out to the two little scholars who are sitting on a form before a great company of black-robed masters. Around the seal is the device: "Sigillum Liberæ Scholæ Grammaticalis Elizabethæ Reginæ Angliæ in villa de Ashburne in comitatum Derbiæ." Any boy who is happy enough to get that seal affixed to his certificate of proficiency or good behavior is surely made for life.

But what is Ashbourne School to you or to me, dear reader, except that the headmaster thereof, the Reverend Mr. Langley, was in his day an acquaintance of that grand old man, Dr. Johnson? It was in the summer of 1777 that Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited in this place that "wealthy beneficed clergyman," Dr. John Taylor, and the two Ashbourne gentlemen, who themselves differed mightily from each other, had many a dispute with the sturdy lexicographer. Langley was a Rupert of debate, and his wild and furious manner is said to be traditional in Fenny Bentley, of which place he was rector, to this day. Johnson's ability in this respect is well known. Taylor "roared" as lustily as either of them. Together the three were well calculated to make glasses jingle and to disturb the serenity of Taylor's upper servant, Mr. Peters, "a decent, good man," observes Boswell, "in purple clothes and large, white wig, like the butler or major-domo of a bishop."

Dr. Taylor's house was on the opposite side of the way, and a right gracious establishment he maintained, for not only had he here a patrimony of some worth, but he was also rector of Market Bosworth and prebendary of Westminster. In his house no scantiness appeared. He was generous and hospitable; "his size, figure, countenance and manner were those of a hearty English squire with the parson superinduced." His violence, especially when his whiggery was disturbed, threw him into considerable distress, but he seems on the whole to have been as dull and heavy as were the extraordinarily large cattle he reared on his farm, and which he showed to his guests with great delight. Said Dr. Johnson to Boswell: "Taylor was a very sensible, acute man, and had a strong mind: that he had great activity in some respects, and yet such a sort of indolence, that if you should put a pebble upon his chimney-piece, you would find it there in the same state a year afterwards." In like confidential manner Taylor expressed to the Scotchman his opinion of Dr. Johnson: "He is a man of a very clear head, great power of words, and a

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very gay imagination; but there is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and having a louder voice than you, must roar you down." So different from each other were the two men that Boswell wondered at their preservation of intimacy, and Dr. Johnson did indeed get weary of the uniformity of life at Ashbourne; but it is next to certain that he wrote sermons for Taylor, and once he said: "Taylor is better acquainted with my heart than any man or woman now alive." They had been at school and college together and had, therefore, known each other from boyhood. Both characters, however, appear in Dr. Johnson's words to Boswell one Sunday at Ashbourne: "Sir, I love him; but I do not love him more; my regard for him does not increase. As it is said in the Apocrypha, 'his talk is of bullocks.' I do not suppose he is fond of my company. His habits are by no means sufficiently clerical: this he knows that I see, and no man likes to live under the eye of perpetual disapprobation."

Dr. Johnson and Boswell had that day been to church, and the chapter in Ecclesiasticus, to which the former made allusion, was the first lesson at Evensong. "The whole chapter," Boswell remarks, "may be read as an admirable illustration of the superiority of cultivated minds over the gross and illiterate." I venture to quote three verses:

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise.

"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?

"He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder."

It was impossible for Dr. Johnson altogether to refrain from striking heavily his ox-loving friend. Two instances may be offered. Taylor, who praised everything of his own to excess, in short, "whose geese were all swans," as the proverb says, expatiated on the excellence of his bull-dog, which he declared was "perfectly well shaped." Dr. Johnson, after examining the animal attentively, replied, "No, sir, he is *not* well shaped; for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the fore-part, to the tenuity—the thin part—behind, which a bull-dog ought to have." Taylor said, "a small bull-dog was as good as a large one;" to which Johnson retorted, "No, sir; for in proportion to his size, he has strength; and your argument would prove that a good bull-dog may be as small as a mouse."

On another occasion Taylor excused his nose bleeding on the ground that he had overgone his customary quarterly bloodletting. Dr. Johnson

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disapproved of periodical bleeding, and advised the use of other means of purifying or reducing to health the body. "But," said Taylor, "I do not like to take an emetic, for fear of breaking some small vessel." "Poh!" exclaimed Johnson, "if you have so many things that will break, you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't." Then, blowing with high derision, he added, "You will break no small vessels."

Only once did Boswell hear this heavy parson say anything witty, and that was an observation concerning Rochester, which I shall not repeat, though, as Dr. Johnson thought Prior was a lady's book and held that no lady was ashamed of having it in her library, I may be deemed unduly squeamish. I have no doubt Taylor considered his joke a good one. Still, with all his faults, he was warm-hearted, forgiving and liberal. His popularity in Ashbourne arose as much from his good qualities as from his generosity to the poor of the parish.

While Dr. Johnson was at Ashbourne he naturally attracted much attention. Men loved his fearlessness while they dreaded his rebuke and winced under his denunciation. He cared little for the golden-nobbed cane which Langley received, in common with his assistant masters, from the bequest of the good man who loved John Foxe. He was an intellectual and a moral Elijah, and stood not in awe either of Ahab or of the people. Many an evening others beside the head master of the Grammar School met with him under the hospitable roof-tree of Dr. Taylor, and in the company of "good, civil gentlemen" much wisdom came to light and wit sparkled freely. He claimed to be insensible to the power of music, though one night he gave patient attention to some friends who entertained the company with a number of tunes on the fiddle. When Boswell told him that music frequently produced in his mind either pathetic dejection so that he was ready to shed tears, or daring resolution so that he was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle, "Sir," he said, "I should never hear it, if it made me such a fool." But much as one would like to have been present at the gatherings in Dr. Taylor's house, and to hear the arguments upon social or literary questions which came up, still more does one wish for the privilege which Boswell so richly enjoyed of personal and private conversation with this master. Together they talked, now in front of the blazing fire, now in the doctor's bed-chamber, again in this street through which we are walking, and not unfrequently in the garden on the sloping bank at the back of the Grammar School. They who choose to turn over the pages of the Life which refer to this visit at Ashbourne will find many a sentence which should be remembered forever. None can

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forget his reply when Boswell, referring to a certain house and park magnificently appointed, said, "One should think that the proprietor of all this *must* be happy:" "Nay, sir," answered the wise man, "all this excludes but one evil—poverty." Nor will many fail to sympathize with the opinion expressed that serene autumn night, when, in Dr. Taylor's garden, the discourse turned to the subject of a future state, and Johnson fell into a placid and benignant frame of mind: "Sir," said he, in a gentle tone, "I do not imagine that all things will be made clear to us immediately after death, but that the ways of Providence will be explained to us very gradually."

The house remains, but the men who made it famous have gone. Langley no more shouts the cry of argumentative triumph; Taylor no longer talks of his farm and his cows; Johnson has lost forever the fear of death. In those days, when the shadows were thickening around the great philosopher and poet, his mighty soul grew even stronger and grander. His servant brought him a note; as he opened it he said: "An odd thought strikes me: we shall receive no letters in the grave." When the physician told him that recovery was next to impossible, "then," cried he, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiate; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." They buried him in Westminster, and over his remains Dr. Taylor read the funeral service.

Farther along the street are some almshouses—neat structures and having about them a touch of that antiquity which always charms. Ashbourne is well supplied with such homes for the poor. In the days when Charles the First and his Parliament were struggling with each other, eight of these houses were built by one family, and before the century was out another benefactor edified six more. Ten or twelve years later ten additional cottages, and also "four neat and pretty houses" for clergymen's widows, were erected; and then came a schoolhouse for thirty poor boys, and another schoolhouse for thirty poor girls who were to learn to sew, knit and read—necessary accomplishments in those days. All this speaks well for the Ashbournians of bygone ages.

The street, and indeed most of the town, has an atmosphere and an appearance of the old time, and with one or two exceptions the modern buildings keep close to the traditional style of the place. There is a restfulness and an easiness of life which carry one away from the jostling rush and unseemly turmoil of these latter days, and enable one again to see the years when the quoit rang under the elm trees, and yeomen in trunkhose and jerkin sent the arrow whizzing to the butts. Could anything be more

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delightful than these narrow lanes which, beginning near the Green Man, lead up into the market-place? See the poulterer's shop at the bottom. Pretty picture that, of the woman in neat print dress and straw hat, and the toddling child, rosy-faced and clean-clad, clinging to her skirts! Over the edge of her basket may be seen the tail of a pheasant and the feet of a rabbit. The seller of game, to whom she is talking, a genial, comfortable-looking man, judging from his blushes and smiles, has much admiration for her good looks and well-shaped figure, and gives good heed to her conversation. Turn into the butchers' thoroughfare, where on market days the housewives make their bargains of primest beef, and blue-aproned shopmen briskly whet their shining blades on the steel dangling by their side. Keep up the hill into the irregular space known as the town-square, where once stood the market-cross, and where is now a monument to some local worthy. Here are we again on historic ground. Twice was Charles the First in this place: once in 1644, and again in the August of the following year, six or eight weeks after the fatal battle of Naseby. I greatly fear that the Ashbourne people cared more for the orange-tawny scarfs and ribbons of the Parliamentarian soldiers than for the King's men. A hundred years later, December 3, 1745, Charles Edward—commonly known as the Young Pretender—entered the town, and the next day, at the Market Cross, he was proclaimed the true and lawful prince of England. His army consisted of about eight thousand men, for the more part indifferently equipped and considerably deranged by the bad roads and wet weather. But, notwithstanding their needs, it is not true, as is sometimes alleged, that they plundered wilfully and cruelly alike the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor, or that they extravagantly pillaged both stables and farmyards. They foraged, as do all armies, and they were addicted to *borrowing*, but a candid Hanoverian writer, William Hutton, author of the History of Derby, published in 1790, says: "Horses, arms, ammunition and public money, in all similar cases are deemed lawful plunder. They frequently paid their quarters—more frequently it was not expected. If they took people's shoes it was because they had none of their own; and no voice speaks so loud as that of necessity. If they omitted payment, it was because they had no money." Doubtless the people of Ashbourne wondered what the end would be when in their streets they heard the bagpipes and saw the white cockade: all England at this moment was in consternation. They may even have pitied the tall and handsome prince engaged in the desperate endeavor of regaining the throne of his ancestors. But the pity, if

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it existed at all, does not appear to have been strong enough to induce the villagers to enlist in his service. When the bellman ordered the innkeepers and others to appear with their last acquittance and to bring as much ready money as that contained, the dread of military execution may have induced compliance; and possibly, as elsewhere, on the proclamation of Charles as King, the church bells were rung and the houses were illuminated: but the dream was soon over and the romance was early done. This was Wednesday. The same day the townsfolk saw the last plaid and tartan pass over the stone bridge on the way to Derby. Two days later the troops, disheartened and fearful, returned on that retreat which ended at Culloden.

It is a sad story, but none can ever question the bravery and skill which, against considerable odds, brought a small army, mainly undisciplined and poorly furnished, within a hundred and thirty miles of London. Had the prince alone commanded, the advance would have been persisted in: wiser counsels prevailed. When all danger was over and the dread which had possessed the nation had gone, the people grew facetious. The men of Mappleton declared that having caught a Highlander they had killed him, and finding his skin remarkably thick and tough, had tanned it. Anybody who choose might see the excellent leather thus made. So it was said of one of Jack Cade's followers, the tanner of Wingham: "He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of."

But as I stand in the old square and ponder over these things, I do not feel inclined to laugh. It was an alarming crisis in the history of England. Had the Stuarts regained the throne from which by transgression they fell, it would have been a sorry day both for them and for the English-speaking peoples. One can say this and yet be affected by the romance of the Jacobite movement. The story of Bonnie Prince Charlie stirs the imagination, and none can admire more than I do the men who girded on the sword and followed his fortunes. But had he succeeded, the terrible work of the seventeenth century would have had to have been done again. The fields of England once more would have gone unploughed, and the streams of England would have run with blood. Another king, perchance, had seen the scaffold. For the old theories of government, good enough in their day, were long since dead, and men care not for ghosts, fleshless and timeless as they are, to come back. England can never see another Tudor, and can never have another Plantagenet.

I must not, however, get too serious. Inns abound in Ashbourne—the Bear, the Britannia, the White Hart and the like. The brand-new

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sign of the George and Dragon, gorgeous in color and daring in design, will look better when the rains of half a score of winters shall have dimmed its inordinate splendor and made it indecipherable. On the steps of yonder grocer's shop John Wesley once preached: there are still some in the town who adhere to his opinions and methods. The church on the hill-top on the northern edge of the town is the headquarters of the "Free Church," a very Zion, if not a Gibraltar, for those views of religion called pure and reformed; but neither for it nor for the Hall farther along the river, can we longer neglect the dinner which awaits us at the Green Man. Now has disappeared every sign of rain. The evening is coming on in fullest grace, and from the higher parts of Ashbourne we look upon a landscape we fear not to think one of the loveliest in all the world.

Listen! There are singers. To-day came to Ashbourne a choir of men and boys from Stafford, and now their outing done and the time for their home-going having been reached, they stay their break in front of the Green Man and sing a hymn. How rich and sweet their voices in the still eventide! And the people gather around them, with heads uncovered, and listen to the praise offered unto Him whose throne is beyond the blue sky and the red golden sunset.

A tidy, old-fashioned room this, in which our dinner is served. If it lack elegance, it certainly possesses comfort. The low windows, with the curtains along the bottom, bespeak that ease and refreshment which the traveller may here have. The table, too, is well furnished—a shoulder of mutton, cold ham, meat pie, vegetables; a snow-white cloth and crockeryware of the blue willow pattern. Ashbourne has been famous for its cheese; but it is not evident that the piece offered us is of native growth or manufacture. Mr. Charles Cotton held that the town had the best malt and the worst ale in England: times have changed, as we can testify, so far as the latter part of his statement is concerned. Perhaps it may be that mine host of the Talbot gave to Viator and Piscator, instead of "a flagon of his best ale," a bumbard of broken beer, as the ancients called the leavings of what has been drawn for others. Certainly, that which is set before us, brown and foaming—a very crowned cup, to use the old expression—would pass the most rigorous ale-conner. We set to: for

> Kit's as hungry now
> As a besieged city, and as dry
> As a Dutch commentator.

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Curiously enough our day is to end with the merry noise of minstrelsy and song. Before we get to dessert some Salvation Army people take their station in front of our windows, and lift up their voices in strains which it would be hard to denominate either as sacred or as profane. A pale young man holds the flag; another beats the drum—which instrument, by the way, some imagine to be typical of the whole movement: noisy and empty; a girl plays a tambourine as skilfully as though she had served an apprenticeship on a gaiety stage; and a woman, old enough to be the mother of the company, does the singing. Her voice is good. Around them gather a few children, but older passers-by scarcely look at them. On the face of our waitress I observe a shadow of contempt, and to a question I propose she replies, with not a little irritation:

"They do no good at all. They disturb sick folks with their drum, and try to make people stay away from church, and go to their meetings. Some more pudding, sir?"

"But," I asked, not heeding her request, "have they not helped some who went to no place of worship?"

"Everybody in Ashbourne goes to church or chapel," retorted the maid; "we are not heathen. Some more pudding, sir?"

"Still, they are earnest and sincere, you know, and it is not right to have ill will against anyone who is trying to help others."

But my waitress was not to be daunted or softened: "They are not half as earnest and sincere as is Satan. He tries day and night to get hold of us, and he means to have us if he can. And as to helping others, if taking people away from church and telling them that the way to heaven is through the Salvation Army is any help, we can manage without it. Some more pudding, sir?"

"I beg your pardon." And thoughtfully and slowly I eat my pudding, while outside the drum and the tambourine continue their doleful and outlandish noise. The clatter is not pleasant. I found out afterwards that the players thereof had shown themselves very offensive in their persistency, and much harm had been done by the reaction which had followed their early successes.

Man has a fancy for doing that which is forbidden him. Had no command been given concerning the tree of knowledge, Eve would have had no desire to eat of its fruit, and perhaps were no one annoyed by the noisy ebullitions of the Salvation Army, and sought not for injunctions against them, the confusion would come to an end. In like manner, in every generation since men have determinedly broken the unity of the

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Church, the delight of differing from other people, and of showing defiance of principles which more conservative minds hold sacred, have made dissenters or nonconformists all the more anxious to go to the conventicle rather than to the parish church. God forbid that I should say one word against whatever may be of Christ amongst those who thus separate themselves from the body of the faithful: I speak only of such characteristics as have prevailed and do prevail among such people, and which impress me as being the chief cause for the existence of their societies. For I do not know that it is necessary to go out of the Church to be made like Christ or to live a virtuous life; and when anyone else thinks so, my charity comes to an end so far as that one is concerned. The Dissenter has thought so. He has enjoyed to the full the delicious sweetness of differing from the general run of people, and, under possibility of persecution, slipping up an alley to a meeting-house. He has also had a delight sweeter far than that, namely, the complacency with which the few who find themselves in such out-of-the-way corners regard themselves as the elect of the Lord, and the only righteous ones on earth. I do not know anything of the state of religion in Ashbourne, but I have recollections of the way this spirit has displayed itself in other places—in one, for instance, which I shall not closer indicate than to say that it is far from the reach and the sound of the drum in the street. In that place is a conventicle, which, like the drum, has for its result, if not its purpose, the disturbance of other people. No; if the ungodly were disturbed, I should be ready to wish it God-speed, but the ungodly are untouched—unless by the ungodly you mean the people who, like our waiting-maid in the "Green Man," serve God as their fathers have served Him for many long centuries. And that is exactly, let me tell you, what the typical sectarian considers the ungodly to be. In that conventicle, how the folks' mouths would water when the shoemaker,—who occupied the pulpit and loved to speak of the saints riding roughshod over the foes of righteousness,—discoursed of the abomination of desolation set up in the parish church, and of the catastrophe that would some day befall all those who bowed down to the golden image of priestcraft, superstition, Puseyism and caste, which the Book of Common Prayer upheld, and concerning which essays were read by the parson,—an ungodly man, and doubtless a son of perdition! The whole town some day would be swept away, even as the world was covered by a flood, and as Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone; but out of the destruction would be saved another Noah and another Lot, with their families—even that remnant which

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avoided the concourse of the wicked and worshipped in "Welcome Bethel." The town of which I am thinking contained about two thousand people, nine-tenths of whom belonged to the parish church, and of the remaining number only about five and twenty to that society in which alone were the faithful, as they called themselves, gathered. Thus only twenty-five, just a choice fragment, would be rescued; all others would inevitably and happily perish. That God should thus have a favor towards the one moiety of the population, and a special hatred for all other sorts and conditions of men, was highly satisfactory to those who belonged to the aforesaid five and twenty. Had the number been even smaller, those left would have been better pleased. A man naturally loves to think himself the one selected out of a multitude for some work or for some blessing.

Indeed, is there in this world a joy half so great as that of being in a minority? There one has sympathy, unity, hope; and what is more, the assurance of being absolutely and infallibly in the right. I have known Churchmen who have longed for this joy as ardently as did ever Dissenter —that is to say, if one might judge from their lack of effort to win outsiders to them. Even a majority learns to pity a minority, and, pity being akin to love, the keenness of the opposition is taken off, and peace might ensue if the minority so desired—which thing the minority never does desire, ever loving a little persecution. Nor is this unnatural, for persecution always hurts the persecutor rather than the persecuted, and shows more glaringly the cruelty and wickedness of the former, and more comfortingly the resignation and virtue of the latter. Both Foxe and Neal, and even Walker, would lose half their charm—if by a stretch of imagination you can suppose them to have any—were the stories of the sufferings taken out of them. You read them, not so much to know how men of your own side endured, but to ascertain how wicked were the people on the other side. Besides, there is a satisfaction in being whipped, imprisoned and tormented, and everybody knows that the Early Church had to restrain the people from rushing to martyrdom. In England no Dissenter would like the memory of certain acts of parliament to pass away. They prove better than anything else the iniquity of the Church and the virtue of nonconformity.

This curious perversity of human nature is further apparent whenever a small band of trusty ones swells into a considerable multitude. The sweetness of the minority, the deliciousness of persecution and the charm of breaking the law are gone. The little meeting-house grows into a big

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temple. Once ten happy souls railed against the world and congratulated themselves on being out of it; now a thousand people, free from trial, sit in splendor and solitude, and wonder what it is that has destroyed the sociability. In the one house the ten sat on deal benches, wore faded and ill-fitting clothes, used snuff and peppermint, saw white-washed walls and heard a brother preach from behind a table lighted by two or three candles stuck in pewter sticks, and without a cloth upon it; now, the thousand sit in cushioned pews, amid surroundings which make a cathedral appear poverty-stricken, and listen to orators and musicians whose work is artistically perfect, but who, somehow or other, fail to touch the soul. And this verger—how comes the name into a place where the Gospel is preached and the pews are arranged like the seats of a theatre?—this verger, with smooth hair and undertaker's costume, who goes stealthily about the building to turn up the gas and to shut pew doors, is not half so pleasing as was old Brother Elton, the stout, red-faced butcher, when in the little chapel ever and anon he went up to the deal table aforementioned and said, "Brother Higgins, stop a minute while I snuff the candles"—which act he performed with his fingers, perhaps remarking as he did so, "Yes, that be truth! that be truth!" No one ever gets up in this sanctuary of splendor and tells, as once in the old place Joe, the carpenter, did, of the vicar's meanness. The parson had beat Joe down twopence in a bill of a shilling for mending the back of a currying brush. "I tell you," said Joe, on that memorable occasion, "the parson be a hard man. He do defraud the labourer of his hire. He be particularly down on we chapel folks. Poor Sister Mary there could not get a red gown from him because she didn't go to church, and when she offered to go he wouldn't change his mind. And yet he keeps a horse and calls himself a minister. A man-made minister, says I, just about fit for folks as plays cricket and wants sermons read to them." Such experiences are now left untold—not because parsons have grown better, for being heirs of perdition their destiny is otherwise, but because in these new associations the charm of minority has vanished. Nobody says or does anything to hurt the feelings of the faithful. The congregation is rich, and rather than be in that wild wilderness of freedom and power, many of its members long for the flesh-pots and onions of the house of bondage. By-and-by a few of these dissatisfied ones will secede, and again form a happy minority in some court-yard. Then will they accuse the brethren they have left as vigorously as once they lifted up with them their hearts and voices against the Church, and they will enjoy at the hands of these same brethren a little of that persecution which makes life worth living.

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Now there was John Alcock, a hedge-cutter and ditcher, who with his wife and seven or eight other individuals, met every Lord's Day in his downstairs' front room to worship God according to John's own conscience. John was a good man, and while one would not compare him with the vicar—whose virtues were in the opinion of his own people of an extraordinary type, and whose wickedness every dissenter in that part of the country had known for years,—yet he was quite as upright an individual as the parish clerk. His prevailing infirmity was his dislike of the "Establishment," though he did not know whether he hated more the scarlet lady of Rome than he did a scarlet-coated hunting parson; in which uncertainty he continued all his life, for he never saw either, and honestly supposed that when querulous folk talked of Popish germs in the Church of England they mostly referred to the garb of the foxhunter or to the hood of the Doctor. He never knew what Romanism was, and never got beyond the conclusion that Anglicanism equalled it in badness. If there was any wickedness in this world it was to be found in the Church—every murderer who was hanged and every thief who was transported were attended by clergymen. No Baptists, for instance, ever went to prison. As to the Prayer Book it was full of error from lid to lid. "'Common,' do they call it?" he would say; "yes, common as are sin and ignorance." The only thing the parson did that had any efficacy in it was marrying folks. That was certainly binding. But as to his bought sermons and his cut-and-dried prayers, they were naught, and he would have none of them. They grated on his conscience. So a few friends and neighbors, who agreed to follow John's conscience rather than the parson's conscience, met in John's cottage every Sunday for worship.

The worship was simple. First came a hymn from Denham's collection—a book containing over eleven hundred spiritual melodies and highly valued by the poor and persecuted people, for whom they were composed, scattered over the midland counties. This was sung mostly by brother John himself, and considering that he had passed his fiftieth year without developing any remarkable taste or talent for song, he deserved much credit. Others would join in as the notes or words came within their compass. When the hymn had an unusual number of verses—seven was the average—John would sing about two-thirds of the way through, and then, stopping, desire sister Rebeccah to take up the strain. Sister Rebeccah's voice was sorrowful and tremulous, for she had suffered much from a husband who clipped the Vicar's trees, and provided the Vicar's owl with sparrows and mice. Altogether the hymn lasted some fifteen

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minutes: it was read once through, sometimes commented upon, then one verse at a time was read and sung; a suitable tune had to be found and tried, and in the singing favorite notes were appropriately dwelt upon. A chapter of Scripture followed—John either skipped the hard words or simply spelled their letters. Twenty minutes were then devoted to prayer, though sinful it is to call such an exercise by so sacred a name. If it were, as the good folks called it, an outpouring of John's soul, John had a soul of deplorable texture. At times it was as though John were addressing the Almighty as a colonel addresses his regiment before the men enter the battle or begin the review: he would have Him arise, scatter His enemies, vindicate His cause, cast down the rich and the proud, confound all who wear surplices, and generally clear both the plague-impregnated atmosphere and the sin-filled town. At other times the tones were such as a lover would utter to his lass, tender, sweet, enticing—such as some said were enough to fetch tears from the hardest heart; though, it is probable, that when that observation was made man rather than God was thought of. But John meant well enough and expressed his industry and sympathy in another hymn.

Afterwards Brother George Zebulon Smith read a sermon preached and printed by that remarkable man, Philpott, once a priest of the Church of England, but since plucked as a brand from the burning and secured in the fold of those who do not believe that children belong to the kingdom of God, or that baptism means other than submersion. Rumor held that this Philpott had found much difficulty in leaving the Establishment: his bishop threatened to have him locked up, and did distress him of all his household goods. He wrote a quarto tract, in which he set forth with commendable brevity his reason for leaving the Church. This tract was held to be most precious by those people among whom he afterwards cast his lot, and copies of it are now scarce. The good man once wrote to John, who had addressed him anent the iniquity of the Crimean war, and the letter was pasted in John's Bible on the page which contains some words to the Most High and Mighty Prince James—which words by most right-thinking folks are considered indecorous and unscriptural, and by all John's friends were thought in style and grace to be far inferior to the Philpottian epistle. Sometimes the sermon was one of John Gadsby's, a decent Londoner and the proprietor of the "Gospel Standard," or the "Earthen Vessel"—two magazines held in high esteem by all who knew the truth. But from whatever source the discourse came, it ever contained some bits of solid predestinarian divinity, and some attacks upon the Church of

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England. Without these qualities it would have been graceless and lifeless.

And herein was something marvellous. The Church of England did no more to these people than ignore them. She said nothing concerning them. They went their own way, and if the vicar had invited them to church and there had held a service such as their soul loved, they would have abused him with freshened vigor. Not one of them paid tithe or rate—not even the Easter penny; not one of them need touch the Book of Common Prayer or see a surplice. Yet first of the essentials of their sermons and prayers was railing accusation against the Church. Possibly in this they were helpless: to this very thing were they predestinated. It never seems, however, to have occurred to them that predestination might not have been confined to them.

Brother George Zebulon, who always read the discourse, was not himself as good as the rest of the flock thought he should be. He kept a small grocer's shop, and was suspected of tampering with the quality of his goods and with the accounts of his customers, but he frequented the society of the righteous and had a good voice for reading. So he was tolerated and prayed for. Nor was it forgotten that he had been confirmed and brought up in the Church, till about nineteen years of age.

The sermon over, another hymn was sung and the company went home to dinner—just fifteen minutes before the Wesleyan Chapel let out, and twenty minutes before morning service was ended at the Church.

What will be the end of this sort of thing? No one knows. The Salvation Army people are still holding forth outside of the front door of the inn; and the feeling in England between Churchman and nonconformist is not less than it was thirty years since. You may crack your nuts after dinner, but this is a nut no man can crack. I am not inclined to "spread eagleism," but I utter the words of wisdom and soberness when I say that the spirit which I lament to find so rife in England is almost unknown in America. Here Ephraim does not vex Judah, nor does Judah trouble himself about Ephraim. The lamb and the lion lie down together, and so far as I know no sect is anxious to find out whether it be the lion or the lamb. We deplore our divisions and our differences, but we do not snarl or bite at one another; on the contrary, we honestly hope that some day God will enable us to see eye to eye and to become one, at least in heart and mind. There is little of this feeling in England, and notwithstanding anything I may have said which would seem to suggest that my sympathies were in one direction only, I fear that the fault lies as

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much with sectarians in the Church as with sectarians in Dissent. People who love their sect more than they love the Church or the Christ will ever quarrel. Pass me the grapes: I shall always honor and support a man who loves God, no matter where he is found or what he calls himself, and, if you want my heart-opinion, let me say that I would rather have the Gospel in broken fragments from the plain, simple-minded brother who used to stop while someone snuffed the candle, than to have it in all its philosophical and rhetorical fulness, even from a Chrysostom who chanced not to have Christ as his own.

At last, peace! The drum and tambourine people move away, and the table being cleared, I sit down to write. Before long I hear fresh sounds of song, more jovial and brighter than those which came from the street. Some jolly souls in the taproom, the other side the yard, thus give way to the hilarity which comes from honest hearts and strong ale. Thus they drive away care and bid melancholy flee, according to the refrain of their melody; and every few minutes they tap their porter mugs on the tables and their heels on the flags. Who can write with such an uproar of good cheer far enough off to be agreeable and near enough to be distinct? We listen, and odd fancies come into our mind. The times have gone by when "Green Sleeves" and "Yellow Stockings" enlivened the village inn; and nowadays the fathers of the hamlet can afford to have a pipe apiece, and not take turns as formerly they did with the one pipe. Ghosts and witches no longer form the staple of conversation. The fiddler remains; but no fiddler remembers "Sellinger's Round", or "Old Simon the King," and no singer, even if he knew such delectable pieces, would venture to give "The Worcestershire Wedding" or "Bonny Jean." Nor is the poor parson, as was once his custom, contrary to the canons, to be found by the fire in the alehouse kitchen with his pipe and bottle of beer. The world is better in more ways than one; and while fragments of tavern scenes picked up from the old plays and novels present themselves, not so unpleasingly as perhaps they ought to—which goes to show that we are not of Puritan clay,—we remember that we have never had more than a glimpse of a tap when the reek hides the blackened joist, and the hob-nail scrapes the sawdust, and the sons of merriment lose themselves in boisterous gabble and wet their lips in flowing foam. Still we hear the songs, and somehow or other it is comfortable to know that fun has not died out from among men. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ales?"

In an inn such as this, where we are now refreshing ourselves, or

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when we recall, say, the "Swan" at Bolsover, or the "Peacock" at Rowsley,—of both which we shall have something to say further on,—one cannot but think of the inns and their surroundings, as they formerly were. Some of the buildings remain, much to the delight of the stranger, if not to the comfort of the villager; but the times have changed. We feel ourselves privileged. It is not everybody who has rested in a house like the "Green Man;" and in these days people are apt to forget the years of yore, when the stage-coach came along the king's highway, and travellers found here their rest and shelter. Whether it be the songs of the merrymakers or the low ceilings that awaken the memories of the past, I know not; but—Have you ever read Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem?* No! Then there is some humor and wit yet in store. He had much to say about the public-house, though the inn, of which he speaks in his comedy, was at Lichfield, a few miles from here, and had a landlord such as the "Green Man," so far as I know, never possessed. Put on your slippers and rest your feet on the fender in front of the fire, the night is chilly; and let us go back, perhaps as in a dream, to scenes that once were and are now no more.

If these country inns had not the conveniences of the "Mitre"—which probably is the one Dr. Johnson had in mind when he pronounced that a tavern-chair was the throne of human felicity—they were replete with such comforts as the tastes of the patrons demanded. They filled a niche in a social economy which, since the coming of the railway and the telegraph, has passed through a complete revolution. In those old days the roads were by no means continuously good. In the neighborhood of London it was possible to drive on the great highways for ten or fifteen miles without much fear of deep ruts or miry pools, but by the time Derbyshire was reached travel became slow and dangerous. Turnpike acts and highway boards were unknown; each parish looked after its own roads, and that with a faithfulness not of uniform strength. Holes made by one winter's rain were left unfilled for years—possibly some village Shallow thought that as holes were inevitable, it was useless to repair those already in existence. Nor was travel great; indeed, a journey from the provinces to the capital was looked upon by the country folk as a noteworthy undertaking, to be done only by noblemen, knights of the shire, merchants and vagrants. The ends of the earth were not brought together in those days, nor did the corners feel the flow and ebb of the world's great life. Travel was still done mostly on horseback, though coaches, heavy and unsightly, plunged through the dust or the mud of the country. Nearly every-

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body could ride well, and for such the roads were good enough, but the inside of a coach was probably the most unhappy bit of space outside of Newgate or a county gaol. Gentlemen, gouty, corpulent and aged; women, garrulous and testy; invalids, children and strangers, were packed in regardless of health or comfort. They were fortunate if a dog or a cat or a monkey did not share with them the fetid atmosphere. Bundles were stuffed under the seats and between legs; boxes, hampers and other passengers were outside, and the great, cumbersome vehicle, dragged by four or six horses, went tumbling and jolting along, every few yards threatening an upset, which not unusually happened several times in the course of a long journey. The monotony had an occasional relief from the loss of a horse's shoe, the breaking of a trace, the slipping of a tire, or the swelling of a brook over which was no bridge. A heavy rain added to the miseries, for, facetiousness aside, disagreeable as stormy weather is, even in these days of luxurious travelling, the people of old cared little for any application of water. They lived without baths, and drank spirits without "qualifying;" and when rain came on, the folks inside the coach pulled up the wooden or tin window-covers—glass was not generally used in public conveyances—and in the gloom strengthened their hearts with mighty potions, took snuff, fumed, and spoke unkindly of both the roads and the weather. At every wayside inn the coach drew up, and the passengers had "refreshments:" she who chanced to ask for tea, even though she proposed "lacing" it, being looked upon as a poor creature who never should have left home. When the coach came to a steep hill the men got out and walked, thereby stretching their own legs and relieving the horses. And thus the clumsy conveyance went on, and the people were satisfied if the stage of twenty or twenty-five miles was made before sunset. They knew no better, and imagined no better possible.

But the greatest dread travellers then had arose from thieves and robbers. The country did not swarm with highwaymen, but they were plentiful enough to cause both women's hearts to tremble and men to arm themselves with rapiers and pistols. Desperate encounters were not unfrequent, and as the crime of robbery on the road was capital, bandits, when desperately driven, did not hesitate to kill. They would be hanged in chains for robbery if caught, and for murder their punishment would be the same. The stage and the novel have given these knights of the road a romance of gold lace and reckless honor, but, for the most part, villains were they, haggard in countenance, rude in costume and spending their ill-gotten spoils with creatures of infamy and in dens of depravity.

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Possibly, once in a while among them might be found one of higher birth and greater talents, but his fall from respectability and his gifts would only serve to make him more daring in roguery and debauchery. A man who has within him the remains of a dead conscience is capable of any crime. Moral opinion was against such wretches, strongly if they chanced to be found out, mildly and forgivingly if, like Claude Duval, they were gallant, and like Cardell Goodman, the player, successful in covering their retreat. They had, indeed, many chances of putting off the day of retribution. Many a cottager knew the members of the gang that "worked" the road running by his door, but the fear of having his own little property wrecked, if not his own life taken, effectually closed his mouth. Even village constables failed to distinguish the touch of an honest man's or a rogue's gold. Good, harmless Dogberries, they went to church on Sundays, and drank ale on weekday evenings, and were not expected to see things that were going on behind their backs. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, the Master Constable addresses Neighbor Seacoal, the constable of the watch, thus :

> This is your charge : you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name !
> How if a' will not stand ?
> Why, then take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

And such the guardians of the king's peace frequently did, especially in view of the fact that the "watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will," and more especially when the knave had a swift steed or used an auriferous aneling. When, however, the constable happened to be also parish clerk, and thereby had a conscience, his will to capture evil-doers might be great, but alas! what could age and infirmity do against a young and hard-muscled ruffian? Besides, it sometimes chanced that the coachman played-into the hands of the highwaymen. Content with this world, at least with what he saw of it from the boot or in the bar, he had no desire that his body should become a billet for shot. Not unlikely he knew the band, perhaps had once been one of them, and might be one of them again, and he would be the last in the world to betray a friend. So long as they did not hurt him or his horses, he had nothing to say. If people would take money and jewels with them on their journeyings he was not answerable for the conse-

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South Front of Haddon Hall, from the Garden.

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quences, and how could he prevent the hostler about Bishopsgate Street or Smithfield giving to strangers information of the booty?

But, besides such confederates, it sometimes happened, as with Boniface and Gibbet in the play I just now mentioned, that the highwayman had a friend in the innkeeper. Even Cherry knew the men of "our gang." Her father, Boniface, suspected Aimwell as of the "profession," but he told Cherry: "Since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience; I don't think it lawful to harbor any rogues but my own." Innkeepers have not always possessed scrupulously moral tendencies, and, though sometimes they have entertained justices and have gone to church, others, worse than they, have done the same things; so that such a criterion fails to establish character. But Boniface was decidedly bad. To get Aimwell's money, he would sacrifice Cherry. He directed her to wheedle the man Martin. That bright-minded damsel understood him: "What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it . . . . This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest and debauch his daughter into the bargain." With such men as hosts, the dangers and difficulties of old-time travelling were, therefore, increased.

Nevertheless, when the inn was reached, it seemed both to travellers and to natives as a refuge of comfort. Through the low-arched doorway they who sought its shelter entered into a stone-paved passage or hall, on one side of which was the bar and on the other the parlor, while at the far end came first the kitchen and scullery, and then the yard, almost exactly the same as the "Green Man." A dining-room adjoins the kitchen and the parlor, and from it a winding staircase, dark and narrow, leads to the sleeping chambers, to the garret and to the gallery overlooking the court. The pantry is a dismal little nook close by; brooms, buckets and mops are kept in a closet under the stairway. In the cellar, amid cobwebs and gloom, musty-smelling and rat-frequented, are the tuns of wine and the barrels of beer. Thence the drawer fetches the choice port or the brown ale; and here, decently out of sight of all men, and waiting till sufficiently seasoned, are hung to a beam the venison haunch, the poached hare and the plucked pheasant. The kitchen fireplace is huge, with seats under the wide, open chimney. In the best corner thereof nestles the sleepy post-boy, his feet near to the dog-irons and his face shining with the glare from the crackling brake. There lies Gyp, the faithful hound, heedless to the peckings of the tame jackdaw, which hops about the hearth and under the dresser, as though a kitchen were a

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happier home for such as he than the oldest church tower: let but a strange footfall be heard, and the dog will prick up his ears and give the warning growl.

Many a tale is told and many a song is sung before the bright blaze. Sides of bacon and blocks of powdered beef hang in the smoky chimney; the cook keeps odds and ends in a cupboard close by the soot-ridge—bath-brick for the knives and forks, shoe-strings, some horse-chestnuts in case of rheumatism, a Bible, a box of pepper corns, a song book and a pair of worn-out boots; in the same corner a number of green wands are drying, out of which Tim, the boy of all work, hopes to make whip-handles, fishing rods and bows; and over the high mantel-shelf is mine host's musket, one which was used by his forebears in the days when the Armada threatened trouble, and again in good King Charles's time, and is still as useful as ever. There is the wheel in which Towzer runs his round until the joint on the spit is sufficiently done, and for which labor he will be rewarded with a kick or a bone from the cook, perhaps with a rat from the stableman. Downstairs the floors are of flag, in winter strewn with straw, and in summer either sprinkled with sawdust or whitened with soapstone; upstairs, wood is used, and in the best rooms mats are spread by the bedside. The low ceilings are black from the smoke of the candles and the faggot-fed fires. Windows are few, and are filled with small diamond panes of thick, greenish glass. On the walls which appear dingy and always in need of repair, are some rudely executed prints—one in the taproom of a robber hanging on a gallows,—two or three badgers' paws, a dried cat's skin, a number of whips, swords and pistols, and, in the parlor, "my son Tom's first widgeon stuffed." The furniture throughout the house is rather solid than handsome or abundant: heavy wooden settees with high backs to keep off the draughts, tables ponderous and marked with many a cup-ring or knife-whittling, cupboards with drawers and recesses many and intricate, and chairs better adapted for rough usage than for a drawing-room. Everything, however, is clean—always excepting the walls and ceilings. In the morning twilight the women scrub the floors, the boys scour the tankards and spittoons, and the men busy themselves about the stables, the yard and the street.

The liveliest and most frequented part of the house is the "tap"—as you may judge from the songs which come therefrom louder and gayer than ever—a good sized room, furnished with settees and tables, and, at the far end, with the bar. In that bar are the little tubs of spirits, cordials and wines, set on a long shelf, and the drippings from the several spigots

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run into a trough which empties itself into a small barrel, from whence comes the "pennyworth of all sorts." Into the same receptacle are also put the rinsings of the cups, the remains left in tankard or goblet, and the drainings from the cellar. Poor and thirsty customers are helped from this mixture, and they find in it both taste and potency sufficient for all reasonable need. The landlord, however, prides himself upon his ale, and though those of Derby and of Lincoln were excellent, and not to be despised by gentlemen, yet they were poor compared with that brewed on the premises. Lichfield was famed for this beverage. "Sir," said Boniface to Aimwell, "I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style." To verify his assertion he ordered the tapster to broach "number 1706, as the saying is," and continued: "I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale." Then, filling a glass, he adds; "Now, sir, you shall see. Your worship's health: Ha! delicious, delicious—fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart."

Aimwell: 'Tis confounded strong.
Bon.: Strong! It must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?
Aim.: And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?
Bon.: Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.
Aim.: How came that to pass?
Bon.: I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after. But, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.
Aim.: Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?
Bon.: My lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

And such ale as that described by Boniface, and such conversation as that indulged in by him, were common in the tap-room. Men became maudlin, and either pathetic or noisy; then they fell asleep. But in the hilarious hours the room rang with merry voices. During the day the place was lonely enough; but when evening came on, and the candles

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were lighted and the stage-coach had arrived, it was thronged with good souls. There did strangers tell the mysteries of distant towns; coachmen and postilions recounted their adventures, and again perpetrated their pleasantries; catches, glees and choruses were sung with more vigor than grace; there

> —village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round.

Occasionally an itinerant juggler performed his tricks, or a wandering player recited a ballad or a bit of drama; then the simple folk drank more beer, and opened still wider their eyes and mouth. The varnished clock behind the door went on clicking away the moments; the night wind whistled under the eaves, and swung to and fro the creaking sign; the watchdogs barked as they saw the soft-winged owl sweep by the hedge; but the merriment and the pouring out of ale and of wit ceased not, till the hour of closing came, and Boniface reluctantly bade his guests betake themselves to bed and his friends set out for home.

There are tricks and secrets in all trades, and among the many in that of a landlord's business are the knowledge of human nature and the ability to make everything tend to the interest of self. Our Boniface was an expert; nor had Cherry failed to profit by her experience. Angrily her father said to her:

> The company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.
>
> *Cherry:* And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.
>
> *Bon.:* But they threatened to go to another inn to-night.
>
> *Cherry:* That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow.

The damsel sufficiently justified her delay; the travellers were poor and helpless. When the London coach arrives she will hasten to give her "very welcome," and to direct the chamberlain to show "The Lyon and the Rose." Nor is her father ever at a loss to make comfortable such choice spirits as "the Constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, and the hunch-backed barber." He knows when to give and when to take. Balderdash, in the *Twin Rivals*, is a good illustration of Farquhar's idea of such a host. "This vintner, now," said the spendthrift, Young Wouldbe, "has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious

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look, a strutting belly and a jolly mien." The fat landlord and the wild youth drink together a "whetting-glass" of "the best old hock in Europe;" then the latter says:

Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but first sit down: now tell me plainly what you think of me.

Bald.: Think of you, sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest gentleman that ever drank a glass of wine; and the best customer that ever came into my house.

Y. W.: And you really think as you speak?

Bald.: May this drink be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart.

Y. W.: And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

Bald.: Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

Y. W.: Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald.: Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

Y. W.: Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald.: Why, truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this. I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expenses: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say anything that would check your disposition; but truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W.: But since you reap'd the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

Bald.: Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart, and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

Y. W.: How, sir!

Bald.: I say, sir, that I have an honor for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience. Sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Wou'd you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

Y. W.: But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

Bald.: Alas! sir, it was none of my business. Wou'd you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lackaday, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you. But truly, sir, when a man is ruin'd, 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

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There is much of human nature and of tavern nature in this colloquy, and Balderdash did exactly what Boniface or any other "noble host" would have done under like circumstances; though Young Wouldbe might ask, as did Clincher, in *Sir Harry Wildair*, "What has a gentleman to do with religion, pray?" Massinger, in the first act of his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, has a similar scene. The miserable prodigal Wellborn receives neither help nor sympathy from Tapwell, the alehouse-keeper. Such folk had pliable morals. Said Mistress Mulligrub in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan:* "Truth, husband, surely heaven is not pleased with our vocation. We do wink at the sins of our people. Our wines are Protestants; and I speak it to my grief, and to the burthen of my conscience, we fry our fish with salt butter." But these qualms did not hinder her from promising her husband "a week's cutting," that is to say, to adulterate the liquors, to froth the cans and to shorten the change. "Thus," as she put it, "'tis to have good education, and to be brought up in a tavern." Why, indeed, should a Boniface care for a worn-out spendthrift or a Cherry trouble herself for a coach-load of folks, not one of whom would be likely to order more than a pipkin of small beer or other than the cheapest room in the house?

The resources of an inn are always unlimited; no wise landlord has ever suffered a guest to suppose that any want, possible or impossible, could be left unsupplied. A part of the *Beaux Stratagem* illustrates this fact. Boniface has for supper "a delicate piece of beef in the pot and a pig at the fire;" but Aimwell did not eat the one, and Archer disliked the other.

Bon.: Please to bespeak something else; I have everything in the house.
Aim.: Have you any veal?
Bon.: Veal! Sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.
Aim.: Have you got any fish, or wild fowl?
Bon.: As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild fowl!—we have a delicate couple of rabbits."

These Aimwell would have fricasseed, but Boniface eagerly assures him that "they'll eat much better smother'd with onions." A muleteer told Scipio at Illescas of a certain way the innkeepers and the pastry cooks of Spain had of making an olio; it may be read in the twelfth chapter of the tenth book of *Gil Blas of Santillane*, and an application appears in the forty-eighth chapter of *Peregrine Pickle*. Rabbits being plentiful about

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Lichfield, Boniface would have little inducement to make such "delicate" substitution.

It was at such inns and by such ales as those of Boniface that country blockheads were developed. No one has better depicted the squire of the last century than Henry Fielding: if the hare-coursing gentleman whose friends played sundry unseemly jokes upon Parson Adams is perfectly drawn, Squire Western is immortal. They are, indeed, fox-hunting, drink-loving and ill-mannerly brutes, but, though wicked, they are much more natural than Richardson's Mr. B. or Sir Charles Grandison. Congreve, in the *Way of the World*, gave his characterization of such in Sir Wilful Witwould, a "superannuated old bachelor" of Shropshire, whose favorite saying was "Wilful will do it." Farquhar, with skill second only to the best, presents his Squire Sullen—a man, as Boniface described him, who "says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith; but he's a man of great estate and values nobody." He loved cockfighting, racing and hunting; "he plays at whisk, and smoaks his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes." This amiable individual was a justice of the peace, and had three thousand pounds a year, and as much land "as any he in the county." His greatest sorrow seems to have been that he could out-drink every man who came to Boniface's house, and, like Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer, he repined at his ill fate. A writer in the "Connoisseur" said of this kind of gentlemen, "They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground, except a few, perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmer's corn, and swilling October." It should, however, be remembered that the same pen which gave us a Western was not less skilful in describing a Squire Allworthy.

It would be easy to run on till daylight with recollections such as these. But the songs in the taproom have ceased. Hobnails are grating on the pavement outside, as the happy ones go home well laden, I presume, with wine of John Barleycorn's making, and with jokes that were stale in Joe Miller's day. Night passes by apace, and we must to bed. The candle flickers before the mirror—a tallow candle, by the spirits of the ancients! And there is a letter in it: good news, I opine, for it burns to the right. Now I recall that careful old knight who knew—

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Which way best keep his candles, bran or straw:
What tallow's lost in putting of 'em out
By spittle, what by foot, what by the puff,
What by the holding downwards, and what by
The extinguisher; which wick will longest be
In lighting, which spend fastest.

This wisdom has passed from among men. I blow the candle out.

And now dawns the day in which, as disciples of Izaak Walton and lovers of the angle, we shall traverse sacred ground and revel in time-hallowed associations. In Charles Cotton's language, we shall see an odd country and sights that will seem strange. The weather gives better hope than it did yesterday of continuing fine, and glad at heart and refreshed in body we ate our breakfast and prepared for the journey. We shall drive across country from Ashbourne to Bakewell, leaving our carriage at the "Peveril," while we proceed partly on donkeys and partly on foot through the Dale. The distance is about twenty miles; the roads, owing to the rains of yesterday, are probably heavy.

By nine o'clock we are ready to start. Our landlady stands in the archway of the inn, and, bidding us farewell, presents us with a card on which are neatly engraved the words addressed by Mistress Killingley to Mr. Boswell. There is something pretty about this little ceremony, and the dignity and good humor with which it was done more firmly than ever establishes the hostess in our good esteem. A crack of the whip, and the horse-shoes rattle on the pavement and we pass out into the street. The driver was rather stolid and impassive: not one to encourage conversation. Indeed, all day he made us feel that we were imposing upon him. He evidently did not care for the work which lay before him; and though he was treated at every wayside inn, and on leaving was tipped more than double the usual fee, the gloom never passed from his face. Probably he will never cease believing he was grievously wronged in being sent with us to Bakewell. This was the more to be regretted because, when once in a while he answered our inquiries, he showed himself thoroughly acquainted with the neighborhood, and possessed of an experience that would have helped us much.

Going up the Butchers' Alley, we turned off the Market Place into a street leading up the hill into Offler's Lane. Many a generation of horses has suffered pulling up these hill-roads, but Offler's Lane, once so narrow that but one cart at a time could pass through, is now being

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widened, much, I am sure, to the convenience of everybody. The view of Ashbourne and the region thereabouts, from the rising ground back of the town, is very fine. From the Buxton highway, to our left, lay Mappleton and Okeover, the meadows, orchards and woods appearing soft and beautiful in the warm sunlight. Our road at Sandy Brook Hall crossed a pretty stream—which was once, I believe, called Bentley Brook—and continued along the side of a well-timbered hill until we reached the "Dog and Partridge" public-house, three miles from Ashbourne, where we turned to our left for Thorpe. Before reaching this point, however, we came up to a man and boy feeding donkeys by the wayside. The man was tall, thin and old, with a blear in his eye, and, owing to his loss of teeth, with an impediment in his speech. He looked as though he inherited the simplicity of those country folk who a hundred years ago believed there was a statute which obliged the owners of asses to crop their ears, lest the length of them should frighten the horses which they should meet on the road. Further acquaintance with the man relieved him of this suspicion, and with half an eye one could see that his asses' ears were as uncut as were those that Apollo inflicted upon the Phrygian king. He spoke with pure Derbyshire dialect, and, touching his cap, indeed, baring his grey hairs, asked us if we wanted a guide and donkey for the Dale. "Too wet to walk, sir," he said. The question was how far the donkey could sink in the mud and we keep our feet dry; a trial only could decide. So after determining that both he and his animals were safe, we directed him to meet us an hour hence at the "Peveril."

We were soon driving up from the highway to that time-honored house known as the "Peveril of the Peak." It is built of timber in the Tudor style, and is set in grounds which, like itself, both inside and outside, please the artist as well as the utilitarian. Its hospitality is known unto all men. Our horses are taken to the stable, and refreshments are provided for us. And now, while for an hour or so we rest under the verandah of this gentle hostelry, let me tell you something about that good fisherman and author, Izaak Walton, whose memory haunts and hallows the scenes into which we are about to go. If I linger over the story, it is because I dearly love the character:

> Walton, crime it were to leave unsung
> Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong;
> And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
> Thy guileless manners and thy hallowed age.

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He was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, but beyond the fact that he became an orphan at the age of four years, nothing is known of him till he had nearly attained his majority. He was then in London serving his apprenticeship to a haberdasher; and again, for some years, he passes into more or less obscurity. Over those early days, therefore, where so much must needs be speculation, we shall not tarry.

For many years had he done business, first in Fleet Street and then close by in Chancery Lane, as a linen-draper and sempster, when, in 1640, his wife, Rachel, a great great-niece of Archbishop Cranmer, died. Already was the peaceable, quaint and lovable tradesman well known beyond that class to which he properly belonged. Bishops and divines frequented his house, and were pleased to call him their friend. This was due, not only to his own beauty of character, his love of letters and of clergymen, and his success in business, but also to his wife's connections, and possibly to the fact that, as much millinery was then used in men's costumes, so many gentle folk resorted to a shop which was one of the best in London. He was also a parishioner and an intimate associate of Dr. Donne, the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral and the vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, who doubtless introduced Walton to many of his own acquaintance. No one better than Izaak knew how to win and to keep a friend. He seems to have drawn out the affection and esteem of all with whom he came in contact; nor was the admiration misplaced. The man was pure, honest, thoughtful and loyal.

Perhaps to none more than to Dr. Donne is owing the development of his character. That eminent divine, who justly ranks in his age as first among its most eloquent and powerful preachers, greatest scholars and best-loved poets, was one of those mighty and magnetic souls which attract and influence for good all around them. "I am his convert," says Walton. His sermons, fluently and melodiously delivered, were full of grace, scriptural lore and practical sense. Some of them are still famous, and that one preached in 1622, before the Virginian company, has been described as "the first missionary sermon printed in the English language." He was well known at Court, both as the chaplain, once of James I and afterwards of Charles I, and as a man of singular piety and spiritual insight. "His marriage was the remarkable error of his life," says Walton; and the gentle biographer speaks pityingly, for he remembered the fate of Richard Hooker, and cared little for a married clergy. This only fault was offset in Izaak's estimation by the virtue of being a

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good angler, and not unlikely many a time he accompanied that expert fisherman in his piscatorial excursions. Walton had just finished the of this good man, now dead some eight or nine years, when his own wife died. Dr. Johnson claimed that this Life was the most perfect of all which Walton wrote, and it has been called the best piece of biography in the language.

One of the dearest friends of Dr. Donne was the saintly George Herbert, who survived him but a short while, and whose life was written nearly forty years later by Walton. The ministry of Herbert at Bemerton is memorable, and his poem, "The Temple," will ever rank high both as a work of genius and as an expression of the spirit of Anglicanism. Walton's regard was great for a book which was so closely after his own heart, and which evidently exerted a strong influence in his life. He not only in the "Compleat Angler" quotes the exquisite gem beginning "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," but he also, in his "Life of Donne," pronounces this eulogy: "A book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven; and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart as shall free it from the anxieties of this world and keep it fixed upon things that are above." It was with feelings of gratitude and reverence that Walton said of Herbert, "I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him."

In 1646, the wifeless and childless Izaak, now fifty-three years of age, married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, and a connection of a family of the same name and of some condition in the West of England. Anne was the fourth child of her father's first wife; he had again married, in 1625, this time a widow, daughter of John Chalkhill, favorably known in his day as the friend of Spenser and the author of *Thealma and Clearchus*, a poem of some merit, and which as late as 1678 was edited by Izaak Walton. Among the children of this second marriage was one born at Berkhampstead, in 1637, named Thomas, after his father, and destined to be the bishop of Bath and Wells, and one of the most saintly prelates of the Church of England. Ken's second wife, however, died not many months after Walton's first

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wife, and Anne was left to keep her father's house and to care for her half-brother, now scarcely four years old. After her marriage to Walton she still continued to act the part of a mother to Thomas. The tie was further strengthened by the death of his and her father in 1651.

The lad fills such a place of dignity in the annals of England that I cannot refrain from further mention of him. The circumstances which environed him, though occasioned by sad causes, were favorable to his mental and spiritual development. Anne, as her husband lovingly affirmed, was "a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety." She was an intelligent and a loyal churchwoman, and with her husband clung to the Church of England, at a time when sectarian malignity had almost reduced it to despair and death. Skilful in song and in music, and abounding in the graces of cheerfulness and affection, she made her home happy, and by gentleness, wisdom, and an example almost without a blemish, led on both husband and brother to the better life. The influence of Izaak upon the boy was scarcely less. From him would he learn to admire and to emulate the virtues of churchmen, such as Dr. Donne and George Herbert, and, by the interpretation given by one such as Walton of the glories of the past and the evils of the present, to suffer patiently for righteousness' sake, and to abhor the sins which led some to rebellion, and some to uncleanness. Probably Ken was giving his own experience when many years after he wrote: "I exhort all you who are parents to instil good things into your children as soon as ever they begin to speak; let the first words they utter, if it be possible, be these, 'Glory be to God:' accustom them to repeat these words on their knees as soon as they rise, and when they go to bed, and ofttimes in the day; and let them not eat or drink without saying, 'Glory be to God.'" Nor does imagination exceed reasonable probability when we picture the brother-in-law, our good Izaak, whose hair was now whitened with his threescore years, explaining to the youth collect, catechism and sacrament, the form and substance of the Book of Common Prayer, and the lessons of Holy Writ. Thus did the future bishop gather in his early days that love and appreciation of the Church of England, the knowledge of her history and doctrine, and those elements of holiness and devotion, which should make him one of her most saintly sons, and one of her greatest glories.

The times were unpropitious for the cause which such men as Izaak Walton loved. Daily grew the strength of those who opposed and hated

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both the Crown and the Church. One need not question the sincerity of the Puritan. He believed himself to be in the right, and, further, that it was his duty and his privilege, he being for this purpose, as he supposed, specially chosen by the Almighty, to make all people think and do as he thought and did. It was not a question of freedom or toleration. He did not desire equal privileges with Churchmen; nor was he content with permission to worship according to his own convictions. His design was to make his interpretation and practice of religion the only legal interpretation and practice; to compel Romanist, Anglican and everybody else to conform thereto, and to crush out of existence any system that differed from that in which he believed. He was, therefore, not one whit more enlightened in the matter of liberty than were they whom he opposed, and so soon as the strife between Cavalier and Roundhead had reached such proportions and assumed such definiteness that every man, woman and child in the kingdom was on one side or the other, he pressed the design of supremacy to a bitter and blood-stained conclusion. It is not necessary to trace in detail how, from the year 1640 to 1653, the Long Parliament ceased not to remove everything that stood in its way. Grievous was the war between that parliament and its king—now in the council chamber, and now on the battlefield. Soon was the Earl of Stafford sent to the block, and the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Tower. Once it seemed that pity would keep them from shedding the blood of the aged and feeble prelate, against whom they had failed to prove a single charge deserving of either death or confinement; but the Puritan shopkeepers of London put up their shutters, and refused to sell until justice, as they styled it, had been done to him. Then a man, whose only crime it was to have sought to save the Church of England from the errors of Geneva, and to restore to her the ancient discipline and ritual, was led to the scaffold. In 1649 the king, too, was beheaded, and England was declared a commonwealth.

Long before this, not only had the bishops been deprived of their sees, and such clergy as refused to take the covenant and abjure the Church of England turned out of their parishes, professorships, or whatever position they filled—some 7,000 of them going out rather than bow the knee to Baal,—but the Book of Common Prayer was proscribed, and whoever was found using it, whether clerical or lay, was held guilty of misdemeanor, and liable to fine and imprisonment. The most fearful sacrilege was perpetrated in the parish and cathedral churches—altars were overthrown,

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windows broken, vestments torn, fonts profaned, and, in short, everything that belonged to the worship and discipline of the Church was abused, and as far as possible destroyed. Parodies were made of the most sacred rites, and not unfrequently, as the parliamentarian soldiers quartered their horses in the chancels, and played cards in the sanctuary, so did the most unseemly strife between the sectarian preachers take place in the pulpit. The revenues of the Church were appropriated as the usurping authorities saw fit. The clergy themselves lived as best they could; some struggled along on charity, some practiced medicine, some for a while taught school, and not a few went out of the country.

It is easy to imagine what effect such a condition of affairs would have upon Izaak Walton. His obscurity saved him from the animosity of the ruling powers, and his tendency to quietness kept him out of the strife; but he must have been touched keenly to see the pulpit at St. Dunstan's, once filled by Dr. Donne, now occupied by a sectary, and to know that in the vestry of the parish, in which he had himself once served, was no less a personage than Mr. Praise-God Barebones. There was, perhaps, something pleasingly primitive in the persecuted Church of England having to hold its services in secret places, and to dare the bitterness of confiscation and imprisonment; but the tyranny of the oppressor outweighed that. Many years later Walton wrote: "When I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning, I praise God that He prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it." Dr. Donne and George Herbert, who had so greatly influenced Walton's life, were mercifully taken from the evil to come; but that Ken should have had a like feeling with his brother-in-law is no wonder. He would regard with dislike the men who had stained their cause and their hands with the blood of an archbishop and a king. But neither Walton nor Ken knew that the future would reveal evil done greater than even this. "The greatest calamity that ever befel us," wrote Archbishop Sancroft in 1687, "was, that wicked and ungodly men who murdered the father (Charles I,) likewise drove out the sons, as it were to say to them, 'go and serve other gods,' the dismal effects hereof we feel every moment." There is no doubt that the sins of Charles II and James II, and the sorrows which from those sins came to England, lie at the door of the Puritans. They compelled the princes to find refuge in, and to receive the training of, the court of France.

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While outrages such as these were being perpetrated, and the Church of England lay suffering under the foot of the oppressor, Izaak Walton, having given up business, refreshed his own soul by preparing that work which stands among the classics of the language and is the chief of pastorals, the Compleat Angler. With its delightful pages we who are about to enter into Dovedale should be familiar; and though the book takes us from the busy and troubled haunts of men, and discourses of better things than Puritan ever dreamt of, yet in its lines may be detected the sad spirit of the age intermingling itself with the benign and gracious influence of Donne, Herbert and Ken. The first edition, consisting only of thirteen chapters, was published in 1653—the year in which Blake destroyed the Dutch fleet at Texel and Cromwell was made Lord Protector of England. There can be little doubt that the book was early read and lovingly appreciated, not only by many friends, but especially by Ken, who, though no expert of the angle, was an affectionate admirer of his good brother-in-law. Need one say much concerning a book which is in everybody's hand? Its counsel concerning fishing is perhaps faulty and some of its theories of natural history occasion a smile, but nothing can equal the "setting" of the book, the songs, the quaint sayings, the happy quotations, the anecdotes and the style, which flows as placidly as a meadow-stream and is winsome as none but a pure, good-natured soul such as Walton could make it. With the world as it then was, Izaak had no sympathy and sought to have no concern. "When I would beget content," says he, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust him." And sweet restfulness comes upon those who in the varied moods of mental life, by riverside or in the candle-lit study, read the page of this fascinating author. We go with him to Tottenham, to Theobalds, to the Thatched House at Hoddesden, to Bleak Hall on the Lea and to the George Inn at Ware; we listen to the arguments of Piscator, and to the songs of the milkmaid; and we hear Walton himself say: "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess

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ourselves in as much quietness as these silver streams which we now see glide by us." That Walton borrowed from others who before him had written upon fishing, especially from the excellent Dame Juliana Berners, is true; so, too, did Shakespeare, and so did Bunyan, from their predecessors; but the spirit is all his own, and none have woven together materials as beautifully and as lastingly as did he. Two years before the Compleat Angler was put out, Walton published the life of Sir Henry Wotton, who was a fisherman and a churchman after his own heart, and some of whose poems have been set like gems in Walton's work.

Walk with me into this garden, and, as helpful to that calmness of spirit and other blessings which come from the contemplation of nature, I will further while away the time by reciting some verses of Sir Henry Wotton which were composed in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing: a description of the spring, which Izaak quotes "because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does at this time, by which it was then made:"

And now all nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
New juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly:
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possessed
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest:
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet:
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all look'd gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new liveried year.

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Ruins of Old Hardwick Hall.

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In such lines did our gentle fisherman delight, and though I do not know that he ever stood on this rising bank, yet I am sure that time and again he beheld the beauties of this region and under a sky as clear as that which we now enjoy. For, if he had been happy in the friendship of men such as those of whom mention has been made, and if in the fields far from the noise of towns he discovered that peace and hope which he so greatly needed, now was he most joyful in his intimacy with Charles Cotton, an ardent royalist, a scholar, and from his youth up a disciple of the pen and the rod. Cotton was lord of Beresford, the other end of the Dale, and so close was the friendship between him and Walton that, in the person of Piscator, he tells Viator: "I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him father and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son." Walton desired him to finish his treatise on fly-fishing, so that it might be added to the Compleat Angler; and for all time together go the two parts done by these brothers of the line. Everybody knows of the fishing-house built by Cotton, over the door of which he engraved a monogram made of the initials of his own and Walton's name. The two men rambled over these parts of the country. Side by side they sought in the Dove's clear stream the golden and silver-scaled fishes, the grayling and the trout. There they watched the quivering of the lily leaves, the ripples on the flowing waters, the quickly shifting shade of clouds and trees; and beneath the white and scented thorn, or on sward strewn with wildflowers, the master held sweet discourse with his pupil. Worthy were they of each other's love. Many a line wrote Cotton for which not a little praise is his due. He had his misfortunes; he had also the esteem of his contemporaries.

Charles Cotton was born April 28, 1630. His mother was a cousin of Sir Aston Cokayne, of whom something was said, perhaps a score or two pages back. The epitaph on this lady, written by Sir Aston, contains a prophecy concerning her son which was well fulfilled, and is worth reading:

> Passenger, stay, and notice take of her,
> Whom this sepulchral marble doth inter:
> For Sir John Stanhope's daughter and his heir,
> By his first wife, a Beresford, lies here.
> Her husband of a noble house was, one
> Everywhere for his worths belov'd and known.

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One only son she left, whom we presage
A grace t' his family, and to our age.
She was too good to live, and young to die,
Yet stay'd not to dispute with destiny.
But (soon as she receiv'd the summons given)
Sent her fair soul to wait on God in Heaven.
Here, what was mortal of her turns to dust,
To rise a glorious body with the just.
Now thou mayst go; but take along with thee
(To guide thy life and death) her memory.

Cokayne, whose fortunes were decaying, was nratherd of making of known his acquaintance with his cousin and, returning Cotton's praise with flattering interest, not only declared of his poetry:

The world will find your lines are great and strong,
The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue;

but ventured on a compliment such as this:

Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were;
Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,
And with them, too, should have acquainted been.
What needs this catalogue? They are dead and gone,
And to me you are all of them in one.

Charles Cotton was indeed a man of brilliant and versatile genius; his poems have some excellence of imagery and language; he was an horticulturist as well as an angler—expert both in catching fish and in growing trees; he translated Montaigne, and numbered many of his greatest contemporaries among his friends; but succeeding generations have not altogether agreed with the extravagant eulogy pronounced upon him by his cousin. But in these regions with his master Izaak he lives as a tutelary spirit, and I doubt if we shall wander through Dovedale without thinking more of these two men than of any other in the world, and picture them casting the fly into the limpid waters, or stringing trout together on a sprig of green willow.

But our time at the Peveril is up. Here come the donkeys, two kindly stupid brutes, patient and sturdy, trotting up the road as though they had been using extraordinary diligence to get to us. They have some good qualities, so the old man says who brings them and who is to

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be our guide. They are small, therefore we are not far from the ground, and never have they been known to kick or perform any other disagreeable asinine trick. We mount, and after the driver has vigorously used his tongue and his cudgel, we start off across the fields toward that pyramidal-looking mountain called Thorpe Cloud—bare and bleak, with a few crows and some sheep feeding on its steep declivities. Until this curiously-shaped hill is passed there is little or no sign or indication of the glory and romance about to be revealed. On the contrary, a feeling of loneliness and desolation comes upon one. The gathering clouds and moaning wind added to this somewhat uncanny sensation, and for the nonce I thought myself journeying through some deserted wild in the Scotch highlands, or wandering with Virgil toward regions where fear creeps close to the soul. The ground was in places soddened with the rains of yesterday, and progress through the "Sow Sitch," as the boggy flat near Thorpe Cloud is called, was slow. As we pass between Thorpe Cloud and Bunster, the two hills which stand like burly guardians at the portals of the valley, upon us come the sweeping wind and the driving rain. For a few minutes, so fierce was the blast, it was with difficulty we kept our seats on our restless and disturbed donkeys. The old man held on to the tail of mine, and thus sought to stay him from rushing headlong into some puddle and tipping me over. Fortunately the storm broke upon us from behind. No disaster occurred and soon the sky was again clear. We were now at that part of the river where it bends sharply away to the right. The Izaak Walton Hotel is further down the stream, toward the confluence of the Manyfold.

From Sharplow Point we have one of the best views of the dainty, frolicsome Dove and the romantic valley through which it courses. The ancients generally thought of a river as a male: so do we when the flood becomes wide and deep and strong. Inachus with love for a Bithynian nymph flowed pale and warm throughout his cold fords; and Alpheus pursued the lovely Arethusa until by the mercy of the gods she was transformed into a fountain; but this silvery, gliding, dancing stream seems rather to be herself a fairy maiden or a joyous nymph, and to partake of all those winsome graces which belong, not so much to the sturdy man, as to the sweet and playful sylph. As I look upon these pretty waters, sparkling like golden eyes in the sunlight, suggesting pleasant conceits of youth and freshness and love, as well as of trout and angling and anglers, I wonder if the people of old ever came in the darksome eventide to say

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their prayers on the river's brink, and to watch the glimmering of the torches on the tiny wavelets. I confess it is not easy to think such things while seated on this rickety donkey, but he is very patient and very slow, and arrows fly far in the time he takes to move his four feet. There must be a goddess in this brook—a sweet water-sprite, who to lovers sings kind, melancholy songs, and to every heart brings the music of the meadow and the hill-spring. The scenery of the Dale has more of the wild and royal nature of the eagle, than of the docility and homeliness of the dove. It is neither stupendous nor magnificent, sublime nor awful, being upon a scale too small for such conceptions, and yet one does not expect to see hills and rocks cast in such rugged and picturesque fantasy outside of Scotland or of Switzerland—though, by the way, I do not know that in either of these countries there is a bit of landscape with quite the charm of this glen. The seclusion is perfect—far more so than either the track beside the stream, or the beasts used for the transportation of travellers. The world seems completely shut out, not as in the ravine of the Gonda to the terror of the soul, but as in a garden of delights to its comfort and ease. The winding gorge hides from view the end, and both suggests delightful mystery and makes a beautiful setting for the radiant stream. Like a broad thread of turquoise, pearl, emerald or silver, as the light falls upon it, it lies and lives among the trees and flags, the mossy heights and the deep grass banks. Within its clear swift waters wildly flow the long weed fronds, and ever and anon eddies ripple and foam around an islet or off a jutting point. The running stream will suffer no evil-doer in it—so said the men of old—it is pure, clean and sacramental; and on the banks of the river you may think of the little maiden Lucy, who once dwelt among the "untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove;" but of nothing less sweet and lovely. Good Izaak would agree with this, only he saw beauty in the glittering scales of a fish as true as in the eyes of a girl, and to him beauty never lost its pristine character; but I confess, from the time I passed the stepping-stones till now that I recall Cotton's apostrophy, I had forgotten rods and lines, and frogs and worms, and pike and trout. I am positively sure that I could not put a cold, slimy reptile on a hook as though I loved him; and at this moment, oddly enough, I remember how the wise Gargantua admonished his filial prodigy to learn for what fish every sea and river and even smallest stream is noted; though I fancy that fish-stories were not common in Rabelais' day and land, or surely Pantagruel would have outcapped the most inveterate

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weaver of romance. But nobody ever reads Rabelais in this Dale, and he who thinks for more than a moment of him must be elsewhere than on a stumbling ass. And the sweet Dove flows on, increasing in grace and beauty all the time. Out came the burst of Cotton's muse: gentle reader do not skip his lines. The river is worthy of even better praise:

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.

I do not know that Cotton ever travelled over Europe, but he goes on to say—his enthusiasm will need no excuse if you know Dovedale:

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

It is curious that the rough and broken path through the dale has not been mended, but, perhaps, it is thought that as it is it harmonizes better with the surroundings and does not acknowledge any rights of way. The valley is private property, and it is only by the grace of the owners that strangers traverse it; nevertheless, every stranger who comes wonders why it is not made more convenient—an illustration of a proverb too homely to quote. As we jog along we pass other tourists, some on foot and some on donkeys, and not a few affording amusement to the looker-on. One couple interested us very much. They were, evidently, man and wife, good-humored, happy, and approaching that stiffening and broaden-

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ing period of middle life when the bodily movements are slow and dignified. Knees and arms do not bend then as pliably and readily as in earlier years. He was seated on a donkey several sizes too small for his bulky and plump body. On his head was a high, silk hat, and he wore a great coat which was open and the skirts of which were spread over the hinder parts and tail of the donkey. His trousers were turned up, and over the tops of his boots several inches of brown stocking were visible. Under his arm he carried an umbrella. Judging from appearances he had never before been in such an adventure. With both hands he held grimly and earnestly to the bridle, and his knees were stuck desperately into the sides of the animal he was astride of. The poor donkey was not likely to run away even with such an inexperienced rider, but the man, as his open mouth and eyes and the contortions of his face showed, was in momentary fear of being dashed to the ground, and thus of painfully terminating his earthly career. I am pretty sure he neither thought of poetry or fishing, nor beheld the beauties of Dovedale; possibly he did not remember even John Gilpin or Sancho Panza. His determination, doubtless, was that if Providence gave him safe deliverance, never again would he enter upon another such perilous exploit. Few pictures could have been more comical. His wife, a neat, trim body, the disposition of whose dress I had better say nothing about, though evidently unaccustomed to such feats—equestrian, I imagine, as well as asinine—nevertheless did better. She was cooler and less troubled about the destiny of the donkey. So they trotted along, winning an experience that for the rest of their days would cheer their hearts with a consciousness of valor and heroism, and give to all who saw them occasion for much merriment.

Before we had time to recover our customary gravity we met a whole family, father, mother, three daughters and one son. They came along in single file, and though the first rider—a maiden of perhaps a score and half of years, wearing spectacles and wrapped tightly in black waterproof—looked solemn and serious, the others laughed gaily and loudly over their own stumblings and at the contortions of the driver who led the first donkey. There are two or three fishermen casting the fly over the waters—trout are still to be had. But the farther we go the more impressive becomes the scenery. One does not wonder that Dovedale was the "happy valley" of Rasselas. Had Dr. Johnson been the owner he would have built an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it; luckily the lexicographer could only trudge on foot through the

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Dale. The tors, which reminded Jean Jacques of Jura peaks, have both names and legends, of some of which the guide informs us as we go along. There is a Lovers' Leap, as there is also on the Dart and on many another stream in England, not, to be sure, so bold and stern as the Leucadian cliff from which Sappho, and later Artemisia, love-despairing, threw themselves into the sea, nor yet so terrible as that precipice in the Guadalhorce, from which Manuel and Laila met their death, but it is sufficient for the purpose. Tradition tells of a young girl who here thought to put an end to a life in which love had played some unhappy pranks. She came to the brink, said her prayers and jumped off; but either her dress caught in a bush or the water was not deep enough, for she changed her mind, repented, went home, and for the rest of her days, which were many, lived in sober and exemplary maidenhood.

Seven miles the other side of Bakewell, near Middleton, at the entrance of a dale, is another Lovers' Leap. It is a high precipitous rock, and legend affirms that about the year 1760, from its lofty summit, a love-lorn damsel, of the name of Baddeley, cast herself into the depths below. She, too, escaped the death she sought. Her face was disfigured and her body bruised, but the brambles and the rocky projections broke her fall, and though bereft of part of her garments, she was able to walk home with little assistance. Her escape healed the wounds that love had made. She kept herself from such nonsense ever after, and she died unmarried. Perhaps this is the same story which is told of the Lovers' Leap in Dovedale, but did not Sargon's mother entrust her son to a basket on a river, and is that any proof that Jochebed did not do the same?

A more serious affair happened in Dovedale further toward Reynard's Cave, I believe, though some say it was about Sharplow Point. On the July of 1761, on his return from a picnic, Dr. Langton, Dean of Clogher, a member of an old Lincolnshire family, though he came from the Emerald Isle, proposed to force his horse up the steep sides of the dale so that he might the speedier reach Tissington. Anything more foolishly daring or more daringly foolish cannot well be thought of. However, a young lady, a Miss La Roche, shared both his horse and his folly. She seated herself behind him, and he spurred the horse up the perilous ascent. For a few moments it seemed as though the madcap feat could be accomplished. Then, when perhaps two-thirds of the distance was covered, either the poor animal swerved or the dean, desparing of success, attempted to turn him, and in an instant the three were overthrown. A fearful scene fol-

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lowed. They came toppling down the crags and screes. Fortunately, the young lady's long hair caught in a thorn-bush and saved her from death, though she was picked up insensible, and remained so for some days. The horse, too, escaped with a few bruises; but the clergyman was so hurt that he shortly died. He was buried in Ashbourne Church, where a monument is erected, as much to warn adventurous travellers of his fate, as to commemorate his memory. It is said that only the Sunday before he had preached in that church a sermon on the text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

"Was his ghost ever seen?" I ask the old man who now pulls along and now pushes along my donkey. "'Ssh!" he replies. But the heights are gloomy, even as the Drachenfels, and I do not know what might happen when in the loneliness and darkness of the evening the wind murmurs and moans through the valley. There are probably bats and owls hereabouts, and there have been witches—indeed, the three wise women in Macbeth could easily have found in this Dale a spot weird and uncanny enough for any of their curious rites. The sobbing of the waters, too, would, in the gloaming, afford melancholy music. "You do not believe in ghosts, then?" "The parson says there bean't any such things." "But," I retorted, rather unwisely it afterward seemed to me, "you don't believe everything the parson says." I do not know what made me put such a wicked question, or even to suggest to this unsophisticated tender of asses that anybody ever doubted the utterances of the clergy. I do hope my reverend brethren will forgive me, for I am satisfied if anybody disputed my word I should be more than grieved at heart. Even when my opinions are assailed I am apt, metaphorically speaking, to open the vials of—well, not ammonia water. However, there was the question, and plump and emphatic came the answer: "No, sir; not by a long shot. Parsons are like donkeys; they make a deal of noise when there is no occasion for it. Why, one of them once told me that Robin Hood could send off one arrow and then send off another that would catch up to the first, strike it and split it." "No!" "Fact, sir; and if a man could do that, I don't see why the spirits of the dead shouldn't come back." "But," I asked, "what has that got to do with ghosts?" "That's a matter of opinion, sir." I observed a mischievous twinkle in the old fellow's eye, and I am satisfied that if my brute of a donkey had only behaved himself I should have found out the connection. As it was, I came to the conclusion that if I escaped with my bones whole, there was nothing incredible either in the forester's achievements or in ghostly appearances.

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New Hardwick Hall.

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In due time we reached Tissington Spires—rugged, fissured, cathedral-like rocks, wrinkled by the rains and torn by the lightnings of unnumbered ages; and here our donkeys, much to their joy, could go no further. I believe the wretch I was astride of chuckled as he turned his side to the fence, which here runs across the pathway, and thus intimated to me to dismount. If one would see the rest of the Dale there is no alternative. But the heavens are again overcast, the river is leaden-hued and the ground is wet. We did not know anything about this fence when we started; that was a secret left to time to reveal. These gentle donkey-drivers refrain from unduly worrying the strangers whom they take in—into the Dale, I mean. However, unless we make the best of it and walk, we shall miss some of the prettiest scenery and come short of the haunts of old Izaak. The guide seeks to soothe my perturbed spirits by pointing out the Abbey Rock on the opposite side of the valley—a really curious illusion that in the moonlight would make one fancy one saw the tower and walls of a church, buttressed, ivy-mantled and pierced with lancet-shaped windows. Close by are the buildings of the brotherhood, the cells, refectory and dormitory. There are also, further away, the Twelve Apostles, half-hidden in the masses of foliage, St. Peter standing foremost, as though he would step into the river or walk upon the waters as he assayed of old to do. When I think of that fence I almost wish a bumble-bee would mistake the donkeyman's nose for some flower, only I should not like to see even a poor bee made a fool of. As for the lord of the manor who had the fence put there, it might do him good were the fairies who haunt the Dale to pinch him into a cold sweat. I feel desperately malignant. Many of the rocks are inaccessible—especially these called Tissington Spires; inaccessible, that is to say, to all except boys and squirrels. Legend tells of three boys who tried to climb the highest of them. There on a solitary ash near the summit a kestrel built her nest—prize worth scratched hands and rent trousers. Two of them soon found themselves in a place where they could neither ascend nor descend. Then they cried out, and to the rescue were brought from a neighboring church the ropes used for lowering coffins into the grave. By means of these the youngsters were safely drawn up out of danger. The third lad was in like difficulty, but when it was proposed to haul him up in the same manner he exclaimed: "Coffin ropes! I'll risk my life sooner. You hang your legs over the brink, and I'll swarm up them." And the scapegrace did swarm up them, and was saved.

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There is no reason to suspect that our donkeys will stray from the fence while we proceed to trudge further through the Dale; wise and docile, they will gather thistles and enjoy the quietude. The best part of the valley indeed lies along that footpath which no ass may tread. Nothing can be prettier than the "straits," as the narrowest part of the valley is called. When the waters are high, even the only path through, that on the Derbyshire side, is impassable. Happy are they who have the sunshin when they go this way; happier still they who behold the foliage and the streamlet lighted up by broken fragments of sun rays falling ever and anon through the cloud-rifts. One can abide long in this exquisite spot, and imagination will find itself outstripped by the perfect and lovely scenery. It is the bit of Dovedale which the artists delight to reproduce. There is not much beyond this. After the Dove Holes—three caverns—are passed, Mill Dale begins; and in Mill Dale the views are tame. A long way further than Mill Dale is Beresford Dale, and there may be found the Hall and the Fishing House of which strangers have heard so much, but of which, curiously enough, our guide knew nothing. Dearly should we have loved to have seen Pike Pool with its odd-looking rock, which Viator declared to be "one of the oddest sights that ever I saw." Dearly, too, should we have liked to have gone into the little old room where long ago Izaak and his disciple, Charles Cotton, smoked their pipes and fried their trout, heedless of the fearful political squabbles going on elsewhere. But this was a joy not for us. We must go back to our mutton, or rather to our donkeys. Tradition says that in one of the caves in Mill Dale an old woman lived. She was presumably not of cleanly habits, for, though she had the river for a lavatory, when she was asked how long it was since she last washed herself, she replied, "Well, a'll not be quite sartain whether it were last summer or t'summer afore." I rather fancy the ancient dame was laughing in her sleeve.

Our patient beasts are ready for us. "But, my good man, are there no ghosts in the Dale? Did nobody ever see one here?" "I have only heard of one, sir." "Without joking?" "Yes, sir; and I'll tell you of it for an extra pint." "You shall have a quart if it's a good one." So the old fellow walks by my side with his hand on my donkey's bridle, and with many interruptions, owing to the roughness of the way, he told his story. There was after all not much in it—nothing that would interest either a folklorist or a psychologist; in fact, ghosts are very commonplace affairs. The only thing interesting was that when the body of the woman,

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whose spirit wandered beneath the shadows of the cliffs, was found in the river, the fishes had partly devoured it. Everybody knows that the Roman nobles occasionally gave a slave to the eels in their vats, and it is said that were one to fall into a shoal of mackerel, one would speedily be nibbled up; but it is hard to think such things of the gentle trout in the Dove. Beside that, a ghost is nothing. I could believe that the fairies dance on the lily leaves, and the spirits sitting on the shore accompany them with the delectable music and pretty sparks of flint and steel and tinder-box; but I cannot believe that the offspring of Izaak Walton's fish would attempt to eat up a woman who was thrown in the water with her throat cut. But the donkeyman did not hold trout to be any more kindly in their spirit or choice in their food than are rats. Besides, did not this woman's ghost tell the parson who came to lay her, that her body was tangled and bound among the weeds at the bottom of the river, and that the fish-bites hurt her more than ever had either corns or tight boots. "Stuff and nonsense," I exclaimed. "But," retorted he, "the woman walked the earth because her body wasn't at rest. She was being eat up." "Well, but had she been in her grave the worms would have eaten her." But the blear-eyed ancient was not to be daunted: "Worms be worms and fish be fish; and there's a difference." So he had his quart of ale, and when we parted at the "Peveril," he bade us farewell with the air of a man who had not only done his duty, but had also shown to poor and untaught strangers the utmost consideration.

While our horses were being brought out, and our grave driver was preparing himself for further sorrows and trials, we took a peep at the little church of Thorpe: ivy-clad, and though itself poor, yet adding beauty to the landscape. Had we had time we would have gone over to Ilam, had it been only to have seen the place where it is said Congreve wrote some scenes of his "Old Bachelor;" but this was impossible, and I fear that no proof of the tradition is forthcoming—though, to be sure, that lump of mischief in the shape of a lady's maid, Lucy, recommended her love-sick mistress to strike the old bachelor home before the bait was worn off the hook: "He nibbled fairly yesterday, and, no doubt, will be eager enough to-day to swallow the temptation." Perhaps the dramatist had tried to tempt some aged and experienced denizen of the Manyfold. He wrote in dull, dark times—wicked, so some say, when people did more than wear wigs, and buy oranges at sixpence a piece; nobody reads him except by candle-light, "and see, the owls are fled, as at the break of

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day." Perhaps were we to look around, even in this age of light, we might still find left a few of those self-same owls. Let me pluck a rose from this thickly-budded bush: "What is it to read a play on a rainy day?" The fragrance is refreshing—I mean the fragrance of the flower. A gentleman, elderly, rotund and rubicund, is sitting in the porch of the Inn. He looks like a fisherman; indeed, fishermen are so common, and their stories so frequent, that we take little heed of them. But our driver tells us as we get into the carriage, that this man has this very morning brought home, undoubtedly from the Dove, three trout of extraordinary weight and size. I am afraid to give the figures. There are three grades of untruthfulness: a fib, a lie and figures; and if I know it, I shall not record in these pages anything that might be thought to belong even to the white species. So down to the highway we turn, and begin our drive across country to Bakewell.

The journey was not of high interest. Once in a while our road dropped into a dale, and then the scenery was picturesque enough, but for the most part it lay across the hills or moors, and they are almost treeless, and, consequently, bleak and dreary. Far away, once in a while, appeared a bit of fair landscape, and as we went over several miles of the London turnpike we had associations that diverted our attention. I am not sure whether at Tissington—one of the sweetest villages in all England—the people still dress the well on Ascension Day; nor do I know that I ever saw more peewits than appeared on some of the bare hill-tops. At New Haven Inn we stopped—the horses wanted some bran and water; the driver some ale. It took us about an hour to get from the Peveril to this roadside resort, a relic of the old coaching days, and said still to be commodious for man and beast. Its glory has departed—unhappily, I am sure; and so thought our driver—dear soul, who said he loved the old days, before the radicals and the railways came in, better than he cared for the best Burton, and remembered this Inn five-and-forty years ago. The coaches stopped here then: has not Matt Prior, in a certain ballad of his, called "Down Hall," said something about such places, and is there not an engraving in his pretty edition of 1733, that would as well suit Derbyshire as Essex? I feel like brushing up my recollections of these hostelries as they were when those young scamps, Perigrine Pickle and Tom Jones, and the genial Mr. Pickwick, frequented them. Only I see about here no portly landlord, and no nobly proportioned hostess: saddest sign of all. A fair is still held at this Inn twice a year, and then some shadow

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of its former prosperity—rather a thin and ghost-like shadow, I fear—comes over the otherwise silent and desolate spot. A barmaid, plump and pretty, as barmaids always are in England, comes to get the shilling for the refreshment tendered the horses and the coachman.

Thence we drove in the direction of Youlgreave, and without going into the town, which for beauty of situation is scarcely inferior to Ashbourne itself, we saw the tower of its grand old church. A few miles further we found Bakewell, the metropolis of the Peak. Not even now did our driver relax any of the severity of his countenance or manner. He had been wronged in some way or other, and was now going through one of the bitter trials of his life; for which we had had to suffer. When he put us down at the Rutland Arms we at once tipped him, and bade him farewell.

Now the Rutland Arms—formerly called the White Horse—is one of those comfortable, old-time, and home-like inns which are still to be found in the country districts of England, and in which one may take one's ease and be merry. But the Rutland Arms is one of the sleepiest of them all. Our horses made noise enough as they came up to the front door, and we looked somewhat imposing—that is to say, for folks from America and in such a place as this; but nobody came either to help us to alight or to welcome us. Neither man nor woman was to be seen. We walked into the hall—bundles on the chairs, hats and coats on the rack, fishing rods about everywhere. We peeped into the parlors, knocked on doors, coughed, kicked the floor, but not a body appeared. This looked unpromising for people who for some hours had not eaten anything. The funniest part of it was that our driver had gone off, and in the street in front of the house, and in the lane on either side of the house, we could discover nothing but a pig and a few sparrows. The good people had evidently either gone to church or to bed. This suspense lasted well nigh half an hour. Then we heard a door slam, and after a while a stout, red-armed Irish damsel entered the hall. "Could we have anything to eat?" This girl was not pretty, by the way; she was stupidly indifferent to our hungry appeal. We repeated our question, while she without noticing us looked at the clock: it was about the hour of four. "Did you give any order?" she demanded. "No, we saw no one to give any order to." "Well, then, there's nothing but cold meat; and if you want that, go into the breakfast room." "Which is"— but the gentle creature had disappeared. However we made a venture: happily the

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right one, judging from a cloth and lately-used knives and forks on the table. Ten minutes pass—among the longest minutes we have ever suffered. By and bye our Irish friend came in. "What can I do for you?" We were at her mercy. I should judge that she had been caught from the wilds of Kerry, not longer than three months since. "My good girl," said I, and the rose hue on her cheek grew deeper, and her mouth wider, almost a smile; "My good girl, we have had a long drive. In an hour and a half we must take the train. We want to see the church. We are hungry. Give us some cold meat, bread, pickles, ale, Burton or ginger, it doesn't matter which. Bakewell pudding"—"Haven't any." "Well, bring us anything and everything you have; only be quick." In due time we had a substantial meal set before us: cold, but good as good could be, and as a homely proverb saith, "Hunger makes hard bones sweet beans." We were left alone to enjoy it; not a sound occurred to disturb our peace. We ate, and thanked God for the Rutland Arms.

I do not know that this is the inn at which Edward Browne, once physician to Charles II, stayed in the September of 1662. Times have changed. But if we had no civil and careful host to give us the best accommodations the country could afford, as had Master Browne, we certainly found as much enjoyment not only in the edibles given us, but also in a gun of good ale. If the reader does not know of how much a gun consists, perhaps he will judge us more leniently. By the time we finished our repast we were far from thinking this a barren country, as did the traveller just mentioned; nor did we agree with Becon, who more than a hundred years earlier pronounced it a rude district, and its clergy superstitious and ignorant. In truth, I do not think we troubled about the clergy at all, we were so comfortable; and the trencher was unscraped, too. There is a Peacock Inn near South Wingfield—perhaps only less famous than the one at Rowsley—where Dick Turpin once stopped to have his horse reshod, and where John Wesley and his wife Dolly also stayed. I do not know that the highwayman and the preacher had any acquaintance with each other, but the story runs that when John Wesley, passing through the kitchen, saw the cook hammering and beating a beefsteak intended for his meal, he was so vexed at the wanton toughening of the meat that he ordered his horse to be put in his gig and departed—as foolish as was he who shod the goose. Now if Mr. Wesley took his wife off without her breakfast, is it any wonder that his married life was

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unhappy? Poor Richard Turpin, that daring depredator, as the Newgate calendar styles him, came to the gallows, but he never would have treated a woman so. And it is only when one's stomach is well filled and one's mind is at ease, that life can be really enjoyed; and that was our condition when we rose from the table and went out into that silent hall. We were at peace with the world, and we would have said kind things even to the ghost of old Izaak or to the maid from lovely Hibernia, had either been presented to our vision. But the hall was still as ever.

What could we do? Nobody in a happy frame of mind desires to go away without paying the bill; nothing, indeed, marks character more than that, and innkeepers are apt to think ill of people who neglect to remunerate them for their trouble. But here was no bill, and no one to get a bill from or pay a bill to. We rattled a walking-stick along the banisters of the stairs. We called "Mary." We kicked the bottom stair-step. And all was still. Perhaps by the time we have seen the church and the town somebody may be about. These are the most trustful of people. Never before or elsewhere were travellers so thoroughly left to themselves.

So out into the clean and hushed street we went. There was no one about, not even a woman peering over the half-door at the strangers. We came to the conclusion that the town had gone to a funeral; but to reach this conclusion required some effort, for the place contains about 2,500 inhabitants, and is renowned for its extreme healthfulness. A thousand years and more ago its baths were resorted to for their medicinal properties; hence its name Badecanwyllan, from which the plain and prosaic "Bakewell" is both derived, and, as sometimes happens to ancient families, reduced. People still come here, as of old did Roman civilians and centurions, to be relieved of their rheumatism; the old churchyard is of considerable extent, and there is a cemetery towards Barton Moor. Very possibly, some confiding patient is this afternoon being taken to the place where suffering is unknown. Hence our comfort in walking undisturbed and unnoticed through these quaint, old-fashioned streets, which, by the way, are as neat and clean as well-kept garden-paths. And there are flowers—towering hollyhocks, at least—in front of the cottages on the way up to the church. Everything betokens the age and respectability of the town; nor do I suppose that, except to make necessary repairs and to rebuild the houses when they could no longer be propped up, anything for a millennium has happened

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to disturb the still life or to advance the growth of the place. As Mr. John Pendleton, who knows more about Derbyshire than any other person living, says: "Bakewell seems perfectly satisfied with itself, and perhaps would not, if it could, emerge from its ancient chrysalis into a city of stucco, and tramcars, and late hours." This is simply and inexpressibly delightful, and if Bakewell be the principal market-town of North Derbyshire, it affords a happy proof that there is yet a region in England as undisturbed by the rush and turmoil of modern life as the most thorough lover of peace and antiquity could wish.

Bless my soul! Here is a boy—a real, live boy, too; right in the gateway leading up to the church. His thumbs are in his waistcoat armholes, so that I judge he has not yet known the luxury of pockets in his trousers. He has no coat, and only a bit of a cap, which scarcely covers his long and uncombed hair. "My lad, what place is this?" His eyes and mouth open wider, but he says nothing. "Is this Bakewell?" "It be, sir." "Thank you. Now can you tell me if there is likely to be anybody up at the church to show people around?" "I don't know, sir. There be nothing going on there, except on Sunday." "Oh, you must be mistaken." "If I be, and you knowed better, why did you ax me?" And his nostrils dilated and his brow darkened as though he were about, bantam-like, to avenge an imputation against his veracity. "Well, my lad," said I, in my blandest tones, "I didn't mean that; but, you know, we want to see the church, and unless there is somebody there we shall not be able to get in. Can you run up and see—for twopence—well, say sixpence?" The last-named sum softened him; at the twopence he scarcely moved a muscle. The world has got into Bakewell somehow. Only a boy and a big churchyard; nothing but the boy alive—and he knows the value of money. Away he moves, neither so swift as the swallow nor so graceful as the antelope; we wait. In a few minutes he is back: "Yes, sir; there's somebody there taking folks through." "Thank you. And now will you take six pennies or a silver sixpence?" "Silver sixpence, please, sir." "Why?" "Because I should spend the other a penny at a time." "But they are heavier." "I know; but they sink faster." Dear me! No one can doubt that Bakewell will take care of itself.

The church, which is dedicated to All Saints, has an octagonal tower and spire, and though the south transept is almost as long as the nave, and the north transept is little more than a continuation of the north

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Cottages at Edensor.

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aisle, yet the building may be roughly described as cruciform. It was restored about fifty years since; enough has been said by others of the mischief at that time done, so that it needs only to be added that the main portion of the edifice dates from the early part of the twelfth century, the chancel from the middle of the thirteenth century, and the Vernon chapel from about 1360. A church was here much earlier, and bits of it may be seen in the walls of the present structure. Its position overlooking the town is commanding and picturesque, and that it has no history is the fault rather of the neighborhood than of itself. The only event recorded of it, besides funerals, is that in the year 1280 the Archbishop of Canterbury, finding that the deacon and sub-deacon were so ill-provided for that they were obliged to beg their bread, ordained that they should eat at the vicar's table. I feel sorry for the vicar: no one knows why he, rather than the parishioners, should feed two hungry subordinates; but, perhaps, he was one whose purse was made of toad's skin. The curious thing is, that of the good men who ministered and worshipped here next to nothing is known; only this feeding of the poor is recorded. No one, of course, will regard the hanging of three witches, in the year 1608, as peculiar; then, witches and wizards were so common that it was found necessary to curb somewhat supernatural powers; now, wise folks are like timber trees in a hedge, here and there one. As we walk up to the church door, I wonder if that fasting girl, Martha Taylor, who once lived in this neighborhood, ever came here to service. We are sometimes as sceptical of fasting achievements as we are of fishing adventures, but a pamphlet, printed in 1668, declares that this damsel, then of the age of eighteen years, did not eat anything for fifty-two weeks. Once only did she swallow part of a fig, and that nearly killed her, so delicate were her digestive organs. She must, however, have gotten over this disinclination for food, for she lived till the year 1684. Not unlikely, she stayed at home, for people who go to church, like good Christian souls, nearly always take after the parson for beef and piety, and the wardens for port and pipes.

The good woman who is both wife to the sexton and guide to the church knows her duties, at least, so far as the church is concerned, as well as did he who showed us about Ashbourne. Her voice is clear and pleasant, a pure intonation, her grammar is excellent, and her knowledge is extensive. I mention these particulars because we did not always find attendants to have such qualities. Her kindly and courteous manners,

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indeed, reminded us of the young lady who three months earlier took us through Haddon Hall. She was describing to some strangers the monuments in the Vernon Chapel, when we entered, and after telling us that she would be free in a few minutes, she bade us interest ourselves with the tomb of a knight, Sir Thomas Wendesley, who, in 1403, was mortally wounded while fighting on the Lancastrian side at the battle of Shrewsbury. The alabaster effigy is the oldest one in the chapel, and in some respects the most remarkable one. The bones of the old warrior were in 1841 found under the tomb. Beside the monument to Sir Godfrey Foljambe and his wife, which is in the nave, on the altar-tomb adjacent to that of Sir Thomas Wendesley, lie the effigies of Sir George Vernon and his two wives. This is the Vernon who from his influence and wealth was known as the "King of the Peak"—a sturdy, stalwart and independent chieftain, lord of thirty manors in Derbyshire alone, hospitable as a prince, though given to severity, and the father of the famous Dorothy. He died in 1567; but the year is not given on the tomb, nor are the years of the death of his wives, perhaps owing to the custom, then not uncommon, of erecting the monument during the lifetime of the person it was intended to commemorate. The knight has upon him plate armor and a surcoat elaborately emblazoned with his own arms, with all its quarterings. He wears a straight, long beard and long hair. The Vernons, it will be remembered, were buried here because there was no place of sepulture in the chapel at Haddon Hall. To this parish church, in fact, Haddon belonged, and the hall, about two miles away down the valley, may be seen from the church door.

But far more interesting than these is the stately monument to Dorothy Vernon and John Manners, and we are glad our guide has returned, and can now for a while give us her attention and help. I know of few things in this world that can more quickly destroy an ideal than does that monument. It is, indeed, pretentious and imposing. The coats of arms are elaborate; that of Manners has sixteen quarterings. The cornice, frieze, pillars and ornaments betoken fair art and good workmanship. In the middle under an arch kneel John and Dorothy facing each other; between them being a pedestal, on which are inscribed particulars concerning them. Underneath, on the lower part of the monument, are figures of four of their children.

But when we look at the figures of the principal characters and learn that these may be taken as life-like representations, we wonder if this can

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be the Dorothy who, from the ball-room, tripped down the steps and through the terrace of Haddon Hall, and if this be the John for whom she ventured so much. I shall refer to the story later in these pages, for like most folks I have entered into its romance, and after all, for and against its truth, I prefer rather to accept it than give up a charming bit of social legend; so that my feelings can be imagined when I behold a rather squat and fat and quite commonplace-looking figure for Dorothy; and for John, an effigy with a dolichocephalic head, the ugliest one may ever expect to come across. The space from the crown to the chin, and the retreating forehead, are phenomenal; and when in 1841 the skull of Sir John was exhumed, it corresponded exactly with the sculpture. There is no accounting for tastes, but really it is difficult to imagine a man falling in love with a woman like this Dorothy, or a woman falling in love with a man like this John. There is no beauty in either of them to be desired, and my only hope is that this homely and prosaic couple were possessed of kindly hearts and generous souls, so that in deeds and in expression amends were made to them for their lack of physical beauty. The clay which went to make up their tabernacles may have been far from common, but it was badly moulded. It says something for the honesty of the people of those days that in their desire to praise the dead they should not have tried to have represented so rich a lord and lady a little more pleasingly. However, John and Dorothy are now unaffected, either by the chisel of the sculptor or the pen of the writer. To them has come the eternal love.

"They may have been better looking in their young days," observed our guide. "She had auburn hair, and when their graves were opened some of it was found." "Do you think the ball-room story is true?" I asked. "Oh, yes! No one questioned it till the days of doubt began. Now, some people you can't get to believe anything, and, by and by, it will be denied that Dorothy ever lived. The runaway was most natural. They loved each other, and her friends didn't care for the match. And it was rather uncivil of him. He is only a second son, and she the heiress of 70,000 acres." The good woman changed the tense and spoke as though this were a present day affair. Clearly she regarded the match with a lively interest and some prejudice.

At the other end of the chapel is an even more ambitious and more costly monument to the memory of Sir George Manners and his wife Grace. Figures of the knight and his lady appeared kneeling at a lectern.

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The whole is richly ornamented with shields of arms, and about it are many inscriptions. The latter are curious enough to transcribe. On the lectern are the words: "Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up before God." Along the top over the figures: "Ye day of a man's death is better than ye day of his birth." On the dexter side of the upper part of the monument also: "Christ is to me both in death and life an advantage." And on the sinister: "I shall go to him, he shall not return to me." On the arches over the niches in the lower part of the monument, where appear effigies of the four sons and five daughters, are texts as follows: the first is over a chrisom child—a curious little figure:

"Mine age is nothing in respect of Thee."
"One generation passeth and another cometh" (Son).
"A vertvovs woman is a crowne to her hvsband" (Daughter).
"The wise woman bvildeth her hovse" (Daughter).
"My dayes were bvt a span long" (Son; probably Henry, who died at the age of twelve).
"By the grace of God I am that I am" (Son; probably Roger, who died at the age of eighteen).
"A graciovs woman retaineth honovr" (Daughter).
"A prvdent wife is from the Lord" (Daughter).
"Shee that feareth the Lord shall be praysed" (Daughter).

The Latin inscription has been thus translated:

Sir George Manners, of Haddon, Knt., here waits the resurrection of the just in Christ. He married Grace, second daughter of Sir Henry Pierrepont, Knt., who afterwards bore him four sons and five daughters, and lived with him in holy wedlock thirty years, here caused him to be buried with his forefathers, and then placed this monument at her own expense, as a perpetual memorial of their conjugal faith, and she joined the figure of his body with hers, having vowed their ashes and bones should be laid together. He died April 23, A.D., 1623, aged 54; she died A.D., aged .

The interior of the church is scarcely inferior to that of Ashbourne. It has some good windows, and the chancel is almost unique in having two eastern ones. There are also many mural tablets and other memorials of the dead. No church in England has a larger or finer collection of ancient Saxon remains, incised grave-stones, coffin-lids and the like. These were discovered at the restoration in 1841, and deserve closer study than we can give them. There is also in the churchyard a famous runic

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cross, on which will be found, so our attendant informs us, mingled freely, bits of Christian and Pagan symbolism. Among these bits is a tree which represented the pathway for the messenger between the gods and the earth, and there is a squirrel which betokens the messenger. I suppose the man drawing a bow and aiming at the squirrel is a type of the wicked ones who are ever ready to interrupt the work of those who serve between heaven and earth. This man, by the way, I did not discover; so, possibly, being unseen, he better suggests the hidden powers of darkness.

Our kind guide pointed out to me the tomb beneath which rest the remains of John Dale, barber-surgeon, of Bakewell, and his two wives, Elizabeth Foljambe and Sarah Bloodworth. On the tomb is a very curious inscription, part of which I read, but most of it is now out of sight, and, unless something is done, before long the earth will cover the whole. The epitaph is well known:

> Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace, 1737, the rambling remains of the above-said John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.
>
> This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
> Here all three lie together lovingly,
> But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
> Alike are here all human joys and woes;
> Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
> And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
> A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
> The good man's quiet; still are both his wives.

Here is another to a lawyer:

> These lines, I with watery eye,
> For my dear friend indite,
> Who for his worth, none such on earth,
> Heaven crown him with true light.
>
> A lawyer just, a steward most just,
> As ever sate in court,
> Who lived beloved, with tears interred,
> This is his true report.

Nor is the following unworthy of transcription:

> Erected to the memory of Philip Roe, who died 12th September, 1815, aged 52 years.

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The vocal Powers, here let us mark,
Of Philip, our late Parish Clerk;
In church none ever heard a Layman
With a clearer Voice say Amen!
Oh! none with Hallelujah's Sound,
Like Him can make the Roofs resound.
The Choir lament his Choral Tones,
The Town—so soon here lie his Bones.
Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine!

This is a good hunting ground for epitaphs, but I must abstain; the above are the chosen ones shewn to all visitors and quoted in most guide-books. Rhymsters and wits even now are not uncommon in these country districts, but before the days of popular literature they abounded. I do not remember whether at Ashbourne or at Bakewell, but some fifty years since there was one of these merry-hearted jinglers, who, in a wintry evening, went into the grocer's shop, not to find material for wedding ode or funeral dirge, but for the more practical purpose to buy a pound of tallow dips. In these days of gas and electricity everybody does not know what a dip is; the old folks can tell. Having secured his purchase—number eights—he put them into one of the pockets of his coat-tail. Other people were in the shop, and conversation was brisk and to our poet interesting. But the night was cold, and he drew nearer to the stove. He forgot himself in his animation, and finally, turning his back to the fire and putting one hand under his coat-tail, he began the recitation of one of his most exciting poems. It was long. In the meanwhile the heat of the stove affected the candles in his pockets. By and bye the tallow began to drip, and soon, unheeded by himself and unnoticed by his auditors, there grew at his heels a puddle of grease. When he came back from his spell of abstraction his candles were reduced to sixteens, and the lower parts of his coat were saturated and basted beyond remedy. His next thoughts may have been neither poetical nor witty, but when he had taken in the situation, and the laugh began to go round, the sparkle came into his eye, the weeks of his mouth deepened and he drew the attenuated dips from his pocket, exclaiming, after the heroic style of his kind:

Thus melts the joy from off the string of man's poor life!

These were the men who, on the death of a neighbor, composed the lines which appeared upon the tombstone. I have spoken elsewhere of

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one of these individuals. They preserve old words, the use and meaning of which would otherwise soon perish. Thus in the foregoing paragraph my reader may not know the meaning of the expression "the weeks of his mouth," though in the north of England it is well understood. If, however, he will remember that those old sea-dogs which once assailed the coasts of England were called Vik-ings because they came from the viks or weeks, the fiords and corners of Norway, he will have a clue to its explanation.

But we must hasten from the church. There is a grammar school at Bakewell, founded in 1637, and the school-master, except on Sundays and Wednesdays, had to read prayers in the parish church at six o'clock every morning during the summer months, and at half-past seven every morning in the winter. The school hours were from seven to eleven in the forenoon and from one to five in the afternoon, and the principal thing taught was writing.

Buying some books and pictures from the guide, we bid her farewell. A pleasant body: we told her we were from America. "But you are not an American," she exclaimed; "the lady is, but your voice shows that you are English." Twenty years, evidently, have not eradicated the Midland modulation and accent. The good woman had four brothers in Pennsylvania—all doing well, and now citizens of the Republic.

When we got back to the Inn, our Irish damsel was standing in the front door. We captured her at once: "Can you get us our bill?" She looked at us: "What did you have?" "Luncheon." "That will be half a crown a piece." "Shall I pay it you?" "If you please." I hand the required amount to her, plus the customary remembrance, remarking: "Now we must be off; if we miss this train we may miss our steamer or something else." "Are you going over the sea?" she asked. "Yes, to America." "To America!" she replied, for the first time getting really interested in us—and as her face brightened up she was not so bad looking, after all. "To America! That's a long way off, but I have friends there, in Denver. Perhaps you know them. No? That's funny. I thought over there everybody knew everybody. I hope you will get there all right. It's a fearful distance, and they tell me that the storms are dreadful. To America!" And the maiden stood watching us down the street, perhaps in the goodness of her heart pitying us and praying for us.

It was a beautiful evening; among our last in England, and as so fre-

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quently happened this summer, the sunbeams flowed softly and warmly across valley and hillside as though to leave upon our minds the picture of a lovely landscape. In a few days we shall be looking upon the lonely, black billows of the Atlantic. When we reach the antique stone bridge over the Wye, we stop to look at the pretty brook winding through the meadows and playing, as it were, with the flags and flowers, the alders and the willows, upon its low, green banks. "A good, old bridge, isn't it?" said some one behind us. We had seen nobody, and were startled at the unexpected voice. I turned around: there was our driver. "Wanted to wish you good-bye," he said; "so followed you down the street." "Well, good-bye, my man. Do you often come to Bakewell?" "Not often. Pleasant journey to you." He touched his cap, and left. I wonder if his taciturnity and general disagreeableness really meant anything. The noise of the brook almost drowns the shrill cries of the swifts and swallows that skim over its rippling and fly-thronged surface; it was civil of the man to come and wish us farewell—but it does not remove our feeling that in some way or other we have wronged him. The river has trout—every river in Derbyshire has, it seems to me; but one day, near this bridge, I believe, a fisherman saw an object rising and sinking in the waters. He got a landing net under it, and with great difficulty succeeded in bringing it to the shore. It proved to be a trout, twenty-six inches in length and sixteen inches in girth. It weighed eight pounds and three-quarters—by far the largest fish ever taken from the Wye. Anglers had long known of this monster, but no artifice had been devised for his capture. Now, it appeared, that somebody had been drowning blind puppies, and the trout choked himself in trying to swallow one.

Haddon Hall, I said, can be seen from the church-door at Bakewell. It was in May when we stopped at Rowsley, three or four miles from here, and, putting up at the Peacock Inn, visited both Chatsworth and Haddon. And first let me say a word of that quaint old inn, beneath whose rooftree we passed a day and a night. Who does not know that of all the inns of England none is loved by the stranger from abroad more than the "Peacock?" It was built by John Stephenson in the year 1652, and is a good example of the home of a well-to-do yeoman of that day. There have been some modern additions, but the old part of the house remains unaltered, perfect and snug. Good stone, well set together, did John use; and the front is surmounted with a brave and sightly peacock,

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Peacock Inn, Rowsley.

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cut out of the same material. Over the windows are the drip-stones; in the windows are mullions and tiny diamond panes. Ivy, too, runs over the walls, clambering up toward the gabled roof and the clustered chimneys. Inside the rooms are comfortable and cosy, with that old-fashioned air about them, so full of pleasant suggestion. Even the bedsteads, hung with curtains and vallences, and the great easy chairs, covered with dimity and other homely stuffs, remind us of days fast fading out; while the glimpses from the casement of the charming Derbyshire country create in us a joy which long abides. In the early twilight and again soon after sunset, one should wander through the quaint, old-time garden, beside the tree-shaded and fast-flowing brook: then nature seems kindly in her loveliness and rich in her inspiration. They who cannot be happy in such a place as this, need look no further for lightsomeness and felicity: the world has nothing more sure or quick to touch the heart. And he who does not rejoice in the associations of the house and the neighborhood, and does not acquire contentment over his roast mutton and Bakewell pudding, must have an ill conscience indeed; notwithstanding that the dining-room is lighted with candles.

The road from Rowsley to Chatsworth, the magnificent home of the Dukes of Devonshire, lies up the valley of the Derwent, and after passing through Beeley—a pretty village, less than a mile from the Peacock—crosses the river and enters the park. This princely domain is over eleven miles in circumference, and contains some of the most picturesque and most romantic scenery in this wild and beautiful country. Its trees are remarkably fine, and it is said that some of the oaks, enormous in girth, stunted by age and broken by storm, are nine or ten hundred years old. They were saplings when this region had to be won by the Conqueror inch by inch, and they have witnessed the summers and winters in which were wrought the changes that have made the England of Alfred the England of Victoria. Nor is it likely that the neighborhood has altered much since the days when the manor was written Cheteswerthe, and was held under the crown by William Peveril. Beneath the wide-spreading trees the deer find shelter from the over-warm sun or the drenching rains; pheasants and partridges peep up out of the long grass as though they had never heard of a first of September; blackbirds and thrushes sing close to the very walls of the house; and after a drive along the well-kept road one realizes restfulness and delight. Peace reigns; and the noisy world is out of hearing, beyond the glory and the loveliness of these woods and hills, these glittering waters and broad, soft lawns.

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The two miles and a half from Rowsley are all too quickly passed. Edensor, sometimes called Ensor, lies to the left, a quiet and beautiful village, in the churchyard of which sleep side by side both members of the family to which belongs this great heritage, and the yeomen, servants and peasants who, in days of yore did its bidding and enjoyed its bounty. The great house is built on the other side of the river, and no finer example of the home of a rich and powerful English nobleman could there be. One is startled at the first glimpse of it. No one would dream of so sumptuous a structure rising in the midst of a scene rude and wild, and, as far as the eye can see, without signs of modern life. St. Evremond, in one of his letters written from here, said: "Nothing can be more romantic than this country, except the region about Valois; and nothing can equal this place in beauty except the borders of the lake." For some years the noble and generous dukes of Devonshire have allowed the public to visit certain parts of the buildings and grounds; nor does it appear that the permission given has been abused, though every year hundreds and thousands of strangers from all parts of the world avail themselves of it. The house is not, indeed, the hall built by the discreet daughter of John Hardwick, better known as Bess of Hardwick, the wife, in turn, of a wealthy Derbyshire squire named Barley, of Sir William Cavendish, of Sir William St. Loe, and of George, Earl of Shrewsbury. Her matrimonial experiences began when she was fourteen years of age, and terminated seventeen years before she died—February 19, 1607—at the age of four-score and seven years. Each marriage advanced her socially and territorially, and of the six children which she had by her last husband, the powerful Shrewsbury—who, by the way, lived with her so unhappily that he complained to Queen Elizabeth of his "wyked and malysious wife"—one was created the first duke of Devonshire, and inherited all her vast possessions. She was a woman of thorough business habits; perhaps selfish and arrogant, though opinion seems to differ on those points. In her way she was not altogether unlike the lady who in those days ruled England—strong-minded, independent, jealous, far-seeing and masterful. Her greatest passion was for building. Some wiseacre declared that so long as she continued building she would not die; and as she did not wish to die, she kept on building. The Chatsworth of her day was built and finished by her, and in a dismal tower, enclosed by a stone wall and surrounded by a moat, not far from the present house, the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, was by the Countess

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Elizabeth kept prisoner. No wonder the poor woman got rheumatism and needed wine-baths. The place, even when in its glory, must have been more than enough to drive health from the strongest body. Possibly the Queen of England desired nature to help her in the removal of her "dear sister;" and after so many years spent under the care of Queen Elizabeth's warders there was not much of life left for the axe to take away. The hall built by Bess of Hardwick has gone—except, possibly, the tower,—but the island called Queen Mary's Bower remains—overun with frogs and doleful memories.

The oldest part of the present structure was not begun till about 1687; nor did it reach its now magnificent proportions till the third or fourth decade of this century. Some of the greatest architects, painters, carvers and sculptors that England has produced, are said to have been employed in its construction; and in 1692 the works were surveyed by Sir Christopher Wren. The east front has an extent of 557 feet. And there it stands, a wondrous piece of Grecian architecture, the expression of strength and wealth, the noble columns, the long line of balustrades, the richly ornamented frieze and the Italian-like tower, and the accurate art everywhere displayed, making it the most perfect of mansions, the rival of many a palace. Everywhere may be seen the serpent, the crest of the Cavendish family.

An individual of some consequence, whose dignity and address as much bewildered us as his condescension filled our hearts with wonder, admitted us at the porter's lodge, and we were escorted through the halls, the chambers and the chapel by a young woman, who, having gone over the ground and told the story of each interesting feature so many times, seemed too stiff and too tired to afford us much interest or information. She was not as formal and dull as a Westminster verger—that was impossible, for the like of the men who take the stranger through the Abbey is exceedingly rare, thank God—but for some few minutes she moved with marvellous stateliness and indifference, and spoke briefly and coldly. Under the genial influence of one of our party, however, she gradually softened and became more communicative, until at last, like the spring after a hard winter, she became charming, and the descriptions she gave were full of grace and humor. I am told that if you could only thaw the icy dignity and Spitzbergen-like awfulness of a Westminster guide, you would find him to be at heart kindly, gentle and gracious. Once I resolved to try the experiment; but the first glance of his eye frightened me, and I gave it up.

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To describe the treasures of sculpture, painting and bric-a-brac that we saw at Chatsworth is for me impossible. The wealth of art in the several rooms is provokingly bewildering. There is nothing common. You might read some of the descriptions of palaces in the Arabian Nights, and then go through Chatsworth without appreciating the difference between the reality and the illusion. The best that the world has is there; gifts from kings and emperors, chairs of state, portraits of famous personages, carvings by Grinlin Gibbons, and statuary that would make a Pygmalion sorrowful. But all this and much more can be read about in the guide-book; and let those who read think kindly of the nobleman who, in the generosity of his heart and in his desire to advance the welfare and happiness of poorer people, allows the public to look closely into his possessions. We saw all that it is permitted the stranger to see; and then our inquisitiveness led us to trespass upon the kindness of our guide, and get her to secure permission for us to pass through the private apartments. This privilege was most courteously accorded. We went into the dining-room, drawing-room and other rooms occupied by the family, all of which are furnished with a rare elegance; but the gem of all is the library. I could never work in such a place; indeed, I can seldom write unless before me is a scene not more diverting than a white wall, adorned with a few fly spots and a bit of disused cobweb. This glorious room is ninety-two feet long and twenty-two feet wide, and contains tens of thousands of volumes: no novice could suggest their value. One curious feature in the room is the door leading to the gallery by which are reached the upper shelves. The door is a secret contrivance, and would baffle the most ingenious searcher. It is made to resemble a bookcase, and when closed the keenest eye could not detect a break in the continuous lines of shelves and tomes. Some queer titles are painted on the backs of these supposititious books, and by touching a certain one of these titles the door flies open and reveals the staircase.

A heavy shower prevented us from going into the gardens; nor did we see the cascade, which some have thought only inferior to the breaking of ocean waves. The conservatory, too, which covers nearly an acre of ground and is replete with plants and flowers from every part of the world, was closed to us. But from the windows of the house we had several fine views of the grounds and surrounding country. Tell me, my good reader, if you know of landscapes more beautiful, and I will go to the end of the world to see them. The noble cedars suggest distant Lebanon.

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Chatsworth.

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We drove back to the Peacock. On the way we passed a butcher's boy riding on a smart cob, and carrying on his shoulder a wooden tray in which were some pieces of meat. The tray is a curiosity, being scooped out of one bit of plank, narrow and shallow, and having handles at each corner. A bright apprentice will manage his horse with one hand and his legs, and ride at a good pace with such a tray heavily laden resting on his shoulder. As he tires he will shift the burden to the other shoulder. Nor does he look bad in his blue smock tightened around the waist with a leathern strap, from which hangs a steel, the use of the said steel marking both his skill and his business; and surely, when he sharpens his blade thereon, he will do it with an air, and will feel as much lifted up by his accomplishment as does the school boy who can cut a quill pen —if in the wide world there be left one such boy. This youthful dispenser of meat—the ruddiness of the hawthorn berry was in his cheek, and the sparkle of a prince of mischief in his eye—reminded me of a clergyman whose life was spent in honest, self-denying labors in the backwoods of Lower Canada, and who used to carry home in somewhat similar manner the gifts his people bestowed upon him. The parson was indeed poor, and his scanty stipend was paid in kind, and not in cash. Long experience had taught him both prudence and the necessity of looking out for himself. He had also learned how to give a hint that would be effective without hurting or offending anybody—a gift or an art that was to him more useful than a knowledge of the use of the Latin subjunctive, though, if I have been truly informed, he read Horace in the original and was a fairly good scholar. But just as the butcher's boy can drive a horse with one hand and carry a shin of beef with the other, so this good man had acquired the skill of indulging in learning one moment and of acquiring satisfaction for his bodily wants the next. Oh, the ability to drop a suggestion as gracefully as a girl drops rose leaves! Once, when staying at the house of one of his parishioners, several miles away from his home, our poor and wide-awake friend was much delighted with the cheese served at dinner. It was toothsome and fragrant—more so, I imagine, than are some of the kinds which please epicures and suggest the need of cologne and carbolic soap. He began to praise it, lightly at first, grossly afterwards, as he perceived the necessity of a heavier bait. He told stories—likened daisies, pretty little daisies, with the yellow hearts and white edges, to fried eggs; but back to cheese he came as speedily as convenient. At last his efforts met with the success desired. The house-

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wife took the hint, and was delighted. The cheese was of her own making. She began to feel that she was of some use in the world besides darning baby's flannels. She further came to the conclusion that the parson was the best and kindest man she had ever met with, and, when he came round again, she would listen more attentively and more obediently to the sermon which he always preached without variation at his several visits. Every word of that sermon she knew by heart, having heard it seven or eight times, but she was now sure, since the parson could see in her cheese what nobody else had ever seen, that there was more in his sermon than she had ever yet discovered. So when he was about to leave, she and her husband asked him if he would accept one of the cheeses. The dear man's eyes brightened and opened wider. He rubbed his hands, and expressed his great pleasure and lasting obligations. His wife, he said, was very fond of cheese, of good cheese like that, and she would be gratified beyond measure, while he would think of their kindness all the days of his life. Suddenly his countenance fell: he was very sorry, extremely sorry, but he could not take the cheese. It was good of them, and he would never forget their generosity, but he would have to leave their gift behind. Why? Well, he did not like to say, but much as he and his dear wife, and even his sweet Baby Joe, loved cheese, he could not take it. The farmer and his good dame were greatly distressed. They began to feel hurt, and to suspect that the parson was getting too proud to carry home even food for his family. After further pressing to discover the reason of his reluctance, he admitted that the one cheese would overbalance his saddle-bag. "Oh!" cried the kind-hearted people, "that is easily settled, if you wouldn't mind, by taking another in the other bag." "God bless you, my friends," exclaimed the parson, "how thoughtful of you! That puts the matter exactly right." And, brushing a tear from his eye—poor fellow, he had gone to bed without cheese many a night—he mounted his horse, having a cheese on either side of his saddle, and trotted off, but whether more thankful at the liberality of his people or at his own tact and foresight, I do not know.

When we got back to Rowsley, after some cakes and wine, we started for Haddon. Had I time, I would spend hours talking about that delightful place; as it is, I can only hastily run over the principal points of our visit there. To me Haddon Hall was far more interesting than was Chatsworth. America could build as many Chatsworths as there are States in the Union, and furnish them, too, as sumptuously as is the

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Derbyshire one; but no America, and no England now, so far as that goes, could build a Haddon Hall. That is one of the most perfect illustrations of the home of an English lord four hundred years ago; and though it has been practically uninhabited for well nigh half that time, yet, so well has it been cared for, it presents no appearance of neglect. Easy enough is it there for the tamest imagination to picture the past. Every part of the old place, sombre and worn as it is, seems alive. We saw it as it was in the bright and busy days of the Vernons; nor should we have wondered had the courtyard, now silent as the grave, been filled suddenly with men-at-arms, and the gloomy passageways quickly blazed with the torches of the servitors.

From the turnpike, the Hall, as it stands upon the rising ground on the other side of the brook, against a hill covered with forest trees, and commanding a landscape varied, extensive and beautiful, suggests the wisdom and the taste which our ancestors had in the selection of sites for their churches, castles and manor houses. A narrow bridge with three arches, quaint in construction and ancient in years, spans the swiftly-flowing Wye —stream beloved by anglers. Beyond it the road lies by the custodian's house and the old buttressed stables, up to the tower-door, at the north-west angle of the buildings. The ground slopes abruptly, so that the Hall is most uneven and requires some breath and exertion to go through it. We got out of our carriage before we began the rather steep ascent to the tower, and we had time to see in the garden in front of the cottage at the end of the stables, the yew trees cut, the one into the shape of a peacock, the crest of the Manners, and the other into the shape of a boar's head, the crest of the Vernons. Here also we obtained our guide—a pretty and affable young lady who did not seem to tire of going over the place and of pointing out its objects of interest. We observed the stone steps by the wayside, set there long ago to enable the ladies to mount their horses. Through the heavy, nail-studded door we passed into the gateway leading up into the first or lower court. The stones are worn away; for centuries have human feet gone hither and thither over them. In this gateway hangs a hoop taken off the tun in which was brewed the ale. It suggests the bibulous tendencies and the enormous capacities of the men of yore. The porter's lodge to the right is dismal enough to serve for a Cerberus.

A few steps, and we are in the sloping yard. No life is there now except a few flowers and birds; but what a story it could tell! At the

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lower end is the chamber known as that of the chaplain, though it is doubtful if this is the actual room in which he lived. In it are shown some old boots, a carbine, some pewter plates and a thick leathern jerkin. Down in the corner of the courtyard, corresponding with the old Norman tower, is the chapel. Reverently we entered this ancient place of prayer, nor could we refrain from remembering those who in the bygone days had worshipped within its walls. Some parts of the building date from the thirteenth century; a pillar and a font are of Early English. The mural frescoes, almost obliterated, are probably four or five hundred years old. The holy-water stoup is quite as ancient. In long pews in the chancel sat the master, his children and his friends; the rest of the family occupied benches lower down. In the pulpit no doubt many a eulogy was pronounced upon my lord's graciousness and many an admonition given to my lord's servants, very precious and very helpful for that day and generation. No voice is heard there now. The singers sat in a gallery just behind. In the sanctuary is a "plain, honest table," beyond all doubt and perhaps beyond all conscience. The east window has some good old stained glass. Under this window is the inscription: "Orate pro animabus Ricardi Vernon et Benedicte uxoris ejus que fecerunt Anno Dñi millesimo CCCCXXVII." This Richard was Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, and Speaker in the Parliament at Leicester. He added much to the buildings of Haddon and repaired this chapel, but he seems to have been an imperious and a quarrelsome neighbor, for complaints are recorded made against him by people living not far away.

Crossing the courtyard we went through the porch into the narrow way leading to the upper quadrangle, on one side of which is the great hall. Here were held the revelries; here at the heavy oaken tables were consumed the beef and the ale, and merry-hearted folks sang their songs and told their tales. It is one of the finest existing banqueting chambers of the olden time, and is about thirty-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide. There is a minstrel's gallery, and on the front of it several deer-antlers, much decayed. On the screen near the door is a handlock, so shaped as to fasten a man's hand whilst water, or perchance ale, was poured down the sleeve of his doublet. This punishment was administered, not only for obstreperous behavior, but also for failure to drink the prescribed allowance of beer and wine. Possibly there were people in those days who supposed that Timothy should use the wine which St. Paul recommended for his stomach's sake, as an embrocation. Behind

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Lower Courtyard, Haddon Hall.

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this hall is the lord's private dining-room, a handsome chamber containing several shields of arms, and in the oriel recess a portrait of Henry VII, another of his queen, and a third of the court jester, Will Somers. Over the fireplace and beneath the Tudor arms is the legend, "Drede God and honor the Kyng." There is some good carved oak wainscoting.

A long gloomy passage, into which the sun-rays never could have penetrated, leads from the great hall to the kitchen. This place is of generous, if not enormous, proportions. Here are the huge fire places, the fuel box, the dressers, the chopping blocks, the salting trough, and the several appurtenances required in such a department, and for the preparation of feasts of the kind our fathers delighted in. The servitors here must have rejoiced when a fast day came around. It looked as though the tenants had lately left the place, though 200 years have gone by since here the cooks made mincemeat, and the boys turned the spits before the blazing logs. But it is as it was: time has not changed it. There by the chimney is the bench on which sat the bulky, broad-faced master-cook, superintending his helpers, and ever and anon cracking his joke, and kicking either the cur that lay at his feet, or the lad that slackened his hand at the basting of the venison. And there is the half-door over which the dishes were handed to the servitors, who should bear them to the dining-hall. Was that the voice of the major-domo hurrying along the tardy waiting-men? The fires are out now, and the place is dark and cold. Yonder is the larder; and there is the wine-cellar. In the kitchen was a well. Perhaps in the offices running from the kitchen along the northern side of the upper courtyard was the laundry—though, to be sure, clean linen was not in old time as common as it is now. There, however, early in the week, before the sun had risen, might be heard the cry of the steward, "Come, come, girls! Up! up! Here it is Monday morning, and to-morrow's Tuesday, and the next day Wednesday; half the week gone, and the clothes not a soak yet."

We cross the lower end of the second quadrangle and enter a passage way where are some steps, cut out of the solid trunk of a giant oak, leading up into the Ball-room or Long Gallery. This chamber is nearly 110 feet long, 18 feet wide and 15 feet high, but its great length is broken by three deep and large windows which overlook the garden. A fine view of the outside of this room, and, indeed, of the whole southern exposure of the Hall, may be had from the terrace which runs along part of the eastern end of the building, and from which steps go down into

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the gardens. Once a year, even now, the hospitable owner of the place, the Duke of Rutland, allows a ball to be given here. I have never danced —for no other reason except inability,—but I think I should like to try a step in a room where once paced sweet Dorothy and many another fair damosel, with their brave gallants, long since gone to their fathers. From the little ante-room leading into the far end of the ball-room, Dorothy is said to have run away to her lover, John Manners. She was a comely maiden, with large eyes and auburn hair; sprightly, gay and with a mind and will of her own. When I am at Haddon I do my best to forget the monument in Bakewell Church, for I love the romance better than the stone-cutter. It is said that her friends did not wish her to marry John Manners. But love, which ever finds a way for itself, having bound her heart to his, and he, in the guise of a forester, having stolen into the walk beyond the winter-garden, higher up the slope, frequently whispered sweet words to her, and at last planned the escape. One night a ball was given in honor of her sister's marriage, and in the thick gloom, when the dancing was at its merriest and best, Dorothy slipped out of the room, down the steps to the terrace, from there through the garden, till at last, on the other side of the bridge over the Wye, she met her lover, and went with him far away to a priest. Some iconoclasts dispute the story, and it is next to certain that at that time this part of Haddon Hall was not built, and the door by which she fled had no existence; but no evidence of this sort will compel any one who delights in the charming episode to give it up. By Dorothy's marriage to John Manners, the two families and their estates were united, and eventually the latter passed to their present possessors, Dorothy's lineal descendants.

In the state-room beyond this small apartment, and on the east side of the upper courtyard, is a bed of considerable dimensions. Its hangings were wrought in the reign of Henry VI. Possibly Queen Elizabeth slept in it, on the occasion of her visit to Haddon: some say it was last occupied by George IV. The looking-glass is also claimed to have belonged to the Virgin Queen. There is an old wooden cradle, said to be that of the first earl of Rutland. Much of the tapestry about the Hall must be very old; and when it was fresh, it undoubtedly added much to the appearance of the now desolate rooms.

We went down the steps by which Dorothy Vernon fled, and hence along the terrace shaded by the limes and sycamores, down further steps to the main terrace, where grow the venerable yew-trees, and then through

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the gardens. There are quaint, grotesque figures on the gables, and at the water-spouts. But the rain came on, and we could wait to see little outside. Only of this were we sure, that if the stranger from abroad saw nothing in Europe but Haddon Hall, he would be well repaid for his voyage across the sea. We did not mind the pelting, drenching rain through which we drove back to Rowsley. Though we could see little beyond the streams of water falling from our umbrellas, we had for our joy the memory of one of the most charming and most romantic of all the treasures of England.

What I have said about Chatsworth and Haddon Hall is far from doing justice to those remarkable places. A folio volume would not suffice for that which might be written of them. But, after all, everybody knows something about them, and, therefore, it is not necessary that I should go over ground which others, more competent than I, have gone over again and again. So I shall take my kind reader elsewhere, to a part of the country where few travellers go, and, before I leave Derbyshire, speak of a village scarcely known to the great world. And, as my thoughts turn thitherward, there comes to me a flood of recollections, rushing mightily and surging deeply, and I cannot help, sweet lector, telling you of them—of that country life and its characters, which you may love as deeply as I do, though your boyhood was not like mine spent in and among such. This will serve, perhaps, to lead you up to an appreciation of the last place I shall speak of amid the woods and dales of Derbyshire.

It matters little where the early days were spent—whether amid the exquisite loveliness of the southern counties, in the fair fields and green woods of the Midlands, within sight of the rugged grandeur of the Pennine slopes, under the majesty of a Ben Lomond or a Ben Nevis, near to the sweet waters of Killarney, or in the calm, deep Cambrian glens; every recollection is beautiful and every picture is immortal. To thoughtful minds and loving souls, even as a brook singing and sobbing, playing with sunbeams and toying with lilies, as it flows between the pollards or the rushes, come associations which seem to have no end and which unite emotions of varied sort into a precious and lingering melancholy. Such hearts know the happy sorrow and the sorrowful happiness of the past. They bid the time that now is be still, and again they hear the chiming of bells, the rattling of mills, and the bleating of sheep. The old village lives once more—its winding lanes, its hives amidst the hollyhocks and

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apple trees, its timber houses with their dark beams, red tiles and quaint gables, and its antique, gray-walled church in which on Sunday spider-webs tremble at the roll of *Te Deum*, and through the windows children watch the buttercups growing on the graves. From yon elm-top comes the plaintive and familiar note, the recurrence of which bachelors and maids count so that they may know the number of years of single life awaiting them, and which recalls the oldest bit existing of English melody :

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu.

From the clear morning sky lightly falls the wild, blithe song of the shrill-throated lark, and in the stilly eventide drift the bursts of harmony from the nightingale's haunt among the orchard trees. When the sunlight skims the ground and creeps through the low hedge-stumps, the shepherd and the herdsman plod heavily along the highway, their thick-nailed shoes wet with early dew, and their dog peering into ditch and bush to spy out rabbit, rat or bird. To the meadow wends the mower carrying in a wooden bick his cider, and in a flag basket his bread and bacon; and soon instead of the grass-rustle will be heard the swish of the scythe, and underfoot will lie the wild flowers—the daisy, with heart of gold and edge of blushing pink, the cowslip, which the pious loved to call "Our Lady's Keys," and the violet which, though hid in sward, rivals both the fragrance of the hawthorn and the charm of the snowdrop. And the simple housewife, watching now the crackling thorns upon the hearth and anon the sunflowers opening in the golden dawn, rejoices at the twitterings of swallows under the eaves, and at the crowing of proud chanticleer in the barnyard. Every season has its own glory : the winter, when the frost hardens the furrows and the snow covers roofs and trees, skirts the swart icy pond, and drives to the window-sills the chirping and hungry birds, when over field and through copse echoes the huntsman's cry, and within doors hospitality and cheer abound ; the summer with its calm twilights, its boundless freedom, its ripening harvests and its blissful scenes; the autumn when the fruits are gathered in and the voice of thanksgiving is heard in the land ; but best of all, as the ballad runs :

Whan shaws beene sheene and shraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

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Dorothy Vernon's Doorway, Haddon Hall.

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Sweet is the whiff of Sherwood in the old lines! None wearies of the praises of the spring. Then nature awakes from her winter's sweaven, and to the bloomless briars are given green mantles, and upon budding roses fall pure slumbering dews. The youth sing merry madrigals, and the aged think less of chilly rains. Instead of storms there breathes the "Murmuring winde, much like the sowne of swarming bees." All things are again as heart would have them, and they to whom the spring of Western Europe comes, behold a vision of transcendant grace and of unrivalled loveliness which can never lose its charm.

Nor when the associations of the country thus stir the soul are human things forgotten. Let me give you a sketch, which shall not be altogether imaginary. By the roadside, behind a bit of garden in which grow roses and honeysuckles, stands a cottage. Upon its walls is trained a vine, and against the small diamond-shaped window-panes lean the fuchsia clusters and the cactus leaves. Under an old box-tree, near the front door, a dog spends most of his time. Hodge lives there—not the farm laborer, but he who plies the hammer under the elm near the toll-gate, and can shoe the squire's horse or mend the parson's wagon in quicker time than any other blacksmith in Christendom. A good soul is he. Through the livelong day in shirt sleeves and leathern apron he sticks to work; evening come, he either looks about the garden, drops into the "White Lion" and over a stunning mug of nut-brown discusses with the landlord the latest scrap of political gossip, or sits indoors to finish last Saturday's paper and, while the wife patches elbow-rent jackets or mends toeless stockings, reads to her morsels of news and wisdom, now and then stopping to snuff the candle, and, should a thief appear on the wick, to wonder from whom the letter will come and what it will be about. For most phenomena he has a reason: "How are you?" he once asked of a local magistrate. "A bad cold, Hodge, and a worse headache," replied his worship. "Ah, sir," said the smith, "a cold always goes to the weak spot." Once he was an expert at cricket, and he won several prizes at pigeon shooting and in the flower show. His skill as an angler is considerable. One evening he felt a heavy tug on his line; a mighty fish had seized the bait. In a moment the water was in commotion. "Never mind," cried Hodge, "if my tackle will stand the strain I shall be sure to have him. The reason you can't catch 'em is because your mind isn't in it." So the struggle went on, and at last lay on the bank a pike weighing ten pounds and measuring from snout to tail thirty-five inches. "The

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finest fish," said the local paper, "which we have seen out of our stream for many years." Rumor also said that Hodge knew something about snaring pheasant and trapping hares, but rumor delights to malign good men. Beyond his garden, his familiarity with sport was now confined to clipping dogs' ears and tails, and to teaching pies and daws decent English. On Sunday, being both a Christian and a parish clerk, he went to church; that his theology was orthodox and his politics conservative shows that he had both a mind and a soul. Scarcely would he have done as did a Westminster verger of whom Dean Stanley tells. This guardian was averse to visitors kneeling in the abbey, and when he saw such he tapped them on the shoulder and bade them rise. A gentleman seeing him thus disturb a worshipper asked of him his reason. Said the son of Bumbledon: "Lor' bless you, sir, he was sayin' his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that, we should have them praying all over the place." The village church, however, was carefully locked up from Sunday evening till the following Saturday afternoon, so that there the like danger was not imminent. Nor was Hodge's reading other than good; a rare virtue in a parish clerk. In days when, notwithstanding the call of Venite to sing unto the Lord, congregations read the Psalter, a new incumbent found that the clerk in saying the Psalms made many mistakes. At last he said to him: "John, I wish you would not say in the seventy-fourth Psalm, 'Let us make hay-cocks of them.' If you look you will see the words are, 'Let us make havock of them.'" John answered: "Well, sir, of course, if you wish it I will; but it always used to be haycocks." Hodge, however, though he took snuff and smelt of rhubarb, was of more thoughtful mould. How promptly he drove out the dogs which on summer Sundays would stray into the church! When from his receptacle in the three-decker he spied such an intruder, no matter how inappropriate the moment, he at once started in pursuit. As the parson was short-sighted, and supposed that Hodge had gone to help some one who had fainted, he sympathetically stayed the service until his return. And how nobly this doorkeeper and choir-leader vindicated the reputation of the vicar against the ungodly aspersions of evilly-minded dissenters!

Nor, to turn from the blacksmith to the parson, unjustly; for though the latter scrupulously received his tithes—seeing that, like most men, he had to live and pay taxes,—yet he gave back more than he received in solid and lengthy discourses, which were always calmly and slowly delivered, and afforded to the wise some interest and to the ignorant much

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mystery. One of his prosy and soporific brethren was once driving with a friend who, yawning, asked: "Brown, have you a sermon about you?" "No," was the innocent reply; "Why?" "Well, I feel so sleepy that I was sure you had a discourse in your pocket." A Rutlandshire clergyman himself passed from a sermon into a snore. He had walked some miles to take the duty for a neighbor in August, and being in good time he looked into the vicarage. A servant said, "You seem tired, sir; won't you have a glass of ale after your walk?" Yes, he would, and he did, and felt refreshed. The afternoon, however, was very hot, and the rustic congregation, who had been reaping and binding all the week, mostly fell asleep. There was a nasal murmuring among the people. The doors, too, were wide open, and the bumble bees sailed slowly down the aisle, adding to the hum. Thus when the preacher went into the pulpit he caught the sentiment of the congregation, and after kneeling down and putting his face reverently between his hands for a few seconds, remained in the same attitude fast asleep. Time has removed these easy-going souls; nor is it known that our vicar ever felt in this way the influence of his surroundings. But his voice acted as an opiate upon his hearers, as did the voice of one of the good vicars of Ashbourne, and many measured the worth of his expositions and exhortations by the length of time which they had passed in unconsciousness. The good man belonged to the school which clings to white cravats and applies to the Tudor Mary opprobrious epithets; his gown had in it seven yards more of silk than his surplice had of linen; his tastes were for law and charity, and his opportunities made him both a magistrate and a guardian; but he was also to the needy a sure friend, and to the doubting a trusty counselor. His people grumbled at him and loved him. They would have been pleased had the bishop censured him for following the hounds and drinking port; though as some of the neighboring clergy played croquet and imitated Dr. Johnson in sipping tea, they admitted him to be not without excuse. Never was he suspected of injustice on the bench; he might well have taken the oath of the Manx Deemster, to interpret the law "as indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish." After all, the old folks, guided by men such as he, were not so bad —they did their duty, lived honestly, and left behind them many a virtue which we can only imitate and many a work which we can only admire. The parson had his faults, but he was more an Adams than a Trulliber, and honestly sought to realize the ideal depicted by Chaucer, Dryden and Cowper.

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Scandal is, of course, never still; even bishops do not escape; much less vicars. Years ago, in the staging days, the Metropolitan of Canada, when travelling in the wilds of New Brunswick, had to stay at an indifferent inn for refreshments and for relays of horses. It was winter and during a snowstorm. The coolness of the landlord and the indifference of the hostler irritated the bishop, who was anxious to reach his journey's end. He finally succeeded in arousing Boniface to a sense of the urgency of the case. Thoroughly awake, that worthy shuffled to the back door, and shouted for Jim. Upon the poor bishop's ears fell the words: "Jim, I say! look alive there and get them horses in quicker'n shootin'! Here's that little English Bishop in here *a cussin' an' a swearin' like mad;* look alive now; step around!" His lordship groaned in spirit and said nothing. The villagers to whom our parson and Hodge ministered could just as freely and as innocently misrepresent their parish priest.

The schoolmaster looked to the vicar as a patron and to Hodge as a friend. He was aged and simple, though far from being either feeble or foolish. He believed in the fear of God, the integrity of the crown, the rod for discipline, and horseshoes for good luck. Of botany and geology he knew enough to bewilder all who heard him discourse of weeds and chalk-pits; but rather than such subjects, he endeavored to instil into the juvenile mind certain spiritual truths and moral obligations. These things he considered better than even grammar or arithmetic, and his proudest boasts were of boys who without mistake could repeat the Catechism, and of the two youths who once sat before his desk and were afterwards, the one a policeman and the other a gamekeeper. These prodigies the old man never failed to cite as illustrations of the success of industry and integrity. Indeed he was more pleased to see a lad weed thoroughly and quickly a garden path, than to hear him repeat the multiplication table or parse a compound sentence. He had an inkling of antiquity, and told with some glee how the people of a village sold their parish Bible to buy a bear for baiting. This was done at Congleton, in Cheshire, in 1601, and in old time so much more popular was bear-baiting than church-going, that as late as the second decade of the present century, at a Lancashire town, the evening service on the wake-day was interrupted by the beadle calling to the clergyman from the church door, "Mestur, the bear's come; and what's more, there's two of 'em." The pedagogue did not like whistling women; every time a woman whistles the heart of the Blessed Virgin bleeds. Nor did he care for women who

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laughed overmuch, though his objection was scarcely that of Mistress Osborne: "She laughs a little too much," said sweet Dorothy of her cousin, "and that will bring wrinkles, they say." His neighbors believed in old wives' remedies—*e. g.*, a cobweb for a cut finger, a snail for eczema and a frog for consumption. The frog had to be swallowed alive, and the snail suffered to crawl over the affected parts. Some swallowed quantities of shot, thinking that such would keep down the lungs. Others saw ghosts and interpreted dreams; though, perhaps, none went so far as did an Italian organ-grinder, who was once seen on his knees in Holborn before a dentist's show-case, under the impression that its contents were the relics of some saint. Such superstitions Father Ash, as the master was called, disallowed.

In this he was supported, amongst others, by the landlord of the "Black Bear," a popular hostelry in the neighboring market town. Many a time over a goose dinner, or a pot of cider, did these two cronies discuss the village weaknesses. "Yes, they were a bit queer in the old time," the master would say, "but, Thomas, they knew a thing or two?" "That be so," was the unvarying reply. "Now there be ale," the master would continue; "you can't make such ale nowadays. It gave pluck to soldiers and brains to poets. People drank it for breakfast, and they were a deal stronger and better than are folks who have nothing but tea and coffee. It was the making of England." "That be so," assented Boniface; and he sent a cloud of tobacco smoke up to the black beams. "Now," added Father Ash, "you have an exciseman come to try it. He is most likely a teetotaler, and doesn't know the difference between Derbyshire and Dublin. Good Queen Bess sent a chap with a pair of leather breeches on. He took a muggin of the fresh brewed and spilled it on the bench. Then he sat on it for a quarter of an hour. If at the end of the time he found that he wasn't stuck to the bench, he knew that the ale was free from sugar and good for man. But those days are gone." "That be so;" and Boniface took another draught of cider.

Still Boniface was none of the wisest. A wandering artist once made his quarters at his inn, and having put off as long as possible the day of settlement, at last said to the host: "Look here, this is how it is: I owe you so much money, and I haven't a penny to pay with. I'll tell you what I'll do. Your bruin looks shabby and wants painting up. I'll do it to wipe off the score." The landlord agreed, and the sign was fresh painted. The artist, however, was not satisfied, and said, "Without a

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collar and a chain the animal will certainly run away." Boniface thought not; the old bear never had been tied, and he did not see why the new one should. So the artist went his way, and the sign was placed in its usual position, where for sometime it looked well; but one night came on a heavy rain, and in the morning, sure enough, bruin was gone. The painter had mixed his colors with water instead of oil. "Ran," said the neighbors, "as the landlord's sense had done when he let go a score on such terms." The schoolmaster shaped a moral out of the incident, "Boys, don't drench yourselves with water, and, above all, when the fight begins don't run away."

And this charge was a key to the dear man's character. His opinion was that the man who died in a red coat or a blue serge had a better chance of heaven, than had he who bade the world farewell from a bed of down; and to Hodge he frequently observed, that if one of his pupils should become a color-sergeant or a boatswain, he would go happily to his plot near the great yew tree. So far as the birch would serve, he sought to inure his scholars to hardship. That was the best way to eradicate bad habits and to instil virtue. Possibly he was kindred in spirit to that master of ancient days who is said to have addressed his scholars: "Boys, it's your duty to love one another, and if you don't, I'll flog you till you can't stand;" but the times have changed. These types—the schoolmaster, the landlord, the blacksmith and the parson—once common enough, and once making the charm of the village-life, are giving way to evolutions new and strange. Yet the memory of them causes the heart to tingle, and they will remain associated with much that is good and delightful in the old lands.

When the native of regions such as Derbyshire, through which we are now wandering, makes his home in lands beyond the seas, he cherishes most carefully and most affectionately recollections such as these. The pictures deepen in color, and grow in richness, with the lapse of time. Possibly the flow of years tends to change the reality into an ideal, which ideal, as though by way of compensation, becomes more beautiful and more full of joy and satisfaction than the reality can ever be. But, unfortunately, when the long-absent one returns to the scenes and haunts of his childhood, he is apt to suffer disappointment. Things are not quite what he thought they were. Imagination has interfered with memory, and the hills and the brooks look smaller, and the farms, windmills, churches, and even the people do not seem as picturesque and as interest-

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ing as he supposed they would. To be sure in a few days, as he gradually enters again into the old life, the charm comes back once more; richer, sweeter, happier than ever, and he exults in an appreciation of things and of friends around him that never could have been his had he not gone over the waters. Still the earlier feeling is sure and severe. This was suggested by one who was bred in the village we are on our way to, in some lines addressed from Philadelphia to another native of this same county, the latter then being on a visit here; both dear friends of my own, and loving the country side, whether in England or America, as fervently as I do myself.

Tell me, do the larks sing as sweetly,
Does the hawthorn blossom the same?
Are the cottages thatched as neatly,
And the fields yet sportive with game?

Do sweet violets still perfume the air,
And cowslips the meadows adorn?
Are the hills and dales still as fair
With green grass and rich golden corn?

Are the old lanes joyous as ever
With the songs of gay summer birds?
Are the mossy banks covered over
With beauty, told never in words?

Are English homes still the same places
Where angels of peace loved to dwell?
How look the familiar faces
You loved and remembered so well?

Is England the home of your boyhood?
Do the old loves come back again?
Say, are not your thoughts turning homeward
Across the wide storm driven main?

And let me tell you, good reader, there are scenes and landscapes near to Philadelphia, in Chester Valley and in Whitemarsh, quite as beautiful as anything you will find in all Europe; nor has either England or Switzerland anything more romantic, or more sure to excite the imagination and awaken the deepest emotions, than do the Wissahickon and Valley Forge. But at this time I may not divert your thoughts from Derbyshire—even though my friend's last question reminds me that my heart's love and my warmest interests abide in the city beside the queenly Delaware.

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When I think of Derbyshire men who have sought a home in some newer land, I am reminded of two brothers—Scotchmen, though, and therefore from a district far away from these parts. The story runs thus, if my authority may be depended upon, of which I have no doubt: They bade farewell to their friends and went their way, one to New Zealand and the other to Canada. The latter became a schoolmaster in the backwoods, and later, leaving his Presbyterian faith, he received deacon's orders from an Anglican bishop. He was a shrewd, hard-headed man, with a great and kindly heart, firm in resolution and gentle in sympathy, and in due time he became a priest; and later, bishop of one of the greatest of Canadian dioceses. In that exalted position he more than satisfied all that was expected of him. A born statesman, keen and far-sighted, wise, masterful and generous, he not only built up and strengthened the Church, but he also made for himself a name and many friends. Forty or fifty years ago there was no man more honored and beloved in the province than he. His brother, in the meanwhile, had prospered in New Zealand as a tiller of the soil. Time went on, and the farmer resolved to visit his old home, and on his way call upon his brother in Canada, of whose position or change of faith he knew nothing. He supposed that he was in needy circumstances, and, as God had prospered him, he would try to set him up on his feet. So he reached Toronto, and began to make inquiries for John Strachan. Few people recognized John Strachan in the Lord Bishop, and for long his inquiries were unsuccessful. At last he was sent to the Bishop's house, rather a palatial residence, according to colonial ideas, and in which our well-to-do yeoman probably supposed his brother was a footman, or at the best, the butler. He rang the bell, and of the buttoned functionary who opened the door he asked for John Strachan. His request opened the eyes of the dignified servitor, and for some seconds he gasped for breath. This was not the way people inquired after the Lord Bishop. However, he invited the stranger in, and told the Bishop that some strange, outlandish-looking creature was asking for him by his plain name. The Bishop soon recognized his brother, and the reunion was as warm and affectionate as it well could be. Still, the brother supposed the Bishop to be no more than a butler, and the episcopal leggings confirmed him in this opinion. When he said, as he did every now and then, "Don't let me keep you, if you are busy, John," he imagined that John might have been engaged at cleaning plate or bottling port. After a while the Bishop took him over

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the house. To the New Zealander it seemed almost like Paradise, so beautiful did everything look. "What a great man he must be," said the farmer, "who owns all this!" "Why, brother," answered the Bishop, "it all belongs to me. Don't you know that I am the Bishop?" Now the brother had never seen a Bishop in his life, having, as you remember, come from Scotland; and he had remained a Presbyterian. Therefore all he knew of Bishops was that they were a suspicious kind of being, whose chief occupation in life was to number fagots and bullets for the worrying of Covenanters. If John had told him that he kept a "sma' public," he would have been less astonished and more pleased. But John a prelate! Had not good old Grimshaw told them again and again that prelates were the apocalyptic locusts written of by the Evangelist? And now John was a man of sin, perhaps as scarlet as the Pope himself! Yet John did not look unlike the dear old John of bygone days; the leaven may not have thoroughly affected him. So he held his peace on that subject and exclaimed, "All yours, John!" And he glanced around the room, his face flushing with pride and joy; and then his countenance sobered down—perhaps as he remembered some lesson taught in old Scotia—and with an anxious voice he asked, "But tell me, John, did ye come by it all honestly?"

On the eastern hills of Derbyshire, and in the Hundred of Scarsdale —so called from the rocks or crags with which the region abounds; "scarr" being Old English for such,—exactly sixteen miles from Bakewell as the crow flies, is one of the quaintest and oldest villages in Mid-England, Bolsover by name. Five miles to the south of Bolsover, on the same high land, is Hardwick Hall, the building and the home of Bess of Hardwick. A word about this place before I speak of Bolsover, and this for the reason that the visitor to Bolsover will be sure to go to Hardwick also. The park is one of the finest in England, and has still many broad-spreading oaks whose gnarled trunks, and sometimes sapless, withered boughs, tell of ages and generations that have gone since the woodman guarded the saplings alike from mischievous village lad and leaf-loving deer. Perhaps nowhere can one have a livelier suggestion of Robin Hood and his merry men: who knows but that arrows shot from his bow have sped over these deep green glades, and fetched down many a fat buck, which later, gladdened the hearts and satisfied the hunger both of the bold forester and of his jovial companions, Little John and Friar Tuck? The old

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hall is in ruins, and is overgrown with ivy, but, like most ancient and broken buildings, it wins sympathies by its associations and picturesque appearance, and in position is scarcely inferior to the new building, a little way off. Glorious views of the rolling, green country are had from both. The people who built these places and the like, must have loved to look upon hills and valleys, woods, meadows and streams; and not unlikely, though their habits were ruder, their hearts were as pure and as tender as are ours—perhaps, purer and tenderer. At a distance the new hall creates impressions of dignity and beauty which do not increase as one draws nearer. It is built largely of glass, so that it has been compared to an immense and a magnificent lanthorn. The façade is 280 feet long, and has eighteen colossal windows, each containing 1500 squares of glass. These windows take away the thought of age, for though the building is 300 years old, one looks rather at the glass glittering in the sunshine than at the dark and heavy stonework. The architecture is the opposite of the style in vogue in more troublous times. Then men built thick, dark walls, more for defence than for comfort; now they loved the light, and having little fear of the king's peace being broken, made palaces like Hardwick, "more glass than wall." Bess put her monogram and initials wherever she conveniently could—on the towers, in the fire-screens, and even in the gardens; very much as a school girl scribbles her name over her lesson-books, not, perhaps, to mark her ownership, but as an amusement, and without a thought of perpetuating her memory, which silly people have who deface with their names places of public interest. Inside the hall are many treasures, portraits of other historical characters, besides members of the Devonshire family, tapestries, wainscotings and furniture; but more interesting than all else about the place is the association of Mary, Queen of Scots, herewith. Whether she was ever at Hardwick is uncertain, but many articles of needlework wrought by her were brought here from Chatsworth, and much of the furniture shown in the rooms on the second floor is as she used it, and as she left it. Old Leviathan Hobbes was a guest here, too, and though he lived to the age of ninety-two, it was believed that he would have held on longer had it not been for his excessive smoking. If his tobacco was as heavy as his books are, it is a marvel that he did not die long before.

There were four buildings which in days gone by obtained the admiration of the people of this neighborhood. Of these Hardwick Hall was one. Two others were Welbeck Abbey and Worksop Manor, both over

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the line in the next county, Nottinghamshire. The fourth was Bolsover Castle, of which more anon. The following curious rhyme contained in an old manuscript sets forth the popular comparison between them, and the popular opinion of each:

Hardwicke for hugeness, Worsope for height,
Welbecke for use, and Bolser for sighte;
Worsope for walks, Hardwicke for hall,
Welbecke for brewhouse, Bolser for all;
Welbecke a parish, Hardwicke a court,
Worsope a pallas, Bolser a fort;
Bolser to feast in, Welbecke to ride in,
Hardwicke to thrive in, and Worsope to bide in.
Hardwicke good house, Welbecke good keepinge,
Worsope good walks, Bolser good sleepinge;
Bolser new built, Welbecke well mended,
Hardwicke concealed, and Worsope extended.
Bolser is morn, and Welbecke day bright,
Hardwicke high noone, Worsope good night;
Hardwicke is nowe, and Welbecke will last,
Bolser will be, and Worsope is past.
Welbecke a wife, Bolser a maide,
Hardwicke a matron, Worsope decaide;
Worsope is wise, Welbecke is wittie,
Hardwicke is hard, Bolser is prettie.
Hardwicke is riche, Welbecke is fine,
Worsope is stately, Bolser divine;
Hardwicke a chest, Welbecke a saddle,
Worsope a throne, Bolser a cradle.
Hardwicke resembles Hampton Court much,
And Worsope, Welbecke, Bolser none such;
Worsope a duke, Hardwicke an earl,
Welbecke a viscount, Bolser a pearl.
The rest are jewels of the sheere,
Bolser pendant of the eare,
Yet an old abbey hard by the way—
Rufford—gives more alms than all they.

There is little doubt that these lines were written by a Bolsover man, or at all events by one who had a liking for that village. But they who go thereto from Bakewell will pass through Chesterfield, and not by way of Hardwick; and Chesterfield is a neat market town, and has a fine parish church with a crooked steeple, and begins the six or seven miles up the steep and stony road to Bolsover. On the way the traveller passes through

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Calow and Long Duckmanton—two tiny hamlets, in one of which there is a room where religious services are held, the size of which room would scarcely have satisfied a missionary I knew in Canada. He was accustomed to preaching in small chapels, but not in places quite so small as this. Before he began his sermon, to make sure that he could be heard, he always said in a low voice, "If you hear me at the end of the church, be kind enough to say so." Of course, there was no answer. He would repeat his question in a higher key and louder tone, but still no reply, for the people were shy and respectful, and were not used to speaking to the minister during the sermon. Again would he put the question, higher and stronger, but with the same result. Again and again; still silence. Then when he had got his voice so that he might have been heard by four or five thousand people, some one would venture to reply, "I hear." The whole sermon was then delivered at that pitch and volume, and the congregation thought the parson was out of his mind, and, before he had done, would drive them distracted and break the windows. From Long Duckmanton to the right the distance is but short to Sutton Hall and Park; and in the fields hereabouts you may see the rabbits and partridges, both brown and timid, and probably both destined for the gun and the dining-table. And at the foot of the hills, on which stands Bolsover Castle, is a brook called Dawley, with water clear as that of the Dove, and running merrily off towards the north, singing as joyously as do the birds which make their home among the trees near its banks. Up this stream, near the road, is Sutton Mill, in the waste water of which the boys catch minnows and hunt rats; while, in the deeper stream above, the angler finds eels and pike of goodly strength and size. There are some nooks hereabouts where one can imagine one's self out of all reach of the world's crowd and care—willow-shaded corners where you can lie down on the thick sward, and listen to the flow of the waters and the tap of the woodpecker, and perhaps dream undisturbed of days that have been or are yet to be. No one will come near you unless it be a grasshopper or a frog, and, provided you do not need them for a bait, they will not cause much trouble.

The castle lifts up itself from the highest point of the wooded hill, which springs almost from the banks of the Dawley—a tall, gray fortress, commanding with a princely air the whole surrounding country. It is a landmark for many a long mile, and its history, coming down as it does from the dim, dark past, shows that the men of old considered its site as

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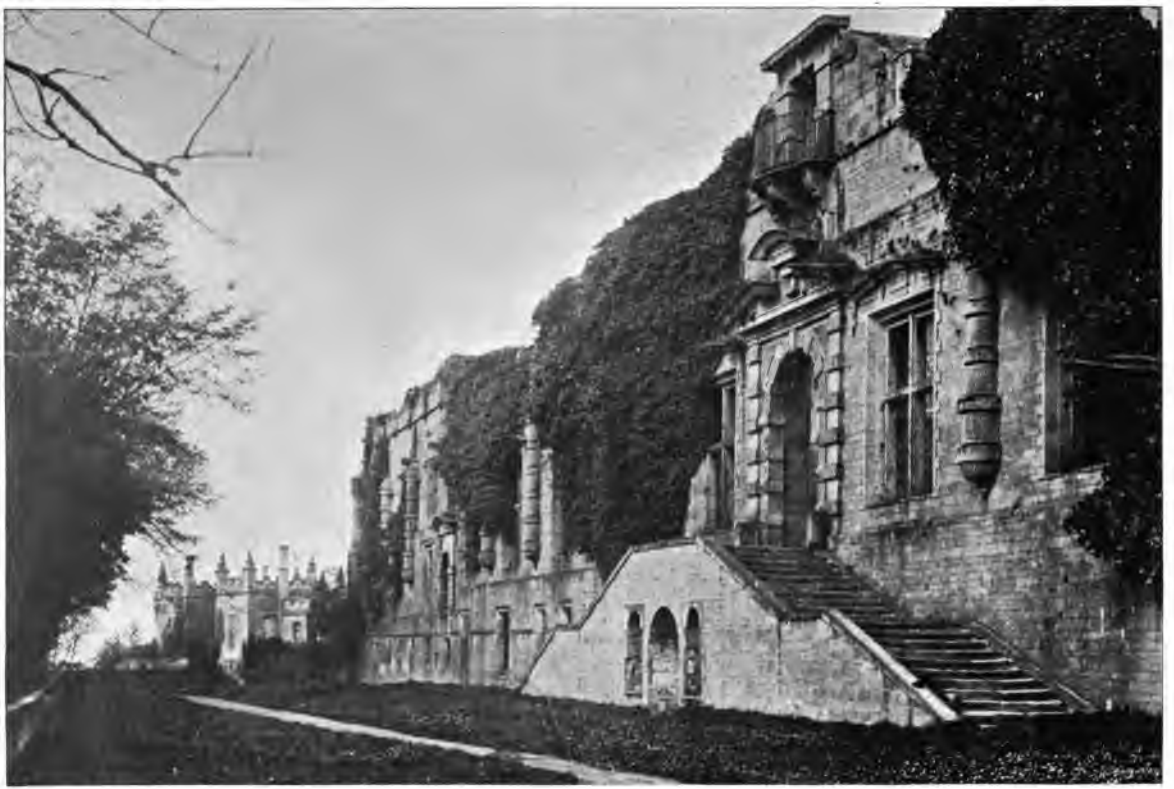

West Front of Bolsover Castle.

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of first-class military importance. The oldest part of the present building is not earlier than the sixteenth century, but it rests upon foundations which were built by William Peveril in Norman days, and in the earthworks and ruined watchtowers near by are proofs that the spot was fortified before either Dane or Saxon called the land his own. The manor was of consequence in Mercian times, and, without going into details of the growth and development of the town and castle, it is safe to say that by the end of the Plantagenet dynasty, the town was surrounded by fortifications on all sides that were not defended by the castle and the steep crags. No better view of the huge castellated buildings can be had than from the Chesterfield road—unless, perhaps, it be from the Iron Cliff near the road coming in from Elniton. From either point one gains an idea of its imposing dignity, and though much of it lies in ruins and is covered by the thick ivy, yet the walls and towers, that have survived the storms of the past two or three centuries, look as if they defied time itself. And yet how fierce and weird must be the winter wind as it sweeps around the turrets and passes through the broken casements! Then they who chance to find themselves belated within the deserted precincts shudder and breathe silently. For though the bats cling to the walls and the owl fastens itself within the ivy or the cranny, yet ever and anon the tempest tears them therefrom, and in the gathering gloom they are driven out, like unearthly creatures, ghosts and imps, that cannot rest and have no home. As in similar places, there have lived here men, and there have been done here deeds, dark and sad, the thought of whom and of which may well make the blood chill. Indeed, on the ceilings of two of the bed-chambers now used are pictures of angels in paradise, playing with harps, resting on clouds or wandering through meadows, and of angels in perdition, horrible to look upon and writhing in torments; and it is said that some occupant of the castle, remote from the present day, being troubled with an evil conscience, and thereby being made uncomfortable at the sight of so much joy and so much misery, got a bucket of whitewash and sought to brush out both saints and sinners. He was not wholly successful: the paintings remain, and he and his guilt are forgotten; for the iron bedsteads have been put into these rooms,—thereby creating an incongruity which is little short of sin,—within the memory of man. Human nature varies with the generations, sometimes good and sometimes bad; and one who knows what the past has been, does not care about the time of midnight to walk along the path at the west front of the mansion.

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I have used the words "castle" and "mansion," for there are two separate buildings: the former, the older and more imposing stronghold, is still inhabitable; while the latter, a little to the south of the castle, though far more picturesque, and suggesting Haddon Hall in more particulars than one, is deserted and in ruins. There are trees growing in its corridors and grass covers its floors. The ivy clambers over its roofless walls, affording shelter for innumerable flocks of small birds, and also tempting the boys of the neighborhood, in their search for nests, or for young jackdaws or callow starlings or owls, to run the risk of breaking their necks. In the rooms, where once abode people of high degree, by day the sparrow hops and chirps, and by night the bat seeks its prey. And yet, in 1633, when King Charles I was the guest of its lord, the Marquis of Newcastle, the place was in all the glory of freshness and art. Tapestry of wondrous workmanship covered its now fissured walls, and sculpture and painting were represented in noble illustrations. The size of the rooms was extraordinary; the dining-room measured eighty feet in length by thirty-three in breadth, while the principal hall had an extension of 220 feet by twenty-eight. The whole western front of both palace and castle is about 150 yards. In the struggle between the King and the Parliament, the Cromwellians secured possession of Bolsover, but the decay of the palace seems to have been due more to neglect than to their depredations.

The Marquis of Newcastle, Sir William Cavendish, who, in those troublesome times, owned this manor, was one of the King's most faithful followers, and was regarded in his day as a pattern of chivalry and of gentleness. He also wrote some plays, which his widow thought most excellent, but which posterity have set aside as worthless, as they have also his pretensions to military or political skill. In few things, however, does he seem to have displayed his talents more brilliantly than in the entertainments which he gave his royal master. Both at Welbeck and at Bolsover his hospitality was on a scale scarcely second to that of a prince, and outrivalling even Leicester's reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. On one of these occasions, at Bolsover, in 1634, Ben Jonson produced a masque entitled "Love's Welcome," which was played on the grand terrace in front of the now ruined building. To this feast all the gentry of the country were invited, and the place was made brilliant by the presence both of the King and Queen and of many cavaliers, gallants and court beauties. It cost the Marquis £14,000—an enormous

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sum for those days. In less than fifteen years' time the King had lost his head, and the Marquis was an exile; and now the sheep graze and rooks pick worms where the feet of pretty maidens and noble swains danced to the music of the viol.

Sir William Cavendish's second wife was Margaret, eighth and last child of Sir Thomas Lucas, Knight, of St. John's, Colchester, and sister of that Sir Charles Lucas, who, after serving most gallantly in the royal army, was by the parliamentarians shot—the inscription put on his tomb later says, "in cold blood barbarously murdered"—August 28, 1648, in the castleyard at Colchester. Margaret's family, like herself, were all royalists, and found in Sir Charles' answer to his enemies an echo of their own spirit: "I am no traitor, but a true subject to my King and the laws of my kingdom." She had been a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and was a woman of singular beauty and of rare accomplishments. Tall and stately, with brown hair and a clear voice, and gifted with sprightliness of intelligence and some literary skill, she was all her life much admired and imitated. Perhaps few people living have read either her plays or her poems, though the former are as spicy as Aphra Behn could have made them—if that be an attraction, and some of the latter are not unworthy of being placed beside those of Robert Herrick. Her best work is her biography of her husband, which, with her own autobiography, still holds rank as a masterpiece. No one need run away with the tradition that John Milton looked to her for inspiration; that is even less likely than that Boswell followed her lead as a biographer, or Addison regarded her as a model of style. Her surest claim to respect rests, not so much upon her books, as upon her purity of life and her faithfulness to her husband. In all his troubles—and for his attachment to the King, he is believed to have lost £700,000; and money then had a purchasing value ten times what it now has—she clung to him and defended him; and when prosperity came again, with the return of the King, notwithstanding his having been created first Duke of Newcastle, she drew him away from the court, induced him to live in the country, and helped him to gather together the "chips," as he called them, of his former estates. And the noble couple lived together at Bolsover, exemplary for their virtues and beloved for their graces, and while managing their property to the advantage both of themselves and of their dependants, also contributed to the literature of the day and received the high commendations of men such as Hobbes and Bishop Pearson. She died in the

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winter of 1673–4, and her husband three years later. Both lie together in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. On the magnificent tomb is the sentence, than which nothing can be finer: "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest daughter of Lord Lucas, Earl of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." The next Duke of Newcastle, Henry, also lived much at Bolsover; and when he died was buried in the parish church, where his monument appears as one of the wonders of the neighborhood.

But while the mansion in which these noble people lived is now untenanted, save by cheiroptera and the like, the great, square castle was used, curiously enough, for many years as a vicarage. Instead of a baron or a knight, served by retainers clad in mail and armed with swords, the great fortress then became the home of the parson of the town. It is a strange place for a parish priest to find himself in, and unless he were possessed of means far beyond those afforded by the poor living of Bolsover, he must have found it difficult to keep the property in anything like decent style. There are ghosts thereabouts, too, I am sure; though as ghosts never trouble clergymen or other good folks, that is no serious inconvenience. Perhaps, on the other hand, a clergyman amid such surroundings would trouble himself but little about things and people from the unseen world. Certainly, life here is now quiet enough—a sort of St. Martin summer-time: tranquil, hazy, dull and beautiful. Next to watching the clouds creeping up the hillside, the greatest excitement—provided the parson is not troubled with overmuch interest in higher criticism—is chasing through, say, the Star Chamber, some black or brown descendant of the ancient Norman beetles; and a noble room that Star Chamber is for the purpose. The ceiling is painted blue and dotted with gold stars, to represent the night sky; only, as the gilding and colors have faded, the spectator must imagine that a thin fog has arisen, through which the heavenly bodies shine but dimly. On the walls are representations of twelve Roman emperors, sombre rather, but then they were sombre individuals. The fireplace is superb, and there is a collection of odds and ends well worth seeing. Another interesting apartment is the "Pillar-parlor," so called because a stone shaft rises from the middle of the floor and supports the arched roof. The walls are wainscoted and are adorned with some indifferent paintings. Possibly the pictures are not quite as bad as the gas fixture, which, like a huge anachronism, hangs from the ceiling. The rooms are all small and variously furnished. Altogether,

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one may be thankful one has not to live there, though the family of the late Rev. John Hamilton Gray made it their home for more than fifty years. And it is pleasant to know that as that clergyman by his long incumbency had become part of the life of Bolsover, so, too, he left a name honored and respected. He was scholarly, genial and benevolent, and his kindly deeds, we are assured, have not faded from the memories of his parishioners.

The parson now lives in the vicarage near the church, and, therefore, he no longer hears of a dark night the weird noises, which either the winds or the dead make in the vaulted passages or the gloomy subterranean chambers. That is the portion of others less favored than he. A traveller to Bolsover some years ago tells how he was taken through the buildings by the old woman who with her husband then lived on the premises. She conducted the stranger to the cellars that are said to be the remains of the Norman keep. A chamber with a high vaulted roof was used as a kitchen, and an ancient stone passage connected it with a crypt; beneath this, she told him, there was a church, never opened since the days of Peveril. Their voices had a hollow sound, and their footsteps awakened echoes as if from a large empty space beneath; the servants, she said, were afraid to come down where they were, excepting by twos and threes, and she added—to quote the words as they are given in Mr. Joel Cook's excellent book on "England": "Many people have seen things here besides me; something bad has been done here, sir, and when they open that church below they'll find it out. Just where you stand by that door I have several times seen a lady and gentleman—only for a moment or two, for they come like a flash; when I have been sitting in the kitchen, not thinking of any such thing, they stood there—the gentleman with ruffles on, the lady with a scarf round her waist; I never believed in ghosts, but I have seen *them*. I am used to it now, and don't mind it, but we do not like the noises because they disturb us. Not long ago my husband, who comes here at night, and I could not sleep at all, and we thought at last that somebody had got shut up in the castle, for some children had been here that day; so we lit a candle and went all over it, but there was nothing, only the noises following us, and keeping on worse than ever after we left the rooms, though they stopped while we were in them."

Perhaps the good woman's story suggests well enough the dolesome and dreary depths of the old castle. It may be cheerful enough on the

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battlements when the sun is shining and the swallows twitter about the chimney pots, but few would care to spend the midnight in the dungeons where even the spider and the fly never come. Possibly the "ghost" may be nothing worse than a thin, hungry rat, yet a rat is not a pleasant companion by candlelight.

But we enter the little town itself. It has begun to feel the influence of modern life and progress, probably much to its material and social advantage, though quite as much to the regret of those who love the olden time, and dislike to see the customs of the fathers pass away. Good things are railways, schools, model cottages, and other improvements which the nineteenth century has brought forward with unsparing energy and unrivalled skill, but still one does not like to think of pit chimneys belching their smoke over the daisies and cowslips of Bolsover meadows, or of the engine mingling its shrill whistle with the song of blackbird or skylark. It will be right enough when we get used to it; only it takes a long time and a cruel, hard effort to tear from the hearts of the older folk the memory of the days when the sunshine fell pure and clear upon the rosebuds, and the brooks knew the gleam of the trout and the glory of the snow-white lily. Dawley water is clean enough now, but when the mine kennels and the shop gutters flow therein, some people, whose minds and souls can still think of and desire things other than the gross and material things which this age loves, will discern in the blackened stream an emblem of grief for the bygone days. To some extent these changes which are coming to Bolsover mean more bread and better homes for the poor; and no one can doubt that a cold and hungry man would rather have a bucket of coals or a Yarmouth herring, than a bunch of the most beautiful wild-flowers you could find on Bolsover hills. Nor is it to be questioned but that cleanliness, good food, well-arranged houses and sufficient clothing help considerably towards furthering intellectual development and securing spiritual freedom. Nobody can serve God aright or enjoy either art or literature, when pinched by poverty, and driven to the verge of desperation by the thousand and one evils which follow closely in the train of poverty. Moreover it is not work which troubles most people, but the want of it; and it is certain that commercial enterprise does provide employment whereby both man and woman, boy and girl, may get an honest livelihood, and live independent alike of the squire's charity and of the parson's generosity. I shall never believe it to be well for the villager, that he should exist chiefly as a specimen upon whom

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Bolsover Parish Church.

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godly rich people may exercise their gifts, and thereby advance their own salvation. Rather do I hold that he should be able to earn enough to pay his way, and to further his interests without fear or favor. Nay, I am radical enough to think that it would be nobler and better for the great men of the country to help him to do so, rather than to dole out to him at Christmas so many hundredweights of coal, and so many pounds of beef. Almsgiving is nice and commendable, but work-giving is far more beautiful, and far more to be desired. Therefore, I am glad to know that even Bolsover is beginning to feel the mighty and irresistible currents of modern progress. I would not, if I had the power, bid the throbbing cease which tells of greater life and of greater self-respect, if not of greater happiness, in the days near at hand. Nevertheless, I like better to look back upon the old, quiet life, and dream of fuchsias and geraniums in the cottage windows,—unspecked by soot and tended by hands more used to plucking weeds in the garden than to guiding the bobbins of the loom,—than anticipate dust flying in the air, and bells and whistles clanging and screaming, at morning, noon and night. So without any ill-will to the things that are coming fast, I shall say what I have to say of Bolsover as Bolsover was before her peace was broken by the hope of wealth and growth.

Fortunately the village has not gone so far ahead as to make it necessary to bring into play the full force of memory or of imagination. The present has not torn itself altogether from the past, and it may be questioned if there is another place of the same size in all England that has retained so much of its quaint antiquity. There are still streets where dogs lie in the sunshine and hens scratch for a living; and even in High Street and in the little square around which are the houses of some of the principal folk of the place, people saunter along as leisurely as though time were no consideration, and seem to be as free from all interest in the anxieties of the great world outside as even Mr. Ruskin would have them. There was a time when the town had a consequence which it has long since lost. Few places were more famous for the manufacture of spurs and buckles, and until the Bolsover craftsmen made known the secret whereby they could convey a high polish to the malleable iron, good promise was there of a Sheffield among the Derbyshire hills. So skilfully was the work done, that it is said the wheels of a loaded cart might pass over a Bolsover spur or bit, and it would retain its shape and elasticity. Then was Bolsover a market town, and probably had a

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population exceeding that which it now has. But the trade passed away and the glory the place enjoyed five centuries agone departed, and without either commercial enterprise or political excitement the village became solely an agricultural centre, the resort of yeomen, husbandmen, carters and shepherds. As the land hereabouts is remarkably fertile and rents have been always reasonable, farming has flourished without let or hindrance; and, as everybody knows, farming implies, besides a knowledge of nature and a conservatism of thought and habit, good health, sturdy independence, dogged perseverance, with some shrewdness and not a little dullness. The people are, indeed, more akin to the keen, practical Yorkshireman than to the softer and more genial inhabitants of the southern counties. They are rather Scandinavian than Saxon, more Norse than English; and therefore do they possess a forcefulness, a clear determination, a rude, straightforward way of putting things and a calm, unexcitable cautiousness, which, to say the least, are not as common on the sunny side of the Trent. Their carefulness and thrift are to be considered beside their hospitality and friendliness. It may take some time to get into the heart of one of these Northern folk, but when you once get in you stay there. And he who has had a muggin of home-brewed or a cup of milk at the hands of one of the bonny lasses which you may see any day on a Derbyshire farm, will be thankful that Bolsover gave up making gear for horses, and took to growing barley and rearing sheep and oxen.

The plain-speaking and naive simplicity, combined with discretion, common among these people, are illustrated in two or three stories, which have not been told so often but that they will be new to my reader. A north-countryman went to London, and when there visited one of those stores, such as the Bon Marche in Paris or Mr. Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, where next to everything is sold. Robin was much pleased with the place, and at last he asked the shopman, "What diz ta keep here?" "Oh! everything," replied the man. Robin came from the shire whose edge almost touches Bolsover on the north; but he was of the same species as are the folk you meet here at the "Swan," and he answered, "Ah dean't think thoo diz; hes ta onny coo-tah nobs?" The shopman had never heard of a coo-tah nob, and possibly my reader does not know that it is the piece of wood which secures the "tie" for the legs of cows when being milked. Another northern man, elderly in years, had married and lost three wives. It was rumored that he was

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about to enter for the fourth time into wedlock; but to that he said, "Naay, nut ah; what wi' marryin' on 'em an' what wi' burryin' on 'em, it's ower expensive. Ah can't affo'd it nae mair."

A Sheffield lawyer—author of a most interesting *brochure* on Derbyshire—says that he was once coming towards his native town in a market coach, when at one of the villages the coach took up a number of Derbyshire housewives with their baskets of butter covered with snowy napkins—and some laden with cherries and currants—until all the room became pretty well occupied. A little further on another market-woman presented herself, laden with a basket of fruit. She was stout and elderly, and neither she nor her basket could be stowed away in a corner. Still, she was a friend and a neighbor, and could not be left behind. So one called out cheerily, "Come, Biddy, hand up your basket and then get up yersel' and we'll mak' room for you somehow." Up went the basket, and afterwards the old lady herself was landed. An attempt was made by squeezing closely together to find a seat. "Come, Biddy, try and sit you here, and then you shall tak' your basket." The good woman, however, took a general survey, and observing that the lawyer's knees were the only ones unoccupied, replied, "Nay, thank ye, I'll sit uppa t' mester's knee!" Her weight was about thirteen stone—182 pounds. Fortunately the neighbors persuaded her that the plan was not quite the thing, and other arrangements were made.

Two other stories, told by this self-same solicitor, ought not to be forgotten. Derbyshire parsons are sometimes as plain spoken as their parishioners. One of them was reading in the Second Lesson the parable of the Supper from which the invited guests all made excuses, when he came to the passage, "I have bought a piece of land, and I must needs go and see it." "Ah!" said he, "here's a pretty fool for you, to go and buy a close of land he'd never seen in his life." All ministers, however, do not make things as clear as did this divine. A Methodist preacher evidently did not. After some time spent in one district he was removed to another, and some years later returned to his former charge to enjoy part of his holidays. Calling at a farm-house, the inmates of which had formerly been members of his flock, he found the good wife at home, and after a few personal inquiries, asked, "Well, and how is James?"—meaning the master. "Ah! maybe ye've not heeard, then?" said the good wife, looking very serious. "Oh! I hope nothing has happened," said the minister." "Yea," replied she, wiping her eyes with the corner

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of her apron, "since you left he's gone to Beelzebub's bosom." "No, no, Mary, you've got the wrong word." "Well," she said, "it's one of them Greek names—you understand 'em better nor I do."

At the beginning of this century timepieces were not as well known in country houses as they are now. A farmer, however, had purchased and brought home a clock; and one day a neighbor's wife went in to ask what time it was by the new clock. The good wife of the house replied, "Well, I canna tell you correctly, for I dunna reightly underston the thing myself; but I'll tell you what, if you'll just sit you down a bit and wait till you hear it *smite*, and then count, ye'll kno' t'reight time." This was at Stoney Middleton, a few miles from Bakewell, a place famous for a church, so the guide-books say, which is a model of ugliness. "It is octagonal in all its parts except the short square tower which in connection with the rest of the building looks rather like the head of a cat, the eight-sided sort of lantern which rises to a greater height from the body of the church behind representing the back of the same animal in an irritated frame of mind." Plenty of similar stories abound, but these must suffice for this purpose.

It is difficult for the stranger to detect and express the peculiarities of the dialect common, not only in the neighborhood of Bolsover, but also throughout the more remote parts of the shire. I gathered many illustrations, but I fear to venture on giving them to my reader; and instead thereof I transcribe the following specimen from Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words." The leading feature of the dialect is its broad pronunciation. Perhaps some will find pleasant suggestions of old words, phrases and customs here and there in this example:

A Dialogue Between Farmer Bennet and Tummus Lide.

Farmer Bennet: Tummus, why dunner yo mend meh shoom?

Tummus Lide: Becoz, mester, 'tis zo cood, I conner work wee the tachin at aw. I've brockn it ten times. I'm shur to de—it freezes zo hard. Why, Hester hung out a smock-frock to dry, an in three minits it wor frozzen as stiff as a proker, an I conner afford to keep a good fire; I wish I cud. I'd soon mend yore shoon, and uthers tow. I'd soon yarn sum munney, I warrant ye. Conner yo find sum work for m', mester, these hard times? I'll doo onnythink to addle a penny. I con thresh—I con split wood—I con mak spars—I con thack. I con skower a dike, an I con trench tow, but it freezes zo hard. I con winner—I con fother, or milk, if there be need on't. I woodner mind drivin plow or onnythink.

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Farmer B.: I hanner got nothin for ye to doo, Tummus; but Mester Boord towd me jist now that they wor gooin to winner, an that they shud want sumbody to help 'em.

Tummus L.: O, I'm glad on't. I'll run oor an zee whether I con help 'em; bur I hanner bin weein the threshold ov Mester Boord's doer for a nation time, becoz I thoot Misses didner use Hester well; bur I dunner bear malice, an zo I'll goo.

Farmer B.: What did Mrs. Boord za or doo to Hester then?

Tummus L.: Why, Hester may be wor summut to blame too; for her were one on 'em, de ye zee, that jawd Skimmerton,—the make-jam that frunted zum o'the gentefook. They said 'twar time to dun wee sich litter, or sich stuff, or I dunner know what they cawd it; but they war frunted wee Hester bout it; an I said, if they wor frunted wee Hester, they mid be frunted wee mee. This set misses's back up, an Hester hanner bin a charrin there sin. But 'tis no use to bear malice: an zo I'll go oor, and zee which we the winde blows.

The School Board and the Railway are making quick work with dialects, and before many years, unless Providence mercifully intervenes, we shall all speak English after one fashion—dull, monotonous and featureless. But there are still plenty of people living who speak exactly as Farmer Bennet and Thomas Lide spoke; and many more who can remember both the words used and the manners indicated by them. Even my reader who has never heard the dialect will not, I trust, fail to appreciate the humor which here and there crops out.

We leave the castle by the gate, and entering Castle Lane, pass the National School Buildings, and turn into High Street. That thoroughfare has changed but little in the past fifty years, and, therefore, presents a good, and withal a pleasant, picture of old Bolsover. Changes have come more to the people than to the houses: the sons have taken the fathers' places, and the cottages have gathered further darkening from age and sunshine or storm. And were a native of the town, who had known it, say, half a century since, to come back again, he could easily recognize the landmarks and the footprints as still fresh with associations and rich with memories. For instance, here on our right hand yet stand the house and the garden where once lived Brooks, the stone-mason, and there across the way was the little grocer-shop kept by Thomas Wall, who not only sold sugar and tea—the former with that rich brown color now almost forgotten, and the latter done up in packages and labelled Black, Mixed or Green—but he also drove a carrier's cart once a week to Mans-

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field; and many a pleasantry could be told in which "Old Tommy" had a part. Next door but one to the grocer's place was the home of Mr. John Bennett, the prosperous shoemaker of the town, and the principal man in the Wesleyan Chapel there. He had a little shop up a court close by, which shop adjoined the garden at the back of his house; later his family and his business were removed to the other side of the street. Five-and-forty or more years ago the old shop was the resort, not only of those concerned in boots and shoes, but also of many who desired to talk over with Mr. Bennett matters of even greater importance. For he was a good man in the best sense of the term—honest-dealing, straightforward, pious and bright-minded; and though he has been long in his grave, yet the counsels he gave and the lessons he taught, both by word and by example, are still bearing fruit in many lives. Only a few steps further on is the gate which opens into the passage-way leading up to the old Independent Chapel. You may have gathered from these pages, and from similar pages which I have from time to time written, that my sympathy, indeed, kind reader, my whole nature, flow strongly away from anything that savors of division in the Church of Christ. I am a churchman through and through; but my churchmanship is not of such a quality that I can see no good outside of Anglicanism, or condemn wholesale those who honestly and conscientiously refuse to hold some principles which to me are scarcely of less consequence than the foundation doctrines of Christianity. And if there be a place of worship in England not connected with the Church of England, of which I think kindly, it is this old chapel in Bolsover. This is partly because I have a very dear friend whose early Christian training was obtained there, and, therefore, I know something of the kind of people brought up within its walls, and partly because the building has a history. It is said to be the oldest nonconformist place of worship in Derbyshire, having been built in the year 1662.

There was a young man, Thomas Secker by name, who, in 1716, sought for its pulpit. He was unsuccessful, possibly not being thought of sufficient ability, but he went into the Church of England, and nineteen years later was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, and eventually became Archbishop of Canterbury. He wrote a book on the Catechism, which I read when a boy, but its contents are not as fresh to me now as is the fact that in his last illness the Archbishop's bones became brittle as chalk, so that his legs could not be moved without breaking them. In the croft next to the chapel the annual feast used to be held, and the

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little Independents drank milk, ate buns and played games with an avidity even greater than that with which their elders sang hymns and discussed theology. This croft belonged to the Pearces—one of the most influential of the Bolsover families. The large three-story house across the street, with the stable, malt room and other farm buildings, belonged to them; also the barn and stockyard beyond the cottages and the house where Mr. Shacklock kept his school. There are other houses, barns or cottages which belonged to farmers or laborers, some of them very old, as may be supposed from their brown and grey walls, little windows and thatched roofs. The Blue Bell Inn is one of the oldest taverns in the town, and merrily and wholesomely was it kept when old Mr. Bond was alive. Here and there courts and lanes lead either to gardens or to the country or to other parts of the town, each having something about it that awakens the memories of the past, and even interests strangers who care nothing for a place they had never before seen. And outside of some of the cottage doors are still standing, beside the scraper, the upturned bucket and the birch broom, while hanging to a nail above is the round wicker cage in which magpie, daw or starling feeds on mice or hempseed, and becomes excited at passers-by. The church is at the end of the street, but we will go there by-and-bye.

In the meanwhile we turn out of High Street into a narrower thoroughfare called, if I remember right, Cotton Street, and find our way into the upper market place or square. A cross standing out in the roadway reminds us of days when Englishmen were not afraid to have the signs of religion in the midst of their common life. Not far off is the Anchor Inn, once kept by a tall and stately man named Carter. In the same neighborhood is another widening of the street, which is also called a square, and in which appears the "Swan"—the inn for which Bolsover is almost famous.

And now let us go together, gentle reader, you and I, into that old house, a picture of which you will find in this book; and allow me to say that the water-color from which my sketch is taken, is the only representation of the house in existence. If you were to search the country through you would not find a more typical old-fashioned village hostelry; and much as the stranger may delight in the "Green Man" at Ashbourne, and in the "Peacock" at Rowsley, he will not quite understand the tavern-life of olden times till he has seen and studied the "Swan" at Bolsover. It has latticed windows and "ceilings blackened

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by the hand of time, and heavy with beams;" and one of those beams is carved most curiously, and some people say is as much worth seeing as anything in the old castle. There is an air of comfort and antiquity in the low, clean and neatly furnished rooms; and if you fear not the aroma of tobacco and ale, you will find that the tap-room or kitchen is the very place for high cheer and good company. The floors look as though every day scrubbed and whitened with bath-brick. Perhaps upstairs the looking-glasses have about them too many evidences of age, but some wiseacre has declared that vanity is the only fruit of toilet-lucubrations; and, therefore, it would be well if ladies arranged their tresses by the well-side, as country-women did when this inn was built. As to men, in old times, they either wore wigs or had somebody else comb their hair for them. But the beds, downy, soft, billowy, sweet, are superb. All travellers agree on that point. And also on the good quality and the free quantity of the refreshments. Who can doubt the potency of the ale, when it is of the kind Cherry's father sold at Lichfield? While as to the landlady's skill, many a guest has felt like making the words of an old playwright his own: "I did voraciously admire her prodigious knack of making cheese cakes, tarts, custards and syllabubs."

I wish that I could tell you of some of the merry souls who have tapped their pewter mugs on the deal tables of this inn. Generation after generation of the village fathers have gathered here; and in the great room club-dinners, tithe suppers, and even balls, have been given year by year for longer than men can now remember. Among the characters, however, who used to come into the tap-room and warm his hands at the blazing fire, was old John Whittaker, dead and gone now many a long day. He was blind, and made his livelihood by selling nuts and oranges; but few men hereabouts had clearer conceptions of things or knew better what was going on in the world. He was a centre of intellectual interest in the town. How he gathered and digested his information was a wonder. It was verily here a little and there a little—a scrap from this cottage door, and a bit from that passer-by. He wandered over the country-side from farm to farm and inn to inn, everywhere welcomed, because everywhere known, respected and liked. And people went to him for advice, and in return bought his little stock, and sought to make his heart bright, though his eyes saw not the bloom of the briar or the drift of the snow. There were others, too, farmers, trades-folk and laborers, each with his own individuality, some liked and some disliked,

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Swan Inn, Bolsover.

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but all fulfilling the purpose of their life and fitting into the social economy.

At this old inn used to be held every three weeks a Copyhold Court, when the steward of the Lord of the Manor met the tenants and others, and settled such matters as were within his jurisdiction. All the land of the parish is copyhold, and the greater part of it belongs to the Duke of Portland. The market day was Friday, as far back as the year 1225, but Bolsover ceased to be a market town about the middle of the seventeenth century; and for many years some of the fairs and mops anciently held here have been discontinued. But the Feast Week, beginning on the Sunday nearest to St. Laurence's Day, August 10, is still observed, and in it comes the annual horticultural show. A fair is also held in April and in October. On these occasions Bolsover becomes unusually lively, and hilarity and goodfellowship prevail as well in the taverns and streets as in the cottages. Neighbors from the country and from villages and towns round about come in—farmers and their wives and daughters, stout and rosy, well-favored, as the old writers would have called them, and as the fresh air and good living of Derbyshire make them—and with them people of humbler circumstances, the work-folk and peasants, whose fathers generation after generation shod horses at the same forge or ploughed the same fields. Needless to say that at such times the "Swan" appears in its glory. And though smock-frocks and hob-nails are fast disappearing, and people eat less bacon and drink less ale than they formerly did, yet there is fun enough and noise enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of the mirthful and hospitable old times. The fiddler still makes merry melody, and the young folks dance till the clock tells the hour of closing and home-going. Cheap John, too, displays his wares in the market-place, and, amid the spluttering of paraffin and the rattling of carts and tongues, gives to a Sheffield knife or a Brummagem brush qualities far beyond anything that rigid integrity justifies. But as he comes year after year and sells goods to the same people, it is evident that his exaggerations are either condoned or forgotten. And, after all, some of these travelling showmen are better at heart than their words or their coats would indicate. There are boys who have bought from them puppies and mice, offspring of some dog or some mouse that has been trained to perform wonderful feats, and though the hopes that the little brute would grow up as wise and clever as its parents are seldom fulfilled, yet no lad ever complains that his pet has disappointed him. He believes there is

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good in the creature, and he will train him diligently and lovingly; and possibly dream of the days when, school over and business begun, he may exhibit his workmanship at neighboring fairs, and thus turn over an honest penny.

And if you could only go into one of the shows that are brought to the fair, you would see wonders that go far beyond anything that an Italian relic chamber contains, which is saying a great deal. Rarely is the booth absent in which are exhibited the biggest woman and the tiniest full-grown man that the world has ever known; giants and Tom Thumbs, with their children, who can perform the most marvellous feats, and who have been the admiration of all the crowned heads of Europe. There are sure, also, to be a whale's mouth and some lions' teeth, about which the showman will tell outrageous stories, not hesitating to declare his willingness to make an affidavit before any magistrate in the country that this was the very whale's mouth into which he one day chanced to fall, when he would have been swallowed alive, only, as he began to choke the monster, he was ejected, and, after several hours swimming in the great sea, was picked up by a boat engaged in keeping icebergs from knocking against the cliffs of Old England. As to the lions' teeth, he will swear with equal haste and honesty that one of them belonged to the generous animal which was tamed by Androcles, which same animal, in a fit of forgetfulness, and being perhaps provoked at some tricks played on him, once bit the showman on the calf of the leg,—and if any gentleman in the company doubts that, he has only to step inside the booth, and he will show him the marks, as red and blue now as they were when inflicted, and as they will be on the day of his death. As he tells these tales the peoples' mouths open wide, their eyes dilate and they are convinced that the world has more wonderful things in it than calves born with two heads or sheep yeaned with six legs. Joe Miller tells of a keeper of such a museum who showed the very sword with which Balaam was about to kill the ass; but he was interrupted by one of the visitors, who reminded him that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "True, sir," replied the ready-witted cicerone; "but this is the very sword he wished for." My reader will not need me to give the name of the genial Master who repeats this story with much merriment and appreciation.

And there are racing, jumping and skittle-playing. The shooting-gallery and the roundabout keep up a brisk business through the livelong

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day. The barrel-organs grind out incessantly their ancient and well-worn melodies; while here, in one corner, is a huge tub in which the boys strive to catch with open mouth apples or oranges floating on the water, and yonder is a platform with a rope stretched across, to which rope buns dipped in treacle are attached by long pieces of string. No merrier sight is there than to see half a dozen country lads trying to seize with their teeth these cakes dripping with sticky sweetness. Once in a while someone boasts of having accomplished this exploit, or others of like difficulty, and then the neighbors cry "Elden Hole wants filling!"

In earlier times might have been seen at these gatherings the stewards, butlers and serving-men of the country gentry, bent on frolic and sport. Big folks were they, and much feared and envied by the villagers. Perhaps their abilities deserved respect; certainly the running footmen could do as great marvels as the most agile athlete of the present day, and were in their way as skilful as the men who drew the bow in the greenwood or cast the quoit beneath the elms. Mary Howitt preserves in one of her books the legend of the servitor belonging to Sir John Manners —the same Manners who married Dorothy Vernon—who in one night ran from Haddon Hall to Bolsover and back again. The distance is not far short of one hundred miles, and the runner was slight in figure and scarcely twenty years old. It was evening when Sir John gave him a letter with orders to set out at daybreak for Bolsover, and lose no time either in going or in returning. The next morning Sir John arose betimes; and being impatient for his reply, went into the kitchen to inquire at what hour the youth had set forth. Before, however, he could ask any questions, he saw his dilatory messenger, as he supposed him to be, sitting on a wooden bench, with his head leaning on one of the large tables, fast asleep. The sight enraged him, for he instantly supposed that the youth had not yet set out, and with the riding-whip which he happened to have in his hand, he began to beat him unmercifully, for people were often neither merciful nor gentle in those days, and with every cut he gave him he abused him for his laziness and neglect of duty. The boy, thus rudely disturbed, started up. "Villain!" exclaimed Sir John, "why have you not done my bidding?" "I have been to Bolsover and back!" said the youth. "You said that the letter needed diligence, and diligence I have used." Sir John did not believe this; and thinking it merely an excuse, became still more angry. "Have patience with me, my master!" besought the youth, "and behold the proof of my diligence;" and so

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saying, he sprang upon the table, out of the reach of his master's whip, and held aloft the sealed reply of the Master of Bolsover. Sir John was, of course, delighted, and recompensed the lad with a piece of gold for the blows he had received. Then it came out that he had spent the night in performing the squire's will.

See these children, ruddy and sturdy, running after the yellow butterflies! Where could you find healthier or more promising boys and girls? Verily, they seem to have caught the twinkling of the stars in their eyes and the warmth of sunbeams in their cheeks. They remind me of two little chips I know, one four years old and the other only a year younger, plump, sweet rosebuds, such as you do not see every day. One is called Lucie and the other Grace. Like other children, they sometimes get into mischief. One day, when alone, they had the rare fun of mixing cherry tooth-paste and glycerin-soap into a pie for dolly. This was a forbidden pastime, and they had to be punished. Lucie came in for the chastisement first, and while it was being administered, much to their mother's perplexity, and, perhaps, amusement, Grace, replete with the wisdom of three years, said very soothingly and encouragingly, "Lucie, dear, don't cry for spite!" Not long after this their mother had to leave them, and when she kissed them good-bye, Grace exclaimed, "Why, mother, you are crying!" Mother said she had a little dust in her eyes. In a minute our little lassie observed, "I think I have some dust in my eyes also!" She was not to be outdone. It is pleasant to recall such bits of sunshine when under the shadow of that great frowning castle and in these strange, old-fashioned streets. And these Bolsover children romp and run as though grim barons and mailed warriors, or even clowns and showmen, had never walked these thoroughfares or listened to tavern-songs.

One other place in Bolsover, and we will hie back again to the world. The Parish Church, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Lawrence, stands in the yard at the far end of High Street. The present structure was built about seven hundred years ago, and though it has been restored, yet the outlines of the old building remain, and some fragments of the still earlier edifice may be recognized. On this site stood the first Christian church erected in Bolsover, about the year 656; and before that time, tradition affirms, there was on the same spot a Druid Temple. Possibly, therefore, for thousands of years these sacred precincts have witnessed the devotions of men; and certainly, for well nigh fourteen centuries, people have here sung *Te Deum* and said *Our Father*. The building, however, is not of

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rare beauty or of peculiar interest. But it contains some monuments of the Cavendish family, which never fail to attract the stranger and to convince the native that, take one thing with another, there is no place like Bolsover—in which opinion, though in a somewhat different sense, I agree with him. Had I not said so much about tombs elsewhere, I would say more of these really imposing and worthy pieces of work; as it is I shall content myself with giving the following inscription from the monument of Sir Charles Cavendish, who died in 1617.

CHARLES CAVENDISH TO HIS SONS.

Sonnes, seek me not among these polish'd stones,
These only hide part of my flesh and bones;
Which did they here so neat and proudly dwell,
Will all be dust, and may not make me swell.

Let such as have outliv'd all praise,
Trust in the tombes their careful friends do raise;
I made my life my monument, and yours,
To which there's no material that endures;

Nor yet inscription like it. Write but that
And teach your nephews it to emulate;
It will be matter loude enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I liv'd—Farewell!

HIS POSTERITIE OF HIM TO STRANGERS.

Charles Cavendish was a man whom
Knowledge, zeal, sincerity, made religious;
Experience, discretion, courage made valiant;
Reading, conference, judgment, made learned;
Religion, valour, learning, made wise;
Birth, merit, favour, made noble;
Respect, meanes, charitie, made bountiful;
Equitie, conscience, office, made just;
Nobilitie, bountie, justice, made honourable;
Counsell, ayde, secrecie, made a trustie friende;
Love, truth, constancie, made a kind husband;
Affection, advice, care, made a loving father;
Friends, wife, sonnes, made content;
Wisdom, honour, content, made happy.

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From which happiness he was translated to the better on the 4th April, 1617, yet not without the sad and weeping remembrance of his sorrowful Lady, Katherine; second daughter to Cuthbert, Lord Ogle, and sister to Jane, present Countess of Shrewsbury. She, of her piety, with her two surviving sons, have dedicated this humble monument to his memory, and do all desire, in their time, to be gathered to his dust, expecting the happy hour of resurrection, when these garments here puttingioff shall be put on glorified.

Sir Charles deserved the high praise given him, but the information given in the latter part of the inscription, of the dignity, piety and desire of his widow, somehow or other reminds me of an epitaph which is said to be in a cemetery in the environs of Paris: "Here lies Madame N——, wife of M. N——, master blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

The oldest memorial in the church dates from 1310. Outside the following lines may be found on grave-stones. They have the usual quaintness common to epitaphs written in old time:

Here lies, in an horizontal position, the outside case of Thomas Hinde, clock and watch maker, who departed this life, wound up, in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set going in the world to come.

Blame not my faults
When I am gone,
But look within
And see your own.

A father kind, a mother dear,
A faithful pair lies buried here;
Free from malice, void of pride,
So they lived, and so they died.

I left this world at twenty-two,
And my sweet babes behind,
My husband he left them and me,
To us he was unkind.
Mercy shew, and pity take,
And love my children for my sake.

Once I was stout and bold,
But at length my Bell was tol'd;
Seven children I have left behind,
And in this yard have buried five.

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Angel of the Resurrection.

(Altar-picture in Church at Molde, Norway.)

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One smiles at epitaphs such as these—not unkindly or even irreverently, I hope. They are odd, but they also tell of affection and sympathy. Tears were shed and hearts trembled beside these graves over which the village poet exercised his art. And the friends, you may be sure, were entirely unconscious of any suggestion of impropriety in those rhymes. On the contrary, they probably thought them most excellent; and though, so far as art goes, too often the rhythm and the rhyme are bad and the thought is grotesque, yet once in a while a bit of better work appears, as in an inscription in Selstone Churchyard—a village about half-way between Bolsover and Nottingham; the date is 1798:

> Involved in dust here lies the last remains
> Of him who firmly bore life's lingering frames;
> A much-loved husband and a friend sincere,
> Courteous to all, and to his children dear.

And when one thinks of these "untold sorrows" which these country churchyards have witnessed, and before one's eye, as in a picture, comes the spectacle of weeping women and stalwart, pale-faced men, standing beside the body of their loved one wrapt in the winding-sheet and about to be laid into the earth, one remembers with delight the hold which the doctrine of the Resurrection had upon these people. They never doubted that the one whose last hours on earth they had sought to brighten was at rest with God, and would again stand upon the earth. They felt the force and the tenderness of the words which are ever said beside English graves: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed." The soul of the dear one who lay before them was not merely taken out of the world—that is a cold and lifeless expression—but it was by God's own hands taken unto Himself: to endless felicity, and in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life. So the widow and the orphan saw the earth cast upon the body of their dead, and with their simple, steadfast faith wrestled hopefully and nobly against the grief that had entered into their heart, and addressed themselves to the duties which still remained with them. The dead would live again: so spring brought back the flowers, and so the angel of the Resurrection told the women who came weeping to the grave of their Lord.

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Yes, life in these villages and farms is full of quiet interest. I am not sure that the people here, say, in Bolsover or the neighborhood, appreciate their freedom from the turmoil and tumult of the world—one rarely is so satisfied with one's present condition as to realize its charm or to know its worth,—but they who have wandered over the earth, and have sipped its many pleasures, know that no life is happier and no joy is greater than the life and the joy one may find in places such as this. Derbyshire is not behind the other counties of England in those beauties and graces which give pre-eminence to the people and things of the English countryside. The religious habits of the agriculturists and village-folk generally delight the stranger. On every side rises the church tower, reminding men of the stability of the truth, or the church spire pointing them upward to the better land. The bells, with their sweet melody flowing over hill and dale, meadow, orchard, stream and wood, call the people to the place where they may worship their God and hear of the things that pertain to their peace. Whether in the mansion or the cottage, religion is respected and piety is an honored guest. On the walls of the latter hang the samplers wrought by girlish hands long ago, and bearing mottoes such as this:

> The loss of time is much, the loss of grace is more;
> The loss of Christ is such as nothing can restore.

There the aged dame will cease her knitting and put on her spectacles to read, not the newspaper or the novel, but the word of inspiration; and, in the dull eventide, the ancient sire will snuff the dim-burning candle that he may the better read once more last Sunday's text. For the scanty meal the peasant thanks his God, and ere he lays himself to rest he prays the Lord to forgive him his trespasses and to lighten his darkness. And though the floor be paved with stones, and the rooms hung with prints long since out of date, and the furniture rude and rough, yet the honest people who live there go on from day to day happy in the thought that after England comes heaven, and perchance in heaven there may be not only golden streets, but also flower-strewn fields and crystal streams and chiming bells, hills covered with the yellow furze and valleys filled with green wood.

Let me illustrate this life somewhat, and, leaving Bolsover, let us wander through any of the hamlets hereabouts. A drive across the country at this time of year is to be desired, and, as we pass by farmhouse after farmhouse, we begin to recall the ways and words of the folk who till the land and tend the sheep. I will give you from life a sketch of a man

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I once knew—so well, indeed, that I speak of him as though he were still living, and were standing before me.

He is a farmer, and when not spoken of in legal documents or found in the market town, he is addressed and known as Uncle Israel. His wealth is considerable, but, having no ancestry worth speaking of and never having visited the city, he is plain in his habits and simple in his ideas. There is no unnecessary display of learning in his family. The children, six of them, the oldest twenty and the youngest twelve years of age, know their catechism and the multiplication table, and one of them can recite in order the names of the twelve minor prophets. He is looked upon as a prodigy, and every Sunday morning, Sammy, for that is his name, finds and marks the psalms and collect for the day in the prayer-books used by his mother, brothers and sister; his father, being a Churchman of the old school, finding his own places. On returning home after service he reads the text out of the big Bible to grandmother, who, after remarking that she does not remember that passage, begs him to put a cross opposite it, so that she may look at it again at her leisure. Then she tells the oft-repeated story of Parson Evans, who, when she was only eight years old, now sixty odd years since, patted her on the head and gave her sixpence for repeating a verse which she has long since forgotten; "and," adds she, with a smile that is worth many a sixpence to see, "I saved it for a twelvemonth, and then gave threepence to the missionaries and with the rest bought a red sash."

It is delightful to see the devotion which Uncle Israel has instilled in his young people. They attend family prayers every sunrise and every sunset; their deportment at church is most laudable, the interest in the singing having been increased since Sammy joined the choir; and when they meet the parson or the squire they yield them that respect which is their due. Uncle Israel himself never wears his hat in the presence of a clergyman, except in rainy weather, when he is afraid of taking cold. Being a man of sense, he has set apart a retired spot within a clump of elms, about three hundred yards from the house, where disputes and quarrels between the boys can be settled by an appeal to those arms which nature has provided, and where in case of necessity he can himself administer punishment at his leisure and convenience. The result of this arrangement is to make black eyes and bruised noses rather common, but Uncle Israel gives no notice to them unless formal complaint is presented; then he takes the owner of the disfigurements out to the place of chastisement, and adds a sound flagellation for having suffered himself to be beaten. "I want my

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boys," he observes, "to be brought up to fear their betters, and to defend their country."

Four or five times a year Uncle Israel drives into the neighboring market-town, and after discharging his debts and buying some trinket for his daughter, Sally, and her mother, and the latest city newspaper for the granddame, he proceeds with a few old acquaintances to the "George," where he dines and gets very jolly, and it is to be feared very drunk. About eleven o'clock in the evening he is driven home and put to bed, his wife thanking God that it only happens five times a year, and his mother remarking that boys will be boys, and that many a man goes off every night of his life. The way that Uncle Israel attends to work next day shows the depth of his repentance, and the extent of his headache. This is the only shortcoming that can fairly be brought against him; though, to be sure, when he takes horses into his meadow to graze, he always charges more for long-tailed ones than short, for the reason that the latter having to brush away the flies cannot eat as much.

He tells an amusing legend of having many years ago wheeled his landlord, Sir George, from a club-supper in Woolston, where politics and punch had been too much for the county member; and his hearers never fail to smile when he describes how, in a dark path in the park, the game-keeper intercepted them, and, tumbling him into the barrow beside the squire, wheeled them both off to the lodge and locked them in the out-house for the night, swearing that in the morning he would take them before his worship. "When morning came," says Uncle Israel, "and the keeper found that it was Sir George himself, he began to shiver, but Sir George, like a gentleman, gave him a sovereign and told him not to say anything about it."

It is curious to see how in this family the day passes. Long before the sun rises, almost as soon as the barnyard cock begins to crow, the boys are called up, and in a few minutes are heard the crackling of the faggots on the hearth, the barking of dogs and the lowing of cattle. When the old gentleman comes down, the pails are full of smoking milk and the morning beams are shining across the fields, through the poplars and into the breakfast-room. Then come prayers and porridge, with a fried egg for grandmother and a mug of cider for Uncle Israel and the eldest boy; the others drink milk. Breakfast over, the yeoman's good wife and one of the maids go to the dairy to skim the milk, and by-and-by to make up the butter, which two of the boys are churning, and Uncle Israel proceeds to the stables to see that the horses are being properly

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cleaned and fed. On Joe's pointing out to him a cut on the brown mare's knee, he gets and applies an ointment, Joe in the meanwhile telling him that a fox has stolen three hens and a duck, and that "Fan" has a litter of five pups. Then grandmother persuades him to sell one of the cows, and to have new thatch put on the barn. About ten o'clock he rides over to the "Long Meadow" to learn if the sheep are all right, and afterwards to a field beyond, where some men are ploughing. He gives a boy two or three touches of his whip for breaking a sapling out of a hedge, and calls on Widow Taylor with some fresh lotion for her eye, and a chicken for her dinner. On his way home he meets a neighbor, and the two agree that the weather is pleasant for the time of year, and that market-prices are uncertain.

At dinner grandmother relates some of her reminiscences, much to the amusement of the boys who have heard the stories before and know them by heart ; but they respect the old lady, and rather like to hear of the good times when every man was an Adam, and every woman an Eve, and the world was an Eden.

The parson sometimes calls in the afternoon, and, after examining the children in the catechism and hearing Sammy sing a stave or two, he goes to see Daniel's new tumbler-pigeons, Sally's garden of pinks and sweet-williams, Joe's colt and the peafowl, rabbits, guinea-pigs and cricket-bats belonging to the other boys. Then he sits down to a glass of home-brewed with Uncle Israel.

The lengthening shadows bring the day to an end, and when the night-mists rise, all is still at the old farm, and its folk sleep the sleep of the peaceful and the wearied.

Once in a while, and not a long while either, Uncle Israel devotes the evening to a family and neighborly merry-making. The squire's game-keeper, who is a fair musician, is always there with his fiddle, and he and the parish clerk are fun-creators sufficient for any company. A sprinkling of spinsters and swains makes the house lively. Prayers are said as usual and an evening hymn is sung, the gamekeeper, who is also first bass in the village choir, playing the accompaniment on the violin. Nor are the devotions shortened because of the impending festivities, for, as Uncle Israel says to his guests, as he puts on his spectacles and opens the Bible, "the service of God should never be neglected nor hurried over, not even for business, much less for pleasure." Then the amusements begin with whist for the old folks and dances for the young ones. By-and-by all join in "Blind-man's-buff," the favorite game of the evening, and it is

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delightful to see how nimbly and heartily grandmother takes her part. Some songs with ringing choruses are sung, and one or two stories are told. About midnight the company disperses and the family retires.

I venture this illustration of country life, not only for those features of it which to some will appear curious, but also for the character of Uncle Israel. Such as he are becoming rarer every day. He has dreams, but making a fortune or retiring from work are not among them. He will die in the house in which he was born, and will look after the farm till the last sickness comes upon him. After a life well spent he will be buried beside his fathers, and Joe will take up the family work and the family honor, and Joe will be, I have no doubt, as true and as good a man as Uncle Israel has proved himself to be.

A story, and we must leave these good people. It reveals something about Joe, which now is admitted to be a fact. His favorite pastime, next to following the hounds, was boating on the brook, which ran along one edge of the parish. Farmer as he was, in his soul were poetry and romance. He loved to drift down the stream and watch the sunbeams die and the stars come out. The shadows of the moon upon the water, the wavelets glistening in the pale light, lifting the lily leaves and breaking against the bank, the dark nooks under the overspreading willows and the noiseless sweep of the owl along the hedgeside, had an attraction for him, all the more strange, because, as a rule, country people are unimpressed by the charms of nature, if, indeed, they are not unaware of their existence. But when a youth loves such things he is susceptible to other, and perhaps more delicate, impressions.

One beautiful September evening, when the twilight had almost gone, Joe was leisurely wending his way down the river, partly rowing and partly drifting, now dreaming of that future which ever lies before youth as a strange and a hopeful world, and now whistling or singing snatches of familiar melodies. The stillness of night rested upon the country. Here he passed a belated shepherd who bade him "good e'en," and there the cattle lying in a meadow lifted their heads at the splashing of the oars. At last he approached a rude, wooden bridge from which once a suicide had been committed, and where popular rumor said a spirit was often seen. Joe was not free from a belief in ghosts. He knew not why they should not appear, and the testimony that they did appear was to him convincing. As he turned his head to look at the bridge, which was a low one, scarcely three feet above the water, to his terror he saw a white figure standing against the rail. He stopped and looked again; it was

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motionless and speechless. Undoubtedly it was the spirit of the suicide. The moon just rising shone through the willows and revealed its sad face, long black hair and ghastly appearance. Joe held his breath and gave himself up for lost. Mechanically he stayed his boat against the stream and waited for the end to come. What he had done to raise the dead he knew not. He had never trodden on a grave, nor in his life, so far as he could remember, told an untruth. His father had always said he was a good boy, and his grandmother regarded him as the pride of her old age. So he began to say his prayers, and made up his mind that if he had to die he would rather go to heaven than elsewhere.

The figure continued peering over the rail at him, but said nothing. "Perhaps," thought Joe, "I am not the one it wants;" and he resolved to strike hard with his oars, and send his boat back again up stream. Then a clear voice rang out:

"Why, Joseph, is it you?"

"Lord save me!" cried Joe. "No; surely not! Why, Daisy, how you have frightened me. I thought you were a ghost."

"Not much of a ghost, Joseph, as you well know. Let me get into the boat, and go with you further down."

And Daisy got into the boat, and Joe felt better—better, he was almost inclined to think, than if he had gone to heaven. The two had long since known each other, and before they landed Daisy had promised to love no one else but Joe, and Joe had sworn by the moon, now high above the poplars, that he would marry Daisy, even if his father forbade the banns.

When he got home he told about the ghost, but of an alliance with the ghost he said not a word. That, however, is not strange; it would have been so had he spoken. The news came out though in a few days. Daisy told her mother, and her mother told her father, and her father meeting Uncle Israel told him all about it. That night, as the family were eating supper, Uncle Israel said to Joe across the table: "Sly boy! Afraid of a ghost, eh? And wanted to go to heaven? Well, she is a good, comely damsel, and there's an end of it." Joe blushed and held his peace, but he will have Daisy.

In these villages through which we pass, once in a while we catch sight of a policeman; and, perhaps, the policeman, being now a part of English rural life, should be noticed here. I have some sympathy for him. He is much misjudged by many classes in the community, but, as a rule, when kept within moderate physical dimensions, he is spry, faith-

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ful, well-dressed and well-behaved. I have never met with one whose manner was not courteous and honorable, and who did not perform his duties decently and honestly. Like most people they make mistakes, and, like all classes, they may find among themselves unworthy men. An air of authority, however, springs out of the profession, and is characteristic of the police the world over. Indeed, they keep the world going and see that the course of true law runs smoothly. They are conservative in their tastes and antiquated in their habits. The furniture with which they garnish their stations and cells is simple, while iron bars still stretch across their windows. The clergy and the constabulary are generally on good terms, because the parson being a sort of moral policeman a sympathy springs up in his heart for his brother of the handcuffs and helmet; which, however, rarely rises into personal intimacy. On the other hand, a policeman often listens to a sermon, and charitably thinks it both scholarly and eloquent. The master of the house looks to the policeman for protection, and so does the cook, but the one pays him in taxes and the other in cold mutton and bitter ale. Much dignity clusters around a policeman. His staff is the emblem of justice, and his coat is the terror of the rising generation. He shares with the clergy the honor of rarely being a criminal, though, unlike them, frequently he is seen in the company of the transgressors of law, and sometimes even beside them in the dock. In fact, his reputation is safer than an archbishop's, for he can visit strange places without suffering a reproach; were a bishop to do the same, his disgrace would be lasting. Curious tales a policeman can tell, but he himself is more curious than are they.

One thing, at least, a policeman frequently has in common with others, and that is a kindly heart. This is all the more to be observed, when it is remembered that the points of contact between him and other men are thought to be rare.

In a goodly-sized town, whether hereabouts or not it matters little, some years ago there lived a young blacksmith, who, after an examination into the perquisites and privileges of the office, resolved to give up serving at the anvil and dedicate himself, after the fashion of Sir Robert Peel, to the enforcement of peace. He did not mind the sobriquets of "Bobby" and "Peeler." His name was John Turvey, and a respectable and good-looking constable he made when his native grime and awkwardness had been reduced. No man learned quicker than he did how to address a magistrate or bow to a gentleman; two things he never thought of when at the forge. He bought a cheap edition of Shakespeare, and generally took

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it with him when his beat lay across the country. Seated on a stile or lying on the sward, he would study and recite Hamlet or Macbeth, for knowledge and declamation were then considered necessary for promotion. He had also a clarionet and a sweetheart; the former he took with him to the woods and the latter to church, though sometimes he stayed at home with both. Then with his music he much annoyed the neighbors, and with his affection he troubled the tavern-keeper's daughter who wanted him, and the baker's young man who had his eye on his girl. Duty was his first consideration; for though some said that in case of a brawl he was never on hand, they forgot that had he been there, probably no brawl would have taken place. He was good-natured and as attentive to the wishes of others as he was to their sins. Once he tipped the village carpenter, who was drunk, into a bed of stinging nettles, rather than into the lockup, and again he gave a poor woman the money to pay her dissolute husband's fine. These proofs of his generosity becoming known gave him a good name and secured him much respect in that part of the country.

On one occasion, he was sent to a hamlet some three miles away to arrest a man who had been charged with stealing some crab apples out of a field. The man was described as a desperate and violent character, and accordingly Mr. John Turvey went armed with a warrant, a bludgeon and two pairs of handcuffs. When he rapped at the door it was opened by the delinquent himself, and the policeman at once walked in and proceeded to business. The man was as quiet and as meek as a lamb, without any signs of ferocity. There was no one else in the house except the man's daughter, a bright little thing about five years old. Upon learning that her father was to be taken away, she cried and refused to leave him; motherless, he was her only friend. After vain attempts to pacify her and to induce her to stay with a neighbor, the kind-hearted John decided to take her with his prisoner. On the way John held the man, and led or carried the child.

Before a mile of the journey was done there came on a terrific thunder-storm. The rain fell in torrents, and the party took refuge under a large oak by the roadside. The prisoner stood between John and the little child. He said little, for John had warned him to make no observations on any subject, lest he should criminate himself. The storm held on. A tree not a hundred yards from them was overturned by the wind. Other trees creaked and groaned as though they too must give way. Branches, leaves and birds were swept across the fields; every few seconds the black

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clouds were riven with lines of darting fire. The scene grew darker and wilder, and the three fugitives trembled with fear. Then, as though in their very eyes, came a blinding flash, and the thunder rattled and rolled more fiercely than ever. When John looked beside him, he saw a charred form on the ground and the child shrinking from it. The prisoner was dead. John felt as though his own heart had ceased to beat. He saw the black streak down the tree-trunk, and knew that the burning death had rushed close by him. He took the moaning child up in his arms, and she nestled against his breast.

The storm passed away. A wagon drove by, and soon the news was carried to the town. An inquest and a funeral followed. The jury were inclined to censure John for going under the tree; but they hesitated. Everybody said he had had a narrow escape, and ought to be thankful; and everybody remarked that he looked older, and that he neither played his clarionet nor visited his sweetheart as of yore. The coroner offered to put the little girl in an orphanage. John Turvey, however, took her to his mother's home and to his heart, and nestling there, she grew up into happy maidenhood, and he was comforted.

When, after some years of service and several promotions, John left the force, he was honored by all, and was rewarded by the authorities. "I tried to do my duty," he said, in answer to an address made him by the chairman of the quarter sessions. That was all; the dignity of office, curiously enough, had not spoiled him.

And now we must leave the pleasant haunts of Derbyshire; and if my reader thinks I have lingered too long, say, at Ashbourne, Bakewell or Bolsover, it is certain that he has never seen either of those places, and therefore has never realized their charm. For me Derbyshire is full of interest. There not only do I see the wild ruggedness of Nature and her quiet gentleness, set side by side as they scarcely are elsewhere, but I also behold survivals of old customs and suggestions of things and of persons curious, quaint and worthy of remembrance. Take with me the train at Matlock, and as we run past Rowsley, Bakewell and Chapel-en-le-Frith on our way to Liverpool, let the scenery of that wonderful Peak country make its impression upon the heart and mind. There are indeed stretches of bare fields, bleak, rounded hill tops, stone walls and little clumps of beech and fir, which suggest rudeness such as you meet with in Norwegian or Canadian regions; but ever and anon, suddenly as sometimes the sunlight bursts through the leaden clouds, appear valleys green and fertile,

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in which course clean, crystal streams, and in which nestle villages and farms, peaceful, picturesque and lovely. These bits of beauty, vignette-like, set in the rough framework of rocks and crags, afford both satisfaction and also a type of the north country character—the stern and cold exterior, and the warm, sunny, generous heart; in which heart the friend finds fidelity ever fresh and strong, and the stranger discovers a kindliness, a humor and an honesty which make life happy and Derbyshire folk delightful. You may forget the tors and the cops, the open fields and the reaches of moorland, but you will never forget the glens and dingles, the woods and the dales, the trout-streams and the castle-ruins. Nor will the memory of the hospitality and goodness of the people ever pass from one. Such virtues, once seen, have a glory and an immortality beyond praise and beyond danger of oblivion.

The sun was near setting when last I passed out of Derbyshire, and already was the red glow rising out of the dull gray gathering along the eastern hills. In a few minutes the rosy hue only reached to the meridian, and soon the twilight came on and covered the country where some of my happiest days had been spent. I sit at the carriage window looking out into the gloom, and thinking now of Dorothy Vernon and Penelope Boothby, anon of Bess of Hardwick and Peveril of the Peak, by-and-bye of the Green Man, the Rutland Arms, the Swan, and the Dog and Partridge, till at length the bewilderment of fancies and of memories compels me to rouse myself from reverie, and possibly from sleep. A good woman in the coach said something about sunflowers and fish: in a moment my visions vanished, and there came to me whiffs of the sea-air, and I knew that for me there were no more rambles through the Derbyshire land.

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Appendix.

THE reader will find here for his amusement a few of the ballads popular in Derbyshire, gathered, most of them, from Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt's "Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire." Some of them have humor, and others pathos; all of them, strength and vigor. The men who wrote them may have been eccentric, but they had also powers which not uncommonly rose into genius itself. On the whole, the songs are fair examples of the "verse" written in English country places, and they suggest the brightness and the fun, the jovial merriment, the rugged prejudices and the thoughtful life of the village folk. They who are used to dainty lines and softened conceits—such as these latter days find out—will scarcely approve of them; but then, readers of that kind would have no liking for daisies or dog-roses, and would know nothing of picking sloes in the wildwood or crabs in the orchard—and for such people these ballad-writers had no care.

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ON GEORGE BUTCHER,

ANGLER, CARPENTER AND PREACHER.

[This worthy, who died in 1875, at a ripe old age, knew every kind of fly upon the water, and all the places where the fish lay. The Wye and the Derwent were his haunts; and to him many a fisherman looked for advice and help. He was full of anecdote, cheerful, obliging, insensible to fatigue, and well provided with bits of philosophy, the quaintness of which frequently went beyond the wisdom. On his tomb in Curbar churchyard, eight miles from Rowsley, he is spoken of as one "who for many years of his life, amidst the beautiful works of creation, followed as a fisherman the humble occupation of Christ's disciples." Upon him, before his death, these lines were written by a Yorkshire poet, Mr. John Hall.]

Old Butcher is young; though he's nigh fourscore
He can tramp twelve miles across a moor;
He can fish all day, and wade up stream,
And at night as fresh as the morning seem.

Old Butcher is young; he can make a fly
With as steady a hand and as calm an eye
As though he were still in manhood's prime,
And never had known the ravage of time.

He can spin a yarn, or a sermon preach,
Or on special occasions spout a speech;
He can fast or feast like a monk of old,
Though he likes the latter much best, I'm told.

He knows each pool of the stream about,
And every stone that conceals a trout;
Some say that he knows the fish as well,
Both where they were born, and where they dwell.

To those who have wandered in Baslow Vale,
Through Chatsworth's meadows and Darley Dale,
Or skirted the banks of the silvery Wye,
Where Haddon's grey towers rise steep and high,

His form and garb will familiar seem
As the guardian deity of the stream,
With his oval face and his grizzly locks,
And his smile like that of a sly old fox.

Long may he live to pursue his art,
For few are there left to succeed his part;
And when he is gone, let his epitaph be—
"Here lies George Butcher—rare fisherman he!"

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THE PARSON'S TORR.

[The subject of the following pathetic ballad, written by the Rev. W. R. Bell, was the Rev. Robert Lomas, once rector of Monyash, a little village a few miles from Bakewell. During a perilous night-ride, in the year 1776, he fell over a lofty cliff, and the next day was found dead at the foot of the rock.]

The parson of Monyash, late one eve,
Sat in his old oak armchair;
And a playful flame in the low turf fire
Oft-times showed him sitting there.

What was it that made the kind-hearted man
Sit pensively there alone?
Did other men's sorrows make sad his heart,
Or say—a glimpse of his own?

Black dark was that night and stormy withal,
It rained as 'twould rain a sea;
And round and within the old parsonage-house
The wind moaned piteously.

Still sat he deep musing till midnight hour,
And then in a waking dream—
He quailed to hear 'mid the tempest a crash,
And eke a wild piercing scream.

"Oh, mercy!" cried he, with faltering breath,
"What sounds are these which I hear?
May evil be far from both me and mine!
Good Lord, be Thou to us near!"

No longer sat he in the old armchair,
But prayed and lay down in bed;
And strove hard to sleep and not hear the storm
That scowled and raged o'er his head.

But sleep seldom comes when 'tis most desired—
And least to a troubled mind;
And the parson lay wake long time I ween
Ere soft repose he could find.

As the dark hours of night passed slowly on,
He slept as weary man will;
But light was his sleep and broken his rest,
And sad his foredread of ill.

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Thus restless he lay, and at early dawn
He dreamed that he fell amain,
Down, down an abyss of fathomless depth,
Loud shrieking for help in vain.

He woke up at once with a sudden shock,
And threw out his arms widespread;
"Good heavens!" he gasped; "what ill omen is this?
Where am I?—with quick or dead!"

Right well was he pleased to find 'twas a dream—
That still he was safe and sound;
With the last shades of night fear passed away,
And joy once more again came round.

The morning was calm, and the storm was hushed,
Nor wind nor rain swept the sky;
And betimes he arose, for bound was he
To Bakewell that day to hie.

Old Hugh brought his horse to the garden gate,
And saw him all safe astride;
"Good-bye," quoth the parson; quoth Hugh, "Good-bye!
I wish you a pleasant ride!"

Forth rode he across the lone, trackless moor,
His thoughts on his errand bent,
And hoped he right soon to come back again
The very same way he went.

The journey to Bakewell he safely made
A little before midday;
But vicar and people were all at church,
Where they were oft wont to pray.

"I'll put up my beast," quoth the parson, "here
At the White Horse hostelry;
And go up to church, that when prayers are done
The vicar I there may see."

But ere he could reach the old Newark door
Both priest and people were gone;
And the vicar to soothe a dying man
To Over Haddon sped on.

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'Twas three past noon when the vicar came back,
The parson he asked to dine;
And time stole a march on the heedless guest—
Six struck as he sat at his wine.

Up rose he from table, and took his leave,
Quite startled to find it late;
He called for his horse at the hostelry,
And homeward was soon agate.

As he rode up the hill, past All Saints' Church,
The moon just one glance bestowed,
And the weird-like form of the old stone cross
In the churchyard dimly showed.

Still higher and higher he climbed the hill,
Yet more and more dark it grew;
The drizzling rain became sheet as he climbed,
And the wind more keenly blew.

Ah! thick was the mist on the moor that night—
Poor wight! he had lost his way!
The north-east wind blowing strong on his right,
To the left had made him stray.

And now he was close to lone Haddon Grove,
Bewildered upon the moor;
Slow leading his horse that followed behind,
Himself groping on before.

Still onward and leeward, at last he came
To the edge of Harlow Dale;
From his cave Latkil * a warning roared,
But louder then howled the gale.

On the brink of Fox Torr the doomed man stood,
And tugged the bridle in vain;
But his horse would not move; then quick started back,
And snap went each bridle rein!

Then headlong fell he o'er the lofty cliff:
He shrieked and sank in the gloom;
Down, down to the bottom he swiftly sped,
And death was his dreadful doom.

* The Latkil is a noted trout-stream, and flows out of a cavern opposite the Torr.

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The dead man lay cold on the bloop-stained rocks—
The darkness did him enshroud;
And the owls high up in the ivy-clad Torr
Bewailed him all night full loud.

Oh, little they thought in the old thatched cot,
Hard by the parsonage gate,
Their master they never again should see,
Nor ope to him soon or late.

"This night is no better than last," quoth Hugh,
"And master has not come back;
I hope he is hale, and safe housed with friends,
And has of good cheer no lack."

Quoth Betty, "I liked not his morning ride;
I fear he's in evil plight;
A Friday's venture's no luck, I've heard say—
God help him if out this night."

At dawn of next day old Betty went forth
To milk the cow in the shed,
And saw him sitting upon a large stone,
All pale and mute, with bare head!

But a moment she turned her eyes away,
A fall she heard and a groan;
She looked again, but no parson was there—
He'd vanished from off the stone!

Soon spread the dread tale through Monyash town—
They made a great hue and cry;
And some off to this place and some to that
To seek the lost man did hie.

Bad tidings from Bakewell—no parson there—
No parson could else be found;
'Twas noon, yet no tidings—they still searched on,
And missed they no likely ground.

At last the searchers went into the dale:
And there at the foot of Fox Torr
They found the parson, all cold and dead,
'Mong the rocks all stained with gore.

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They took up his corse, and six stalwart men
  Slowly bore it along the dale;
And they laid the dead in his house that night,
  And many did him bewail.

When time had passed over—a day or twain,
  They buried him in the grave;
And his bones now rest in the lone churchyard
  Till doomsday them thence shall crave.

Oh, dread was the death of the luckless man,
  Not soon will it be forgot;
The dismal story, for ages to come,
  Will often be told, I wot.

You may not now see in Monyash town
  The dead man's sear tuft of grass;
But still it is there in memory stored,
  And thence it never shall pass.

You may not now find Fox Torr by that name—
  The swain thus knows it no more;
But pointing thereat from Latkil grot,
  He'll show you the Parson's Torr.

A ROLLICKING SONG ON REVOLUTION.

[This song, commemorating the Revolution of 1688, was a favorite ditty at Derbyshire village-feasts, in the latter years of the last century and the early years of the present. It is emphatic, if not poetical.]

Let every honest heart rejoice
  Within this British station;
Give thanks to God with soul and voice,
  For His blessings to this nation.
Let each true Protestant agree
To celebrate this jubilee,
The downfall of the popery
  And glorious Revolution.

'Tis full one hundred years, I say,
  The fifth day of November,
King William landed at Torbay—
  Great cause for to remember-

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When he had crossed the raging main,
In spite of Ireland, France and Spain,
Our ancient rights for to maintain
By the glorious Revolution.

When James the Second bore the sway
He rulèd arbitrary,
And on his standard did display
The flag of bloody Mary.
He plainly showed his full intent;
Seven bishops to the Tower he sent;
But God his purpose did prevent,
By the glorious Revolution.

At Whittington, near Chesterfield,
That was the very place, sir,
Where the first plot was laid, I'm told
To pull this tyrant down, sir;
By Devonshire and Delamere,
Friends to our constitution,
Brave Danby, he was likewise there,
To form the Revolution.

When Devonshire to Derby went,
And when that he came there, sir
He boldly told them his intent,
Both scorning dread and fear, sir.
Derby agreed with heart and voice
To back his resolution,
This made his noble soul rejoice,
That formed the Revolution.

Then, Devonshire to Nottingham went
He went to speak his mind, sir;
Some people looked at him quite shy,
And others used him kind, sir.
They seemed to like his business there,
But made a long evasion,
And offered him five hundred men
When there was no occasion.

When James he found he could not hold
His tyranny much longer,
Neither by promises nor gold,
But found his foes grew stronger;

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And when he dare not show his face,
He England left in full disgrace;
King William then enjoyed his place
In the glorious Revolution.

No popish, nor no tyrant king,
Again shall ever rule us;
Since now the scales they are quite turned,
They never more shall fool us.
Therefore let every loyal soul,
Whose heart is free without control,
Pledge him in a flowing bowl,
That loves the Revolution.

Now, Devonshire in All Saints' lies;
Although his bones are rotten,
His glorious fame will ever rise,
And never be forgotten.
I hope his soul to Heaven is gone,
While here on earth so brightly shone,
Not only him, but every one
Who formed the Revolution.

Now to conclude and make an end
Of this most faithful story,
No honest man it can offend,
And that is all my glory.
May God protect our gracious King,
While rogues and thieves in halters swing;
And with a flowing bowl we'll sing
To the glorious Revolution.

THE TAILOR'S RAMBLE.

[The hero of this song, Eyre by name, says Mr. Pendleton in his History of Derbyshire, revealed by his valiant feat in 1797 the falsity of the adage that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man.]

Come all you gallant heroes, of courage stout and bold,
And I'll tell you of a Taylor that would not be control'd;
It happened in Derbyshire, as you may understand,
Five troops of the cavelry to take this noble man.

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So now I do begin to tell you of the fun:
Full twenty miles that morning this Taylor he had run;
And when he came to Ashford, the people they did cry,
"Make haste, my jovel lad, for your enemies are nigh!"

This Taylor was a mighty man—a man of wondrous size,
And when he came to Entcliff Hill * you would have thought he would
have reached the skies;
And when he did climb those rocks that was so wondrous high,
The cavelry came all round, and the Taylor they did spy.

They loaded their Pistols with Powder and Ball,
All for to take this Taylor that was both stout and tall;
He was near four feet high, and a mighty man indeed—
You'd a laugh'd to have seen the cavelry ride after him full speed.

In lighting from their horses, their valour for to show,
Five of them upon the ground this Taylor he did throw;
They being sore affirighted, saying, "We would shoot him if we durst!"
But their Carbines would not fire, for their balls they had put in first.

Their captain, as commander, he ordered ranks to form,
All for to take this Taylor the Entcliff rocks to storm:
"Prime and load!" then was the word their captain he did cry;
"Cheer up, my jovel lads; let us conquerors be or die!"

These valiants being reinforced, they took the Taylor bold,
And guarded him to Bakewell, the truth I will unfold;
At the White Horse Inn in Bakewell, as you may understand,
It took full fifty of their troops to guard this noble man.

The battle being over, the Taylor they have won,
And this is the first prank our cavelry has done;
I tell you the truth, they cannot refuse,
They are ten times worse than the runaway blues.

Here's a health unto the Taylor, of courage stout and bold,
And by our noble cavelry he scorns to be control'd;
If he'd but his goose, his bodkin, and his shears,
He would soon have cleared Bakewell of those Derby volunteers.

*About a mile from Bakewell, on the way to Ashford.

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THE DERBY RAM.

[This remarkable animal has been associated in verse and song with the history of Derby for more than a century. The ballad, according to Mr. Pendleton, was set to music, as a glee, by Dr. Calcott, and is still occasionally sung both as a glee and to its old humdrum ballad melody at public dinners in the town.]

As I was going to Derby, sir,
All on a market-day,
I met the finest Ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Daddle-i-day, daddle-i-day,
Fal-de-ral, fal-de-ral, daddle-i-day.

This Ram was fat behind, sir,
This Ram was fat before;
This Ram was ten yards high, sir—
Indeed, he was no more.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The wool upon his back, sir,
Reached up into the sky;
The eagles made their nests there, sir,
For I heard the young ones cry.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The wool upon his belly, sir,
It dragged upon the ground;
It was sold in Darby town, sir,
For forty thousand pound.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The space between his horns, sir,
Was as far as a man could reach;
And there they built a pulpit
For the parson there to preach.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The teeth that were in his mouth, sir,
Were like a regiment of men;
And the tongue that hung between them, sir,
Would have dined them twice and again.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

This Ram jumped over a wall, sir,
His tail caught on a briar—
It reached from Darby town, sir,
All into Leicestershire.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

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And of this tail so long, sir—
'Twas ten miles and an ell—
They made a goodly rope, sir,
To toll the market bell.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

This Ram had four legs to walk on, sir;
This Ram had four legs to stand,
And every leg he had, sir,
Stood on an acre of land.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The butcher that killed this Ram, sir,
Was drownded in the blood;
And the boy that held the pail, sir,
Was carried away in the flood.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

All the maids in Darby, sir,
Came begging for his horns,
To take them to coopers
To make them milking gawns.*
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The little boys of Darby, sir,
They came to beg his eyes
To kick about the streets, sir,
For they were football size.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The tanner that tanned its hide, sir,
Would never be poor any more,
For when he had tanned and retched it,
It covered all Sinfin Moor.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The jaws that were in his head, sir,
They were so fine and thin,
They were sold to a Methodist parson
For a pulpit to preach in.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

Indeed, sir, this is true, sir,
I never was taught to lie,
And had you been to Darby, sir,
You'd have seen it as well as I.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

* Milk-pails.

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THE DRUNKEN BUTCHER OF TIDESWELL.

[This village is about eight or ten miles from Bakewell, and nearly the same distance from Chapel-en le-Frith. Sparrow Pit, mentioned in the ballad, is two miles from the last-named place, on the road to Tideswell. The following droll lines were written by Mr. William Bennett. "The legend is still so strong in the Peak," says the author, "that numbers of the inhabitants do not concur in the sensible interpretation put upon the phantom by the butcher's wife, but pertinaciously believe that the drunken man was beset by an evil spirit, which either ran by his horse's side or rolled on the ground before him faster than his horse could gallop, from Peak Forest to the sacred enclosure of Tideswell Churchyard, where it disappeared; and many a bold fellow, on a moonlight night, looks anxiously around as he crosses Tideswell Moor, and gives his nag an additional touch of the spur as he hears the bell of Tideswell Church swinging midnight to the winds, and remembers the tale of 'The Drunken Butcher of Tideswell'"]

Oh list to me, ye yeomen all,
Who live in dale or down:
My song is of a butcher tall,
Who lived in Tideswall town.
In bluff King Harry's merry days,
He slew both sheep and kine;
And drank his fill of nut-brown ale,
In lack of good red wine.

Beside the church this butcher lived,
Close to its grey old walls;
And envied not when trade was good
The baron in his halls.
No carking cares disturbed his rest,
When off to bed he slunk;
And oft he snored for ten good hours,
Because he got so drunk.

One only sorrow quelled his heart,
As well it might quell mine—
The fear of sprites and grisly ghosts
Which dance in the moonshine;
Or wander in the cold churchyard,
Among the dismal tombs,
Where hemlock blossoms in the day,
By night the nightshade blooms.

It chanced upon a summer's day,
When heather-bells were blowing,
Bold Robin crossed o'er Tideswall moor,
And heard the heath-cock crowing:

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Well mounted on a forest nag,
He freely rode and fast;
Nor drew a rein till Sparrow Pit
And Paislow Moss was past.

Then slowly down the hill he came,
To the Chappelle-en-le-frith,
Where at the Rose of Lancaster
He found his friend the smith;
The parson and the pardoner, too,
They took their morning draught;
And when they spied a brother near
They all came out and laughed.

"Now draw thy rein, thou jolly butcher:
How far hast thou to ride?"
"To Waylee Bridge, to Simon the tanner,
To sell this good cow-hide."
"Thou shalt not go one foot ayont,
Till thou light and sup with me;
And when thou'st emptied my measure of liquor,
I'll have a measure wi' thee."

"Oh no, oh no, thou drouthy smith!
I cannot tarry to-day;
The wife she gave me a charge to keep,
And I durst not say her nay."
"What likes o' that," said parson then,
"If thou'st sworn, thou'st ne'er to rue;
Thou may'st keep thy pledge, and drink thy stoup,
As an honest man e'en may do."

"Oh no, oh no, thou jolly parson!
I cannot tarry, I say;
I was drunk last night, and if I tarry,
I'se be drunk again to-day."
"What likes, what likes!" cried the pardoner then,
"Why tellest thou that to me?
Thou may'st e'en get thee drunk this blessed night,
And well shrived for both thou shalt be."

Then down got the butcher from his horse,
I wot full fain was he;
And he drank till the summer sun was set
In that jolly company;

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He drank till the summer sun went down,
And the stars began to shine:
And his greasy noddle was dazed and addle
With the nut-brown ale and wine.

Then up arose those four mad fellows,
And joining hand in hand,
They danced around the hostel floor,
And sung tho' they scarce could stand,
"We've aye been drunk on yester night,
And drunk the night before,
And we were drunk again to night,
If we never get drunk any more."

Bold Robin the butcher was horsed and away—
And a drunken wight was he;
For sometimes his blood-red eyes saw double,
And then he could scantly see.
The forest trees seemed to featly dance,
As he rode so swift along,
And the forest trees to his wildered sense
Re-sang the jovial song.

Then up he sped over Paislow Moss,
And down by the Chamber Knowle;
And there he was scared into mortal fear
By the hooting of a barn owl;
And on he rode by the forest wall,
Where the deer browsed silently;
And up the slack till on Tideswall Moor
His horse stood fair and free.

Just then the moon from behind the rack
Burst out into open view;
And on the sward and purple heath
Broad light and shadow threw;
And there the butcher whose heart beat quick,
With fear of gramarye,
Fast by his side, as he did ride
A foul phantom did espy.

Up rose the fell of his head, up rose
The hood which his head did shroud;
And all his teeth did chatter and grin,
And he cried both long and loud;

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And his horse's flanks with his spur he struck,
As he never had struck before:
And away he galloped with might and main,
Across the barren moor.

But ever as fast as the butcher rode
The ghost did grimly glide:
Now down on the earth before his horse,
Then fast his rein beside:
O'er stock and rock and stone and pit,
O'er hill and dale and down,
Till Robin the butcher gained his door-stone
In Tideswall's good old town.

"Oh, what thee ails, thou drunken butcher?"
Said his wife as he sank down;
"And what thee ails, thou drunken butcher?"
Cried one half of the town.
"I have seen a ghost; it hath raced my horse
For three good miles and more;
And it vanished within the churchyard wall
As I sank down at the door."

"Beshrew thy heart for a drunken beast!"
Cried his wife, as she held him there;
"Beshrew thy heart for a drunken beast,
And a coward with heart of hare.
No ghost hath raced thy horse to-night,
Nor evened his wit with thine:
The ghost was thy shadow, thou drunken wretch!
I would the ghost were mine!"

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